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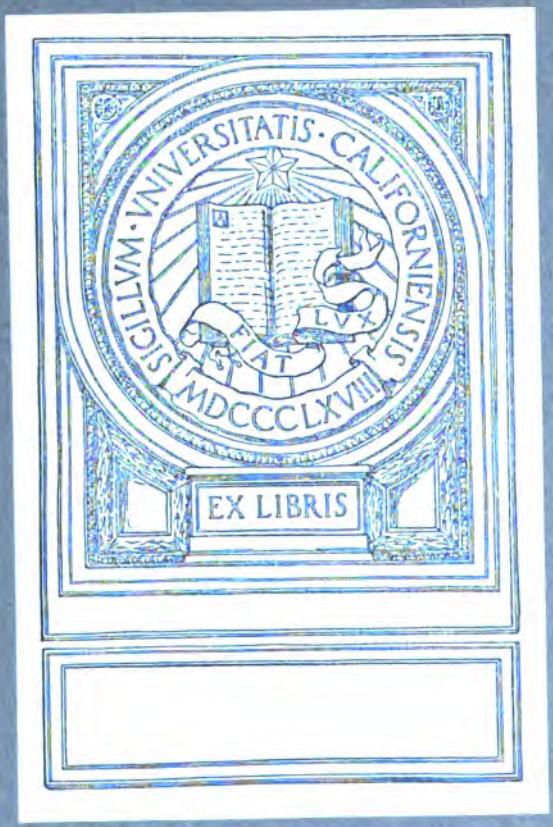
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WARAGA.

WARAGA.

WARRAGA.

MOSQUE SIDI IL ANIN.

WARAGA,

OR THE

CHARMS OF THE NILE.

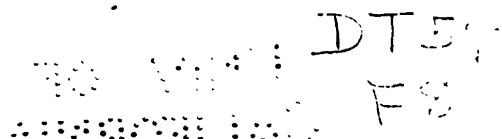
BY

WILLIAM FURNISS.

"Who is this that cometh up as a flood; whose waters are moved as the rivers?"

"Egypt riseth up like a flood."—JER. xlvi. 7, 8.

NEW-YORK:
BAKER & SCRIBNER, 36 PARK ROW.
1850.



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TO

FRANCIS L. HAWKS, LL. D.,

THIS VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

Inscribed.

M256094

PREFACE.

READER :—The Orientals have a proverb, which reads: "The Kh'oolah does not always make the Derwish!" The Arabs are aware of this, and do not *all* believe implicitly what they are told. So we advise you not to take all that is written as original, for we verily believe that much in these pages has passed through other men's brains, and some of it was taken from their books.

The proverb continues, that if a man makes the pilgrimage to Mecca once, let him be suspected; if he has been twice, mistrust him; but if he has been a third time, avoid him. So may we add, that not one book alone makes an author, and finish the parallel by adding, that the first book is suspicious; if a second follow, it is treasonable; but if there come a third, it is a dangerous sign. May you live to test it. We aspire, however, to no greater merit than a compiler,

and give due credit to one courteous and modest friend, who has aided us by a number of suggestions and happy captions. In order to explain the abrupt opening of this work, the reader must imagine that he has passed through Europe, by the route of the "Old World," and after a tedious probation in the Egyptian Lazaretto, has set foot for the first time upon the threshold of Alexandria.

Our title of "Waraga" is applied by the Arabs to all charms in general, and we trust that these desultory pages may have the merit of driving away the blues, or dispelling ennui, as effectually as those amulets and talismans which the Orientals use for the exorcising of evil spirits and ghouls.

THE AUTHOR.

New-York, Jan. 1*st*, 1850.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

WARAGA,

OR

THE CHARMS OF THE NILE.

"Egypt is held the land whence Learning sprung,
Where Art and Science had their glorious birth."

ENTRANCE INTO EGYPT.

We passed out from the Lazaretto in an opposite direction to that by which we had entered. Outside, under the porch, and by the side of the land-gate, we found donkeys and camels, held by raggouls and drivers, waiting to be laden with our persons and luggage. We loitered until all were charged, and then started on the road to Alexandria.

What a contrast was presented in the serene and pure clime to our long confinement in gloomy wards; and how the expanding and buoyant spirit rejoiced, when we stood once more under the blue vaults of that cloudless heaven, again free to inspire the winds, and exulting in the rapture of regained and uncontrolled liberty! How refreshing, at length to view again the boundless extent of the open sea, to hear the

rustling foliage of the fan-spread palm-trees, and to riot over the currents and sands of the illimitable desert! How stately move these "ships of the desert!" with what measured pace they swing their huge bodies lazily along under the weight of heavy burdens; and how like Egypt are those new and grand ideas which seize upon the soul, and awe the mind by the magnificence and vastness, the dreariness and illimitability, of the mysterious land of Noph!

We slid along, rather than rode over the sandy highway, which led to the gates of the inner city; and while you sit in doubtful balance at the extreme dorsal ribs of your donkey, you are eagerly on the alert to watch the people hurrying by, and are too intent on novel scenes and quaint remarks to mind closely the rolling, ambling, shuffling gait of your nimble beast.

We now pass under the walls of the new fortification, where the Nizam guard walks his rounds, and demands your teskreh as you enter the town; and all the while you are pestered by the mischievous yells of your scamp of a guide, who halloos and whoops, goads on and kicks your locomotive jackass, and gallops him through the main square, or "Okellah," to bring you at a dead stand under the hospitable porch of the Oriental Hotel.

You feel somewhat at a loss, when you look out from your window upon the flaring hot, white walls of

that naked square, which mark the Frank's quarter at Scandria. You grow even melancholy over your disappointment; compelled to regret the vanishing fabric of those dreams of oriental glories which had been the fond offspring of your leisure hours from your start at Stamboul, and had been magnified into perfection during the musings of ship life and quarantine confinement. You grow pale with wrath at this stultification of your sweet fantasies, and almost choke with vexation, dust, and perspiration, as you cast your eyes round that hollow square, where you see nothing but flag-poles and consulates; listen to a strange jargon of Lingo Franco, and read involuntarily those flaming signs and mammoth posters, publishing, forsooth, nothing but—"Overland Route to India"—"Opera, to-night, Ernani," or "English Circulating Library"—an array of foreign impertinences which you deem almost personal, as they seem pointed at the folly of your own individual case, and you begin to think yourself an ass, for coming so far out of your way to Egypt, in order to see things which could have been just as well understood at home.

For relief, and to avoid distraction, you rush out from your room into air and antiquities; and no sooner do you land at the foot of the stairs, than you are besieged by a score of raggouls and turgomans, who oppress you with offers of their services and animals.

You want only one jackass—twenty are thrown in your way; whilst they shriek in your ears, "Ana Ommar? Capitan, very good donkey, Mister-Inglees! taieeb?" You are expected to mount the whole herd —a very reasonable request—and whilst you are revolving a choice, the whole air rings with the eloquent appeals of the donkeys, whose deafening organs are apparently inflated by a peculiar twist of their tails, which sets them to braying and wheezing, and kicking behind, much to the hazard of the boys, mingling discord with the lively animation of the scene. In real desperation you fix your eye on one poor ass, who seems more stately and ornate than the rest; then hurry to take possession, making your way through the crowd by the aid of your club and the effective force of this sudden and frantic movement. While you are adjusting your seat, your dragoman goes through the same jostling and hustling for his beast; and then both start off, followed by your driver, who runs on behind as you glide away over the sandy roads of the city.

You are seated at the extreme rump of your donkey, with your legs astraddle, at an "angle of forty-five," and your position on assback corresponds much to an equation of equitation between your body and legs, and the fore-legs and head of the animal. So mounted, you run over the sands at a desperate rate, while the donkey pad urges and goads your beast, and

raises a dust of such blinding volume, that you are forced often to implore a cessation, or settle a treaty by blows.

In a short time we arrived at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, that graceful column which rears its shaft about one hundred feet out of the drifting sands around its base, and rises with simple majesty, a beautiful monolith, amid the mounds and low hovels of the Arab fellahs in its neighborhood. This single piece of Syene granite, though mutilated, is still graceful. It has been mounted by British sailors, dined upon by Yankee Fourth of July patriots, blown partially up by Arabs, in the vain hope of discovering hidden treasure beneath, and now stands acknowledged by savans as no Pillar of Pompey the Great, but a statuary plinth of a monument erected by Pompey the Governor, in honor of Diocletian, whose name, as well as that of Jack Robinson, is still to be deciphered on the pediment. This solitary colossal column is one of those huge giants which have been saved from the abyss of time; and as it rises over the wretched hamlets which surround, presents no less striking a contrast of contemporaneous greatness with the present misery of the land, than it points mournfully to the lessons of the past, as it now remains almost the only solitary relic of the former grandeur of the ruined and desecrated capital.

Although Mehemet Ali has done much to restore the city, and by an enlargement of the fortifications has improved that portion of the town within the walls, the chief interest of Alexandria lies in its past history; and alone among its ruins, and the remains of broken columns, crumbling arches, shafts and capitals, can be traced the outlines of its palaces, temples, farols, libraries—the memory of its victories, and the fame of its learning.

CITY OF ALEXANDRIA.

Νησος επειτα τις εστι πολυκλύστῳ ενι ποντῳ,
Αιγυπτου προπαροιθε, Φαρον δὲ ἑ κίκλησκουσι.

Οδεσσ. Δ. 5.

How beautiful is the texture of the Historic Drama, where the golden dreams of fancy are woven into fabric with the simple elements of a true creation. In that intermingling of the warp and woof of poetic fiction and sober truth, the mind is too much fascinated by the charming hues of that precious mosaic to sit in judgment over the dissected fragments; while opinion, varying indefinitely the pleasure of the sight, would be cruelly abused by the dispelling of a delusion which irradiates the form of so graceful a composition.

How classically has Plutarch illustrated the full power of such effects, in his elegant description of the origin of this ancient city:

"The son of Phillip, attended by his army and the

Court, had entered Egypt, and was on his march to visit the temple of Jupiter Ammon, on the great Oäsis of the Libyan Desert. Overcome by fatigue, and oppressed by the heat of the noonday sun, his canopy of silk was raised under the sheltering boughs of the rustling palms, and the monarch slept sweetly and securely, fanned by the coursing winds, and guarded by attendant watchers.

"Pleasing fancies ran through the brain of the slumbering king, and connecting with the ambition of his waking hours, peopled his mind with the creations of an ardent imagination.

"Amid the gorgeous, enchanting vision, an old man rose, with long flowing robe and venerable beard; and as he stooped toward the monarch, whispered in the royal ear these mysteriously prophetic lines:—

> "Fronts o'er the gulfy sea, the Pharian isle,
> From the deep roar of desemboguing Nile."

The king was startled at words so pregnant with meaning, although they were but the echo of his own insatiate pride; and, on awaking, proceeded to the Island of Pharos, and there found a spot which answered to his own desire and to the responses of the consulted oracle. His keen and prophetic eye soon saw the advantages of that site for a city, and a judgment, far-seeing and mature, enabled him to compre-

hend the commercial greatness of that capital, which would centre within itself the wealth of the Indus, and bring the coffers of the world within the grasp of his avarice and the rule of his ambition. "Homer was no less architect than poet," he exclaimed, and Dinocrates is ordered to draw plans for the destined city. The furrows of the driven plough followed the guide of this skilful draftsman, and as the outlines of the whole were traced, the city rose in the form of a Macedonian cloak. The wheat which was substituted to mark the boundaries, from the default of chalk, was eagerly devoured by flocks of assembled birds; and by this omen it was understood, *that* city would be the capital of a vast empire, and that land exuberant with abundance. The king was pleased with the inception of his project, and as he again took up his line of march towards the Oracle of Ammon, he commanded the lines to be filled up, and ordered the completion of that design which was to be called after him—Alexandria.

But there are few relics left of all that former splendor. The present light-house stands on the site of the renowned Pharos, whose marble colonnades ranged for miles along the sea, where its dazzling brilliancy of many clustering lights shone at night far over the distant wave, like constellations in the azure heaven. It was one of the seven wonders of the world.

The "Needles," known as Cleopatra's, were taken

from a temple at Heliopolis to adorn the palace of a Cæsar. They are still to be seen by the wall of the sea-shore. One of them is erect; the other, fallen beside its brother, has lain down to sleep for centuries, after the fatigues of so long a stand. It may be pardoned for this indulgence; for, from its cartouches on the face, I think I observed that this obelisk was *feminine*.

A few huge blocks are all that remain of the far-famed library of Alexandria. This treasury of learning was consumed by that vandal, Omar, who replied to the solicitations of the grammarian, when he interceded in behalf of the temple of science: "If these books contain any thing against Allah, they certainly must be destroyed; and if they contain the same doctrines as the Koran, they are superfluous." Then the fire was applied to that priceless collection of manuscripts, and the conflagration rose in huge masses of smoke and darkness, which have obscured since that night the intellect of the world.

The numerous ruins of temples and palaces which are daily brought to light by the removal of the soil necessary to construct the fortifications, and to complete the improvements of the modern city, contribute to aid in forming an idea, though vastly inadequate, of the former wealth, magnificence and extent of this ancient emporium; and a few scattered fragments, broken

columns and ruined capitals, alone remain of what was once wonderful in the Palace of the Cæsars, in the Museum, and in the Temple of Serapis.

THE MOHAMMEDI SUBURBS.

The Mohammedan quarter presents the most striking feature of the modern life. In passing along the banks of the canal, we were struck with the bustling activity of crowds of laborers, who were engaged in removing the rubbish of ancient foundations, and in restoring order out of this singular confusion of bricks, pottery, and broken columns, shafts, capitals and friezes, which mark the mounds of ancient ruins. All here was action and animation, where dirty groups of fellahs, mingling among the white dresses of the soldiers; the stately movements of demure camels, the rapid shuffle of nimble donkeys, mixed up with boats and cangiahs; venders of fruit and water, caffeegees, sakas and dogs, presented a scene of ludicrous and varying interest, until we entered within the gardens of Sāid Pacha. Here we were led to observe a well-preserved head of "Medusa," which had been recently discovered in digging away the walls of an ancient house. The Pacha showed some taste in carefully collecting the scattered pieces of this mosaic, and has permanently preserved it, together with other speci-

mens of fruit and game, under the shelter of a small cottage. The character of this bit of pavement is essentially Roman. The expression of the face was well retained, but its softness of outline and uncharacteristic mildness of features, gave to this work of art a greater resemblance to a "Mercury," than to that fabled monster of snake-contortioned visage.

We continued our ride to the Pacha's Palace and Harem, which are pleasantly situated near the site of the ancient Pharos. The apartments contain some articles of Turkish luxury, but the entire furniture is an adaptation of French taste to the necessities and usages of this people and climate. Of course we did not enter the Harem.

We rode home by the "Needles," returning to our hotel in the grand square of the Okellah.

Entering my chamber, I throw myself fatigued upon the divan; Achmet, my newly adopted dragoman, is with me. The servant is the shadow of the master in the East, but always goes before the man. We are now discussing the beauties of Arabic, and occasionally he gives me a lesson on gutturals and aspirates. Looking out of my window, through the intervals of my pipe, I gaze down upon the diversified groups of people passing in review on the square below. There were mysteriously looking women wrapped up in *tobs* and *habarahs*, mounted upon the backs of very small

donkeys, who are so entirely buried under the long black wrappers of their riders, as to conceal all of the animal but his ears. Again, women from Smyrna, in rich flaming robes of red silk, and the common females of the country, dressed in loose gowns of blue cotton, and bearing aloft jars of water. Apart, stand groups of athletic men, clad in fancy colors, and wearing magnificent beards; and all about the square, Turks and Albanians, Nizam soldiers, Greeks, Smyrniots, Arabs, camels, and hómârs.

What singularly curious contrasts that view presents! There goes a solemn and stately camel—an awkward, ungainly, tall, bandy-legged beast—as he straddles along, stretching out his neck, and kneading the stomach of his insignificant driver, who sits astride of his hump on a coil of rope. Just under the former, appears a fat, lazy dragoman, on the tail of a very small donkey; and as he straddles the ass with his bare legs wide apart, and with his feet shod with flaming red slippers, you laugh outright at that very big man on that little donkey. Those olive girls carrying their water-jugs, with a baby on shoulder and a child by the hand, across the plaza, look very like our Indians, and wear brass ornaments in their ears and noses, besides bracelets on their arms and ankles. Their faces are all covered over, except the eyes, which shine through their veils with a brilliancy increased by the surround-

ing pigment of kohl. Many of them are tattooed, and the resemblance becomes even greater with our aborigines.

The houses of the Arabs are not otherwise distinguishable from those of the Turks, than that the lower orders live like Gipsies, in holes of dirt and hovels composed of unburned bricks. In fact, there are but few peculiarities of character which distinguish them from other classes of Mohammedans.

The population of Alexandria is so promiscuous as to forbid any national fusion; and it is only at Cairo, among the Cairenes, and in the boundless field of the Desert, among the wandering Bedouins, that one can find any fit types of the highest and lowest castes of the modern Egyptians.

Having finished my pipe and sated my curiosity, I withdrew from the window and prepared for dinner. As I observed before, Alexandria is too much of a European town to afford any observations about meals at a French hotel, where your dishes are Parisian, the waiters Maltese, and the owner Provençal.

Whilst at table, that evening, I was highly amused and somewhat struck with the fierté of some half-a-dozen commis voyageurs and tails of legations, who were conversing about the government of Egypt, contrasted with that of France. They drew parallels between Mehemet Ali and Louis Phillippe, and spoke of

the singular coincidence between the birth of three of the most illustrious men of the age—Napoleon, Wellington, and the Viceroy of Egypt—all born in 1769. These Frenchmen were greatly in favor of the policy of the Pacha, but heaped volleys of abuse upon the head of Phillippe. They went into a mathematical calculation, based upon the year of his birth and the letters of his name, and grew wrathy and choky over the violated honor of France—"L'honneur de la France est desecrée!" "Sacré coquin!" says another. They raked up some old German proverb, and commenced an inspection of the future over the entrails of a sick chicken; and, after a score of "sacrées tonnères," "morbleus," and "foûtres," they ascended to the very pinnacle of prophecy, and predicted that in the month of February, Louis Phillippe would run away from France; and then calmed down into a quiet self-complacency, which seemed to look, if it did not utter, "it was all right"—"it could not be any thing else." Now this was in the month of December; how truly those auguries were fulfilled in February!

ADA.

On Christmas I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Tod, our Consul, a Scotchman by birth, who married a sister of Gliddon, the Egyptian traveller. After

dinner, in company with a friend, we walked to the gardens of Il Babil. He was an instance of one of those subjects, who had risen to honor and fortune under the smile of the Pacha; but he found, like many others, it was vain to put any confidence in princes, or in any child of man. In a moment of jealousy, he was discarded by the king, and barely escaped drowning in company with the ape, the cock, and the viper, by the subterfuge of a faithful servant, who secreted his benefactor and substituted a stone.

We had been awaiting the arrival of the "Ariel" from England, to start with the overland mail for India;—at twelve o'clock she was telegraphed. We packed up our baggage, and leaving our effects in the hands of Achmet, started in the direction of the canal for the tow-boat. On the way, a huge man passed by on a very small donkey. So tall was he that his boots dragged along on the road, and stirred up the dust, leaving his track like the wake of a monster on the deep. I know not why I was so particularly struck with the aspect of this man, with his broad felt hat, and long ringlet curls falling over the collar of his blouse; but when I saw the shadow of his big stick fall on the path as he struck the ass with a flourishing poke, I could not but remember that coming events often cast their shadows before them, and that the

fates had forestalled the choice of a companion in travel.

On board the steamer I learned that I had caught a Baron—ay, reader, a live Baron;—and that he, like myself, was bound up the Nile for Cairo, the cataracts, crocodiles, and cartouches.

Fortune had thrown me in the way of such a man, and I will not anticipate *his* description, of whom I shall speak more anon, in my wanderings through this mysterious land:—that land which took its origin in the clouds, from the creative heads of demigods; the country ruled over by Cheops and Suphis, the germ of Pharaonic races, and where the plagues of Egypt still live to infest the traveller, the peasant, and the throne alike.

MOHAMMEDI CANAL.

"The king effects more wonders than a man."

At Ramleh we took the steamer on the Mahmoodéeh Canal. This great work of the Pacha speaks at once of the indomitable energy of the man, and of a despotic sacrifice of human life. In the accomplishment of this work, 30,000 beings were buried under its banks; a massacre of humanity, which is only shielded from its proper title of *murder* by that halo of sycophancy which extenuates the crimes of sovereigns, but which causes one to recoil with horror at the contemplation of so monstrous a cruelty, however much you may admire and feel the grandeur and utility of a work which approaches the Pyramids in magnitude. The history of this canal presents a tale of tyranny, suffering, and oppression, akin to the bondage of the Israelites under Pharaoh. Two hundred and fifty thousand fellahs were forced from their homes, naked and foodless, to consume their lives in the construction of this

dike, which now stands no less a mausoleum over the bones of the miserable victims, than a monument to the fame of the Juggernaut chieftain of Egypt.

The dull and monotonous run to Atfèeh had no features of relief, save an occasional view of the telegraph stations, a fine manufactory of glass on the banks of the canal, and a few miserable villages, composed of mud huts or some mounds of pottery, bricks and dust, denoting the sites of ancient ruins. At this terminus we arrived at nightfall, and were occupied until midnight in removing our baggage to another boat on the Nile.

We obtained our first sight of the river just as the rising moon cast its rich light upon its broad bosom. It was a joyful change, to pass from the narrow limits of the canal into the full current of these bounding, mysterious waters. The Nile had a great resemblance to our lower Mississippi, both in the color of its water and the character of its banks.

The next morning we arose refreshed and eager to explore the course of this glorious river. Our attention was first called to the effects of its shifting banks, and on both sides of the stream we could barely make out the debris of some miserable village, which had been swept from its foundation by the rapid action of its floods. It was about half a mile wide at this point. At times we also observed the traces of tor-

nadoes, where the light sands of the desert had been borne over hamlets with hurricane violence, and had obliterated all evidences of a town in a whirlwind of sand.

A hurried breakfast on board gave us occasion to learn the character of our fellow-passengers. We had with us a number of English cadets and parties of residents, returning to India. Attendant upon one officer was a curious specimen of a caste of India servants. He was dressed in the loose flowing white robes of the Hindoo, with even a more liberal supply of cotton cloth than the Turks; was enveloped in calico of a bolster-like fulness, and sleeves of the dimensions of pillows, and seemed himself to think his position singular; but whether from the effect of caste or not, he kept himself aloof from the Arabs, our regular servants. During the entire day we were on the alert for new sights or new wonders. The banks were animated by the hoarse creaking sound of ungreased Persian water wheels—the old plan of the Patriarchs, which are here used for irrigation, whilst they are worked at the buckets by the low fellahs of the land—laborious serfs, who sing most plaintive songs of their loves and afflictions, to lighten the load of this oppressive bondage. Poor fellows! I never could hear those plaints without pitying them from the bottom of my heart; for they chanted

like turtles at the loss of their liberties, and moaned like a victim under the torture of tyranny.

Innumerable flocks of wild-fowl, skimming the surface of the river, hurried by our bows; and oftentimes long lines of pelicans and swans were ranged along the shores of a deserted island, or picking up food on the sand-bars. Our cadets were busy all day with their guns, and many a gull fell victim to their well-directed shots. Dawabiehs, cangiahs, d'germs—all boats of the Nile—pass by us in their descent to the mouth; and their broad white lateen sails, spread to the wind, add a brilliance and animation to the face of the stream.

Thus occupied and amused, we ran on until towards evening. The sun was sinking to the west, the shadows thrown in front of the spectator—and all our passengers were on the look-out with their glasses—when suddenly the pilot cried out with a shout, "El kitab! El kitab!" The word was passed, and all sprang forward to see the Pyramids.

The Pyramids!—there they stood—the Pyramids of our early dreams—the wonders of our infancy. Triangular solids, rising on a plain of the Desert—immensity projected on eternity!—Colossal tombs of a lost secret—the wonder of the world which we called ancient. They were antiques even in that age of antiquities!!! . . . . . I was not disappointed; I felt as

if I had solved a calculus in solid trigonometry. I almost thought I had squared the circle of a world!

We kept the Pyramids in sight during the rest of the day. About nightfall we reached the mouth of the Delta, where we were anxiously occupied in watching the progress of the barrage which was then constructing under the orders of the Pacha. This work is undertaken under the superintendence of a mixed board of French and English engineers; and has for its object the damming up of the Damietta and Rosetta branches of the Nile, in order to extend the irrigation of the land over a greater surface; and to increase the fertility of those districts in upper Egypt which suffer from a low Nile, caused by a long season of drought. When the walls of both embankments shall have been completed, the Delta will be traversed by a ship canal, large enough to admit the heaviest tonnage of the boats, and permit these vessels always to have free access to the sea. The surplus water occasioned by flood or overflow, will be drawn off by means of sluices and locks, set at convenient distances in the barrage, which, when finished with graceful arches, will give an appearance of great beauty to the design. This stupendous work will add greater lustre to the glories of Mehemet Ali, while it will reflect more honor to his humanity; for he has not seen fit to exercise the same degree of tyranny and oppression as was used in the

digging of the canal:—a difference of character not attributable so much to his civilization as to a change in his fortunes: for in the one instance he was at the epoch of his rising reputation, and his circumstances were those of the adventurer, the soldier, and the usurper; he now holds the reins of sovereignty, has defied the authority of the Porte, has amassed wealth, and can afford to spend with indulgence what he has accumulated by cunning, ambition, and fraud.

Such is the undertaking of the declining years of the Pacha—a labor of herculean conception, which, when completed, will scarcely yield to the edifices of the ancients, which have been left among this people for their imitation and example.

THE SAIED.

BOOLAC TO CAIRO.

LATE at night we landed at the foot of the grand stairway, which runs from the quay of the Company's wharf, at Boolac, and entered within the dogano of the port. We were here annoyed by the Inspector of Customs; one of those evils which have been forced upon the country by the French. After an hour's expostulation with this officer, on the absurdity of examining baggage which had already been visited at Atfeeh, and had never passed out of the same territory, our endeavors proved fruitless, and further attempts on our part only added excitement to his indignation, to which he gave vent in a discharge of Italian lingo. We were obliged to leave the bulk of our luggage in the custody of the Duane, and having secured ourselves against its loss by theft, and taking out sufficient clothing for the night, we jumped into a carriage, and were driven under the light of the full moon, flickering through the

branches of the rustling palms, over the plain, through the grand gate of the Esboukir, and across the garden into the open court of the Hotel d'Orient.

Scarcely was I comfortably seated in my room when the door opened, and a fine-looking Arab entered, and wafted his salaams as he presented a letter from an acquaintance, who had preceded me in quarantine, and had left but a short time previously for the cataracts and Nubia. The epistle was couched in a courteous style, and closed with a recommendation of the bearer, specifying his qualification for the office of dragoman or turgoman, and the offer of a boat which could be had at a moderate charge. I engaged the man on trial—his name was Achmoud Ben Hamet—and directed him to attend at the second cock's-crow in the morning. After he had taken his leave, I blew out the light, tumbled into bed, and fell asleep to dream of Ptolemies and Pharaohs, pyramids and sphinxes, frogs, donkeys and Pachas.

The first beam of the morning had hardly peeped through my lattice, when the tall form of my servant crossed the threshold. After having adjusted my toilet, I sallied out before breakfast, duly escorted by this shadow of authority. As we passed through the

court of the hotel—your caravanserais always look out on an area in the East—I stopped awhile to observe the appendages appurtenant to a voyage to Suez, a pilgrimage to Mecca, or a sail up the Nile. The yard was filled with water-monkeys, or filterers, wickerwork chairs, cane-jointed canteens, and sedans for lady travellers; whilst in another corner a live ostrich was stamping round his cage, near the broken wheel of the omnibus cart to the Red Sea transit. We passed out under the gate, and had no sooner reached the street than we were seized by the donkey boys, and their professional badgering was enacted. Achmoud settled the matter by prescription and sticks, then mounted the best animal he could find, while I rode on behind, or rather he preceded. The forerunner is always inferior to the lord in the Orient, and the shadow of the master is his servant, for the sun of glory is supposed to shine always from the east, and baseness and servility moves to the west. Thus mounted, my dragoman went before, and picking the way through scores of gamins, I had nothing to do but to follow in his wake. This ass cavalcation is the very poetry of motion. Your turgoman leads the way, your donkey boy plies the power. You have nothing to do but to sit still on the hind-quarter of the ass, the passive recipient of all the delights, wondrous or quaint, of Oriental imagery.

Thus we caracolled silently over the plain, through the middle of the groves of the Esboukir, and then passed out of the gate into the open country, in the direction of Boolak.

What a glorious feeling, to be out on a dewy morning on the back of a spirited donkey, when the air is fragrant with tropical fruit and flower, and you are stealing away from the city and its din, and watching those queer people who start out of your road, while they wonder as much at the stranger as you do at them. There go by you groups of dark-eyed houris, bearing aloft delicate urns filled with water, lightly poised upon their heads; and, as they move along with stately and graceful step, throw winning glances from their lustrous eyes aslant. Then you meet troups of ambling donkeys, charged with huge swelling skins of water from the Nile, and venders of *su*, mixed up with soldiers and camels. The whole landscape is animated with the busy and active population, and smiles under the varied foliage of the fig, acacia, palm, and orange. Now we move onward across the bridge by the side of the canals, until we have passed under the walls of the town down to the river side, among d'germs or boats, dawabiehs and cangiahs, where buffaloes, donkeys, sailors, and market-women mingle in the crowd, whilst the shouts of camel leaders ring through the air, "Oat hommar, iwa! iwa! h'ot gamel!

Riglack, Riglack! Shemelek, O'áa!" and the occasional groans of an overburthened camel, with the braying of a stubborn jackass, join in the chorus, to make up and constitute a Babel of tongues and occupations.

BOOLAK.

Boolak is a miserable place, with one long street running through the town, filled up with low sooks or cupboard shops, and containing a mosque and a palace. This edifice, which formerly belonged to Ismail Pacha, recalls the singular story of his death in upper Egypt, where he had gone to collect troops for the army in Nubia. He was imprudent enough to trust himself away from his boats, and surrounded by but a handful of men, sought to enforce tribute from one of the Scheiks of the village of Shendy. Melek Nimr, Bey of that district, asked time to comply with the prince's request; at which Ismail was roused, and in the heat of passion, slapped the face of the chief, and added insult to the blow. The wily Nubian bore the injury with dissembled humility, and pressed his attentions with increased courtesy on the haughty prince; but he harbored revenge in his bosom, and only waited until suspicion was lulled to accomplish his purpose. Some time afterward, he induced the unsuspecting Pacha to attend a feast on shore; and at midnight, in

the height of feasting and revelry, the torch was applied to the accumulated fuel which had been gathered round the tent of the prince. The wild flames arose with sudden fury and destruction; and, as he sought to escape from the lurid terrors of the funeral pile, the Nubian's dark eyes glared with demoniac vengeance upon his victim, as he throttled the wretched prince and plunged a dagger in his bosom, which sent the spirit of the Viceroy to its account, as his body fell back into the remorseless fiery sepulchre. Dark and deep was the retaliation of Mehemet Ali for the massacre of his son; for the whole tribe was butchered in the following year, when not a vestige, nor a man was left to tell the tale of the murdered prince, or the revenge of Melek Nimr.

Under the shadow of the palace, and before the gate, mountains of grain were piled up, and were there left, without shelter of warehouse or protection of matting, all day long, and during the night—so dry, equable, and dewless are the courses of the hours in Egypt.

CAIRO.

"O thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checkered with all complexions of mankind."

We hurried back from the bustle and dust of the port, and again crossed the square of the Uzbequéeh, as we passed under the wooden gate of the Frank's quarter, to enter within the thoroughfare of Cairo. What a scene of gay confusion and busy life is presented in the quarter of the bazaars, under the shelter of the numerous low sooks. We hastened through these narrow and crowded streets, halting at times for the jam of the people, and at times pushed by the crowd to the wall, bruising our shins against a sharp corner, whilst again we ran under the very legs of a camel, which came swingingly along, threatening destruction to animals and party. At times, we rattled through a blind alley-way, where the *mushrebéehs*, or latticed windows, projected over the street, and almost shut out the sky as they crossed each other at angles,

whilst they afforded a cool and delightful shelter from the heat of the noonday sun. Emerging thence again, we passed under the *sakéefehs*, or coarse matting tents, spread over the market-ways, flapping furiously with the wind, and causing a shower of dust from their roofs even more stifling than that raised at our heels. And at last, having trotted through dry lanes and wet lanes—at one moment in the sun, at another, chilled by the sudden check of perspiration, in the over-watered dark byways—now hot, now cold—we cleared the limits of the town, and made our way out to the citadel.

Leaving our donkeys in charge of the boys, we entered the gate, and were conducted by our dragoman to the palace of Mehemet Ali. The Pacha was then at his summer-house at Shoobra, where he usually spends the day, and we were admitted to view the rooms in his absence. This winter-house is where he spends his nights; and here, within the strong walls of the fortress, he can lie down securely "for pleasant dreams." The suite of rooms occupied by royalty covers the extent of one floor, and the apartments are prettily hung with curtains of French fabric, and furnished with a mingling of Grecian and European tastes. The gardens attached to the palace are prettily laid out in orange groves and fountains, and afford a cool and refreshing retreat even at noonday.

The whole style of this residence is unostentatious, furnishing little for remark, and nothing of novelty. Its furniture and decorations partake much of the *petit art* of the Trianon at Versailles, and the chief interest in visiting it is derived from the presence of the Pacha. Its views are superb.

Returning from the hall near the palace, we entered to view the interior of the new mosque of the Mohammedi. Its plan is the same as that of the other mosques of the capital, but discovers none of that architectural beauty of design, or rich specimens of Saracenic taste, which render some of the old temples so interesting. This will be chiefly noted for the quality of its materials. The alabaster with which it is lined, is the most beautiful in the world. The specimens which I examined were coursed with the richest veins of irregular colors, and presented an appearance of amber floating on a surface of rich cream. It was found in the quarries in the vicinity of Cairo. It is to be regretted, that whilst the mellow richness of the lofty interiors of the old mosques has been sacrificed in this mosque, that nothing has been produced worthy to supply the loss of the noble and antique Hall of Joseph; and that in the removal of this edifice many fine columns of inestimable value have been wantonly mutilated or destroyed.

The platform of the terrace commands one of the

most striking and glorious panoramas in Egypt. High above the quarter of the Roomaylee it overlooks the animated scenes of busy life passing in the city below, whilst the thousand minarets of Cairo tower high over the flat roofs and the encircling domes of the mosques. Far in the distance rise the stately outlines of the Pyramids, and your view stretches far over plain and valley to the Libyan hills, until the horizon is closed by the sweep of the interminable desert.

Just north of the Roomaylee gate, in a line with the superb mosque of Sultan Hassan, is the spot whence leaped the fearless Emir Bey, the last of the Mamelukes. It was a cool and calculating piece of villany which planned and consummated the destruction of these Mameluke Beys, the finest body of cavalry in the world; and it was worse than treachery for a king to harbor revenge under the fair promises of friendship. That host who sullies the soft hours of a nuptial by the betrayal of his guests, merits a title for his crime, for which *assassin* is too mild a term, and *murderer* too common.

It was a bold stroke, but one of fearful policy. History will write this dire necessity under the chapter of expediency; and the double massacres of the Janissaries and Mamelukes by the two Mahammeds, will find extenuation in the words of Burke: "When subjects

will be rebels from principle, kings must be tyrants from policy."

Somewhat removed from the palace, and interesting from its associations with Youssouf, or the Salad-ed-din, the Saracen king, who figured in the wars of the crusades, is Joseph's well. It has been confounded with the story of the Patriarch, but had actually an origin more remote, perhaps as ancient as the early kings of Egypt. The structure is wonderful, and the excavation continues for over two hundred feet in the calcareous rock. On descending by a gallery cut round the chamber of the well, you meet a cistern which is daily used for the supply of the citadel. The passage down is dark, and each one lights his way by a burning taper. At the bottom there is nothing but a pool, and in the corner of the pit they point out the sarcophagus of a servant of Joseph. The primitive buckets, worked by oxen, are still used to draw up the water from this fountain, and to irrigate the gardens adjoining. This well, with the Nile, affords the grand reservoirs for the supply to the people. On leaving the spot we were assailed by a hideous cry for *backsheesh*, a demand which brooks no refusal, and which is only stopped by a gift; for in this land the fee is the open sesame to every heart, and where its proper application suits every hungry complainant, from the gate-keeper to the sitter on the throne.

We visited the noble mosque of Sultan Hassan on our return. Its graceful minarets, rich entablatures on its long line of wall, its high and lofty portal, drooping with the honeycomb intaglios in the richest style of the Moresque, and the liberal proportions of its open area, combine to form a beautiful effect, and command admiration of this perfect specimen of the purest order of Saracenic architecture.

Four large halls open upon a hypœtral court. Behind the mosque, and forming part of the temple, is the tomb of the founder, while upon the tablet of the sarcophagus lies an elegantly embellished copy of the Koran.

This temple and shrine is held in great estimation by the faithful; and so exalted is their opinion of its perfection and pre-eminence, that it is currently reported that Hassan cut off the hand of the architect, in order to prevent a repetition of this monument, or the hazard of a failure from infirmity, in a second essay. Such stories are dressed in the hyperbole of eastern language, for the same tale is repeated, and the same extravagant praise meted to the fine mosques of Samelood and Sioot in Upper Egypt.

We had retired from the gates of Hassan, and were returning back to the Hotel, wending our way through the main bazaar, when we were startled by the shrill searching snap of the courier's *korbag*. The

crowds of the sooks dispersed at the sound of the cracking thong, as the cawass shouted, "Make way for the Pacha!" "clear the path of the Sultan!" The sound of the alarm is passed from the mouth of the retiring multitude. Men, women, and children shrink away behind the counters of the bazaar; the boys shove their donkeys suddenly and violently round by the haunches into the narrow side-streets, the camel leaders goad their beasts around the corners of the wall, and the shopkeepers drop their work and pipes as the air rings with the repeated order, "Make way! Shemalek! Riglack! Riglack! to the right! to the left! out of the road of the King!" Then, as the bostangi runs by in breathless haste, the Nizam guard at his post drops his musket at the salute; when suddenly, in hot speed, approach four spirited white Arabians, and dash through the crowded thoroughfare, bearing along the august person of the Viceroy; and while the carriage rushes by,—it is but the vision of a moment,—I saw within its folds the long venerable white beard of a noble old man, hiding the visage of Mehemet Ali. That sight was like a flickering dream of eventide. He looked like the spirit of the East; and as his small, dark, brilliant eyes flashed out, discovering the contour of his smoky beard, the vision vanished like a star behind the clouds of midnight, and impressed me with a more august sense of the

omnipotent thrall of the sovereign, than would an age of courts. That sight was enough for me; I would not spoil the charm of such a glimpse for all the pomp and glory of a court, when the king is surrounded by guards, officers, eunuchs, and satraps.

ENVIRONS

We rode out to the delightful gardens of Shoobra, the summer retreat of the Pacha, situated about four miles north of the city, and forming a perfect oasis of beauty and repose, far away from the hot glebes and arid plains which surround the capital.

So cool a retirement from the turmoil and dust of the city, secures to the Pacha the quiet enjoyment of those dreams of oriental loveliness and composure which charm the hours of his noonday repose.

The gardens are planned after the ideas of his foreign employés, and are prettily laid out with orangeries and lemon-groves, and parterres of regular fashion planted with a profusion of roses, geraniums and lilies. The grand fountain kiosk is the most attractive construction in the garden, where the edifice incloses a hollow square, in the middle of which are a series of fountains, ornamented with devices of fishes and monsters which exist only in the fancy of the Italians. The four kiosks which look upon this area of water-

works, are decorated in a mixture of Turkish and European taste. The small kiosk which stands in the middle of the garden, offers a more perfect feature of Eastern architecture, and is furnished more appropriately with divans and carpets. Its position on the raised terraced slope gives it a commanding view over the garden and the Nile, whilst the bright display of oranges, and the golden lemons which cheer the eye, amid the delightful perfumes of unnumbered flowers which are wafted through the trellised pathways, with the music of the fountains' play, form a most perfect picture of our conceived visions of oriental scenery.

This, and the grand pavilion kiosk over the central fountain of the garden, constituted the only adequate and true types of our cherished ideas of the Orient.

In spite of the lovely dreams of our youth, which had been reared upon the beautiful fabric of the Arabian Nights' tales, we found no real existence of such landscapes or scenes in Egypt. Even here, in this creation of beauty, raised by the command of sovereign authority, and erected with all the aids which unbounded wealth, despotic will, and the luxury of an Eastern fancy could control, we were forced to mourn over the wrecks of our cherished fantasies, and to grieve at the sad disparity existing between the description and the reality.

Here we were sad to learn that our poetic creations

of hanging gardens, perfumed airs, heavenly-eyed houris, vistas of orange-groves, salient fountains, golden kiosks and voluptuous dreams, existed only in the creative powers of the human mind; and that even here, in the gardens of Shoobra,—the collected display of all that it was possible for a prince to call forth out of the realms of beauty,—the gardener was a Greek, the architects and balustrades were Italian, and there was nothing really Arabic but a poor solitary hawk in a hencoop, near the palace, plenty of which can be seen any day on the Nile.

We hurried away from this ruin of our fallen hopes, and returned by the avenue, which led under long lines of the common acacia of the country. This tree is of very rapid growth, and attains a great size in a few years. The whole road is well watered, and at the hour of sunset afforded a delightful and cool shade to the course of our cavalcade toward Cairo.

We were soon at the gate of the hotel, where we dismounted; then giving our reins to the dragoman, mounted its broad stairway, entered our rooms, and after having almost worn out our hands by clapping for the Janizary, we managed by dint of cold water and *backsheesh* to get ready for dinner at six.

We enjoyed highly the racy life of the Hotel d'Orient, and always at this repast we were entertained by a sight of new faces, and animated conver-

sation with parties of travellers—both those who had arrived, and those who were departing. There was always a motley mixture; Russians and Poles, French and English, Germans and Americans, Italians and Spaniards, renegades, officers, commis-gentlemen, attachés, couriers, princes and actors, counts and artists. All languages were spoken, although French was the common tongue. The company at the Orient was always heterogeneous, that of the "British" homogeneous; but all gay, lively and animated, enthusiastic, instructive and racy; all bound for the Nile, prone to study hieroglyphics, ambitious of acquaintance with mummies, and dead-set for a sight of the Tombs.

Those who had returned from the Cataracts and Pyramids were extravagant in their praises of the wonders of Egypt—spoke in rapturous terms of the pyramids of Gheezeh, of Carnac, and the cataracts of Syene. All agreed as to the loveliness of the climate of Upper Egypt, of the stupid monotony of tracking, and of the absurdity of travelling alone. Some had brought a menagerie of mummies; others, embalmed apparitions of monkeys, crocodiles, cats, and puppies; besides articles of food from the catacombs, or specimens of dress from the Nubians.

Those ready to depart were all ears and attentive, and grew wondrous wise in their dreams about Ibis and Apis, Sesostris and Suphis. Slumbering away

the hours of the sultry night preparatory to the next day's move—their dreams disturbed with uncouth apparitions from the "unknown land"—the travelling amateurs would awake in sudden alarm, to find a live mummy at the bed-post, bidding them arise, breakfast, and make ready for a start up the Nile.

We remained awhile to enjoy the delights of an oriental life, and to complete our preparations for the voyage up the Nile.

Cairo is truly a remarkable city, and the purest type of orientalism and unadulterated Mohammedanism in the East. Full of historical memories, which date from the wanderings of Misraim, it has accumulated in its progress an interest of peculiar cast, from its neighborhood to the glories of Heliopolis, the temples of On, and those later periods of Saracenic magnificence which centre around the fame of her Saladin monarchs.

Her streets bear still the impress of her early origin, and in the mosques and edifices you can still trace the history of those nations whose works were contemporaneous with the Pyramids. Modern Cairo presents an array of disjointed fragments of character, history, association, and people, as varied as the races which have passed away from the land, dating from the dispersion of Babel, and following on through the succession of the Suphis, Amenophs, Pharaohs, and Moslems.

From its position in the interior, she has not been infected by the mongrel races which people the coast towns on the Mediterranean shore. The haughty and stately Bedouin, wrapped in his robe of bernoos, walks through her streets with the same wild barbarian gait as our native Indians. The common fellahs of the soil still retain the characteristic traits and habits of the ancient Egyptians. You frequently meet a Rebecca at the fountains, and by her side some lordly camel-leader of a Jacob, watering his flocks at the well. Those lumbering Persian water-wheels have not changed the form of irrigation from the primitive days of antiquity, and the corn is still ground by the hand in the same mills which are recognized in the Bible. The further you ascend the Nile, the more closely you mark the resemblance; and as you follow the pages of Herodotus in your course, you wonder more that so little change has moved over the face of the country.

Again, within the old town you trace the remains of Saracenic grandeur, in the Arabesque intaglios of its mosques, the richly pencilled honeycomb pendants, drooping under the portals of the gates, the heavy and tasteful scrollwork over the porches, and in the beautiful mosaics of the tiled pavement, or the delicate colors of the azulejo, which ornament the wainscots of their interiors.

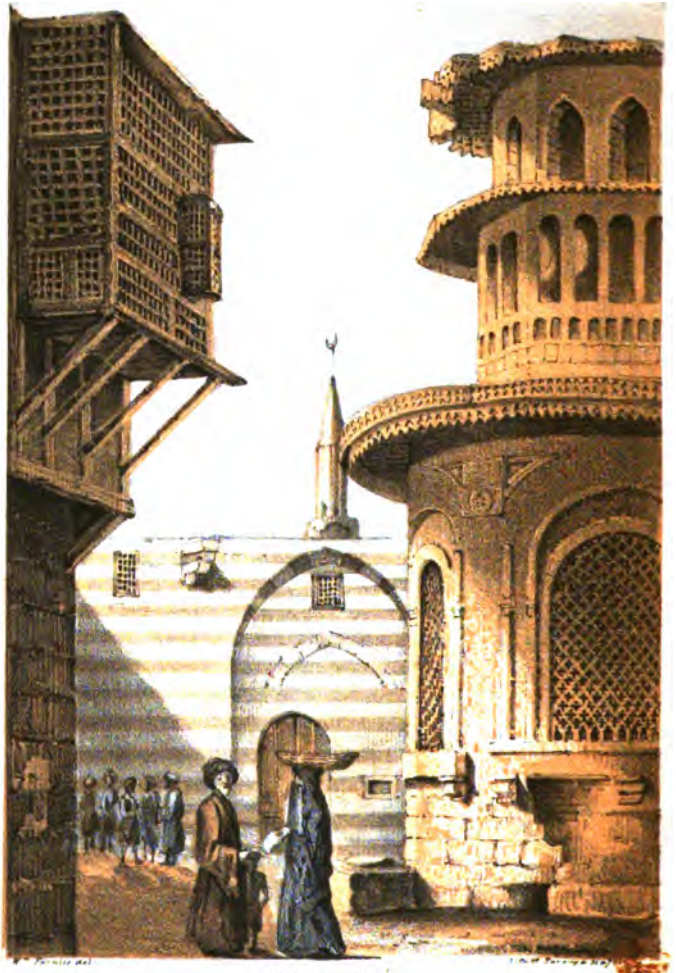
The streets, with the exception of those which have been lately opened by the Pacha, are very narrow and obscure, and are so closely joined above by the projecting windows, as to render them cool and agreeable avenues. The houses rise nearly three stories high, and the latticed *mustabeehs* run so nigh together, as even to touch and overlap at the verandahs. Hence conversation is kept up in whispers, and much mischief and gossip passes through their netted frames, moved by silvery tongues, through lips of rose and teeth of pearl; and as you pass beneath, honeyed words drop into the ear of the willing Frank, or you are pelted in sport, by light missiles of sugar-plums and small fruit from these curtained houris.

There is much to interest in the main streets, and especially near the sooks. The gorgeous crowds ever presented in the bazaars and mosque yards, before the fountains, and in the market places; the gay variety of turbans and head-dresses, differing in color and richness according to the rank or profession of the wearer; the bright and appropriate costumes of all classes of the people, from the caftans of ermine and silks of the rich merchants, to the long robes of striped taffeta and linen of the scribes, and the gaudy and neat attire of Emirs and Imauns, contrast markedly with the low blue calicoes of the women, the scanty bunting which

covers the sakkas, the ragged cottons of the fellahs, and the naked bronze of the exposed slave.

The *tobs* and *habarahs* of black are peculiar habits of the Cairene and Copt women, and become distinctive of their rank and gentility. Gay colors and the open unveiled face, characterize the votaries of pleasure, licentiousness and poverty—almehs and beggars.

The slave-markets for the sale of Nubians, are still held in the neighborhood of the Roomaylee gate. These are used generally for menial purposes, and occasionally in the provinces; and are adopted in the harems of the French and Italian medicos. The open sale of Georgians and Circassians has been for some time prohibited; and in order to obtain a sight of these rare beauties, who are destined as concubines and wives for the seraglios of princes and the harems of the rich, you must be armed with special privileges; and then, after you have poked your way to some out-of-the way, mysterious quarter of the city, with a very liberal supply of *backsheesh*, a quarrel or two with your guide—all the while under the guise of a merchant who is desirous of purchase—you may, perhaps, see a pair of bright piercing eyes twinkling through a veil, and come away, if not with a flea in your ear, certainly with the apprehension of the owl in the fable, "that you have been keeping up *considerable* of a thinking in the dark."



THE SYBILE.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE NILE TRIP.

THE CONTRACT OF HIRE.

After a week of delay, I had fully resolved to proceed up the Nile. That determination was followed by the selection of a boat, called cangiah, in Egypt. Having procured one of about 150 ardebs (750 bushels)—the only one in fact to be had at that advanced state of the season—in company with Ben Hamet, the Reis, and the donkeys, we rode to the gate of the American Consulate. As usual, his agent was not to be found at home.

We then proceeded to the English Embassy, and the solemn instrument of hire—this indenture of cangiah—was formally written in Arabic, and left for translation in the hands of the cawass.

The next day we returned, found the papers ready, and this transaction was closed to the satisfaction of all parties, except the consular agent, who never was paid by the Reis Suleiman.

THE TRANSLATION.

The contract ran in the following words:

"Wednesday, the 23d day of the month Showel, of the year 1263, Mr. ———, Knight Errant, an American, has agreed to take a boat from the Reis Suleiman Mahomet, floatsam of the Nile, to go up the Nile as far as Waddy Halfa—or to Jericho, if both parties are agreed, upon the following conditions.

1. The boat is to be navigated by eight able men, comprising the Reis and steersman—excluding men with their thumbs cut off, or blind of both eyes.

2. The Reis and crew to be always obedient to the hirer, who is to be Lord High Admiral of the Navy, with powers as supreme as the Grand Turk—to stop where he pleases, &c.

3. Boat to be in perfect order, warranted free from rats and other vermin—no logs shall be put before the bows, nor any stones tied to the rudder.

4. None of the crew shall leave the boat without permission, under pretence of seeing their sweethearts, or for tobacco, or to smoke, under penalty of severe "catting" and a dinner on pork. If any run away, the Reis to run after them.

5. The boat must sail day and night if the wind blows; if calm, they must track up the Nile, tackled to the vessel as to a cart.

6. The Reis must select snug places to stop at night; they must be safe from the attacks of rats, hyenas, jackals, and land-robbers.

7. Reis is not allowed to take on board any of his cousins, brothers, sweethearts or cronies, and no goods except the owner's.

8. The Reis shall be allowed twenty-four hours at Esneh, or Sioot, to make bread—this is understood not to include the privilege of making love or playing 'possum.

9. It is understood, that all the crew shall not smoke at once. At noon, when it is smoking hot on deck, the crew must abstain from all dances, banjo playing, and singing, as they understand it, while the charterer or his friends are taking a siesta.

10. Terms—first month payable in advance.

11. All disputes to be referred to her Majesty's consul at Cairo—and both parties will wait patiently until they hear from the Imperial Lady at Saint James's.

"*Dated, Cairo, Showel* 23, 1263."

This contract was duly acknowledged and witnessed. Both parties subscribed. The hirer merely attached a flourish to his name, a sort of triumphal curve at the completion of a wonderful deed, and an arch expression of the gammony nature of the law of

the land. Reis Suleiman sealed the instrument with his signet, and as the weight of his authority fell upon the roll, it left the impression of a ring of Arabic talismanic symbol, much like the outlines of a smashed spider. I often thought of the significance of that act; and when among the ruins of Thebes, the mind referred back to that scene to explain the mighty import of some of the cartouches of the ancient kings, who stamped their initials on granite, and thus left the original of that custom of seals which has been retained by their posterity in wax.

Suleiman Mahomet, a swarthy descendant of the Prophet, was a Nubian of middle stature, and like most of the lower order of boatmen, had risen from the toilsome life of *merakabee* to the superior rank of skipper of a wherry. To be sure, it is dignified in the phonetics of the East by the sonorous title of capidan; but surrounded by the imposing circumstances of the Nile, this creature of brief authority swelled into the sufficiency of a monster. A cangiah of 150 ardebs is about equal to a Coney Island periauger loaded with clams. He was somewhat more than ordinarily well-dressed, as he knew the importance of that fact of signature. He was clad in a long loose gown, fitting like the old metaphor of the "shirt to the handspike," and was furnished at both extremities by a cleanly tarboosh which turbaned his head, and a pair of flaming red

slippers upon his naked feet. The rest of the man almost contradicted the saw, that there is no outline in nature, for his very shadow on the white walls of the office would have sketched out a figure in charcoal.

These natives often remind you of ostriches, in that they appear to think, that if their head only is properly covered, it is of little consequence to protect the rest of the body; so that in many parts of Egypt one has to infer the fall of man from other indications than the presence of fig-leaves or clothing.

After we had finished the articles of our agreement, we hurried away from the Embassy, and employed ourselves in making the necessary outfits for the voyage. Don Giovanni Pini is the grand almoner for all Egyptian travellers. Your dragoman charges himself with the trouble of collecting the proper household wares, furniture and food, whilst you have nothing afterwards to do, but to audit the accounts and foot the bill.

The old year slipped away, and the *new* found us still occupied with the last offices of embarkation. We were now masters of a proper cangiah, one which had been thoroughly drowned, freshly painted, and freed from all pollution of dead rats or cockroaches. We had now turgoman, captain, cook, and crew. Ben Hamed il Mahomet, our factotum, announced the conclusion of his labors, just as the sun was sinking to the west behind the palace of Defterdar Bey the Cruel.

We heard the intelligence with joy, and having finished our stroll through the garden of the Uzbuiqueh, we mounted our donkeys, took a last look at the fading outlines of the citadel, and scampered away after our baggage in the direction of the port. We remained that night on board within the harbor of Boolak, in order to become familiar with the comforts of our boat, and to complete the accommodations of that vessel, which was to be our floating habitation and our home for the period of three moons.

There appeared to be no end to our wants, and another day was passed in filling the minutiæ of our domestic circle. We kept up a continual run of messengers to and from the city: now we had forgotten the corkscrew, then the umbrellas; here a screw was missing, there a peg was loose; suddenly we had heard of ophthalmia, and of the diseases of the Nile, and the medicine-chest was ordered; again we thought of the plagues of Egypt, and bed-bug poison was sent for. We spent most of the day in arranging shelves for our library, and it was quite late in the afternoon before we thought of the cat—that indispensable animal, *grimalkin*, the terror of rats, the favorite of the sailors, and condition precedent to the *luck* of a Nilotic passenger. Finally we arranged our armory, in anticipation of its use in possible attacks by water-rats, land-pirates, or by mutineers on board; and over our ham-

mocks were hung festoons of guns, pistols, and cutlasses, elegantly and tastefully mingled among the negligé of books, charts, narguillées, chibouques and tarbouches scattered around. Having concluded all things, we gave the word of command. The deck was soon cleared of all supernumeraries and intruders, the crew was counted and enrolled; one only was found missing—he had been sent for a drum. Reis Suleiman now rose to the full dignity of his station. The captain himself assumes the helm—"Automedon ipse lora tenet,"—the lumbering oars fall on the Nile with a heavy splash, and the boat springs from the shore, as they hear his shrill cry, "Hot il fok! hot il tenda!" The big flaring lateen sail flaps roisterously out in the wind, and we are off amid the shouts of the market-women, the congratulations of friends ashore, the barking of mangy curs, the braying of asses and groans of the camels;—vox et præterea Nihil (Nile). The shores mourned our departure, and we rejoiced as we passed into the middle of the stream, to escape away from Boolak, if merely to cross to the opposite bank, and anchor for the night near the island.

"Montes parturiunt mus nascitur."

THE VOYAGE UP THE NILE.

"Bear me, Pomona, to the citron groves
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild."

THE START.

RIGHT early the next morning we set sail in good earnest. A fresh breeze favored us; we passed by the side of old Cairo, and leaving the luxuriant gardens of Rhoda to our right, swept onward round the point of the Nilometer, near the spot where the infant Moses was discovered by the attendant maidens of Pharaoh's daughter. On our right we saw the site of Egyptian Babylon, and traced out many mouldering mounds of ruined cities. It was a glorious sight, to be thus afloat on the broad booming waters of the fertile Nile, and to be surrounded by fleets of returning cangiahs, whose white sails spread over the surface of the stream like the extended wings of huge birds. The whole air rung with the wild chorus of the descending boatmen, happy to visit once

more the shores of their native city, and rejoicing at the sight of the capital—Cairo the victorious. The wind blew freshly as we were borne over the troubled waters of the western bank, where hidden rocks break up the surface into eddies and fearful whirlpools; and we were driven by the fury of the current and the squalls out of sight of the city and its environs. Now we watched eagerly the clear outlines of the Pyramids of Gheezeh as they receded in the distance, and then follow the succeeding monuments of Dashoor, Sakkara and Abouseer, which seem to attend upon the traveller in his departure for Upper Egypt; and as we sail rapidly by the quarries of Toorah, the supposed site of a Trojan colony, we catch the faint form of the False Pyramid, the last mound, the extreme landmark on the horizon of the desert. We seemed now to have taken leave of civilization and the glories of the Saïd, and whilst the sinking sun cast its last rays upon the scene, we laid up for the night at Masarah. Our sailors leaped gladly ashore, and having fastened our cangiah to a stump driven in the bank, we were moored snugly under the shadow of the lee shore. It was the first hour of solemn repose we had enjoyed. It was the calm which follows the tempest of excited elements; and, as we sat down under the pavilion of darkness which enveloped us, watching the transcendent brilliancy of the stars above we all felt the sublime power

of the "audible stillness" of nature, and both body and soul were overcome by the awful force of the silence of solitude.

CANGIAHS, OR BOATS OF THE NILE.

The boats which are variously termed dawabiehs, cangiahs, or d'germs, according to their tonnage and use, are exclusively used on the Nile for the transportation of passengers or freight. The cangiah is usually adopted by travellers, as they afford better accommodations for a voyage of pleasure than the dawabiehs or d'germs, which are better suited for the shipment of grains and heavy products from the upper country to the capital.

These boats vary in length from thirty to seventy feet, and are measured by the number of ardebs or bushels which they can take. Their decks are divided into parts. The cabin occupies the after quarter of the vessel, and is fitted up with bedrooms and a saloon; many of them have a porch in front of the awning sail, whence, under shelter from the oppressive heat of the sun, you can look out and enjoy the passing scenery of the river and the face of the country.

The forward part of the boat is allotted to the crew, who vary from eight to twelve; for your kitchen, which is a plank range built up with iron furnaces set in

brick, and to the masts; and in the bow of the vessel there is room for your dragoman, cook, and sailors to eat. The helmsman sits stationary on the top of the cabin, all the while doubled up under the arm of the rudder, which extends to about one-third the length of the bark. He is an immovable being, always half asleep, with half an eye open, and his head buried under the cape of his heavy bornoos; night and day he appeared always at his station, and was only relieved at meal time by the captain. The hold is covered over with loose planks, which are taken up for the purpose of stowage, and to give place for the sailors when engaged at the oars. At night, it affords a cool retreat for their slumbers; but only when the external air is too cool, for otherwise they prefer to stretch themselves on deck. The sailors congregate mostly around the caboose; and when not engaged in tracking ashore, or rowing down stream, which they avoid as much as they can, are busy at their pipes and in preparations for their food. Before the porch, the canteens are permanent fixtures; and as they contain your utensils, plate, small-stores and liqueurs, are always kept under lock and key, closely watched by the dragoman, who allows no one to rob you but himself. In the more spacious boats there is a platform extending round the cabin, outside the cabin windows, which is a great convenience, both for purposes of utility and to have the run of the vessel.

Thus housed and established in your floating palace, you are propelled by the united forces of wind, oars, poles, and trackers. Your huge lateen sail is the moving principle, with a fair wind; and you are not surprised, when thus set in motion, with a sail like a leg of mutton, at times to find yourself in a squall very much like a sheep.

You are supreme in command, and master of all you survey, whilst you move over the Nile, with the indisputable privilege of seeing what you like, stopping where you please, whipping the Reis at discretion, and throwing the crew overboard when they rebel. With such unbounded powers, and thus comfortably *homed*, you sail over the mysterious Nile with the exultation of a Sesostris or Cleopatra. You indulge in that true "otium cum dignitate" which becomes the fortunes of one of those princes of that peopledom, where all your brothers are sovereigns. Provided with the requisite means, gifted with the advantages of taste, a classic education, and a fine perception of the recondite beauties of nature, you sail over the bosom of that abounding river, recipient of the true "feast of reason and the flow of soul;" and exulting in the joys of an untrammelled spirit, "set free from contact with the din of cities and the crowds of town—the things I loathe." You glory in the regions of an independence which finds fit associates among pyramids, antiquities, patri-

archs, fallen dynasties, and imperishable truths; you triumph over the littleness of what man calls great, defy the powers of the Grand Turk, and riot in the intoxication of that liberty which demands "aut Cæsar aut nihil" (Nile) for its support. You journey on through one of the most interesting countries in the world, and in a climate whose winter is a perpetual lovely spring.

Our crew was variously Arab, Nubian, and Turk—as good-natured and easily managed a set of men as ever were grouped by accident. No better servants can be found in any part of the world, and if treated with energy and attention, they become even affectionately attached to their masters, and as tractable as lambs. I never knew a gang who required so little *backsheesh* to keep them amiable. A moderate allowance of tobacco, the occasional present of a *mutton*, and a taste of arrack, sets them on the very pinnacle of their gratitude and devotion. One Hadji Bab I shall never forget, nor the dragoman Achmet, whom I afterwards took at Thebes.

THE START IN EARNEST.

Bright and early on the following morning, we started from our landing place opposite Massarah. Hadji Bab took up the hawser, untied the rope, flung

the round stone anchor on board, and aided by the helping hand of his fellow-sailors, shoved the cangiah out in the stream as they jumped over the bulwarks on the deck. The lumbering bark luffed over with this motion, and coming into point with the wind's eye, her huge lateen filled with a gust which shook her sides like a liberated courser as she sprang forward with rapidity, and bore us with a spanking breeze up the Nile, for Thebes, the Cataracts, Nubia, and the Pyramids.

Now, who were the party? We were three—a trio of wise men, going to explore mummy-pits and pyramids, and bent on sporting for crocodiles and hyenas on the bosom of the Nile or in the mountains of Nubia.

First, there was a Gothamite of rather small stature, but with a long body and short legs. Nature, however, (who we are told works by a system of compensation,) had made up for the default of the body, by granting magnificent proportions to his head. This dome of thought, besides its own vaulted arch, was surrounded by the usual accessories of manliness, such as intelligent and mild blue eyes, chiselled lips, pencilled eyebrows, and abundant hair; but, unfortunately, there was a defective feature in the nose, which was *rètroussée*, in other words, *turn-up*. I should add, that there was much shrewdness of expression which played

about these traits; for he had evinced great tact in already seizing the chief hobby of the orientals—their reverence for beards; and had no doubt cultivated half a foot of mustaches, and a cloud of whiskers, to draw undue attention from a too particular notice of his nasal weakness. We might add, in an artistic way, he managed his nose with great delicacy; and we conclude his portrait by stating, that had we seen his bust in the statuary, we might have thought that the artist had taken Democritus by the bridge of his nose when the plaster was yet soft; but were we to describe him with Macaulay, we should call him Socrates-Cossack. He was, however, a man of remarkable parts, and of great travel. He had wandered through South America, *bivouacked* in the Desert, and now after six years of adventure, happened to be in Cairo to join us on the Nile. We picked him up near the fountain of the Uzbuiqueh before the hotel. He accosted me one day as I was mounting a donkey to ride to Boulak. He was a youth of much experience, of a highly poetical fancy, of wonderful fertility of description, and could dance the fandango to perfection.

His costume was always the same—you need *very* little on the Nile. He had adopted the tarboosh —that closely-fitting red Greek cap, with a long tassel of blue silk—wore a long monkey-jacket, with his shirt-

collar turned over, and his pantaloons turned up, to show the elegance of his small tidy foot, which was always set into pumps, and flourished a sapling, which answered for support as a cane, or dexterity of balance in the offices of that dance of which he was a passionate amateur.

He was rather a man of angles than curves, and thus better suited to the Anglo-Egyptian theory of the antiquities or the crotchetty fantasies of mummy literati. He had just left the water-cure establishment of Preisnitz, or the baths of Homburg, where he had gone through all the grades from the Sitz bath to the douche; and after having percolated all the ills of his mortal flesh through the folds of damp sheets, had come to study the mysteries of the ancient priests, who were better skilled in the art of embalming mummies for immortality. He was introduced by himself, and was accepted by the company, on account of his benignity of expression and amiability of mien, which shone out upon his "open countenance, the best letter of recommendation" for the traveller. A right clever fellow he proved!

Next came the Baron, or, as he wrote upon his card, Mr. Vincent (de) Baron Amarelli, Professeur de Litterature, Italienne et Latine, au Lycée Royale de Naples. He was proud of the title, and was very verbose about the barons. He was nothing but ex-baron,

or the youngest son of a large family of unfledged eagles, without emolument or honor; than which there are few things more barren, save Plato's cock of a man with his feathers stripped, or the remainder in tail of the Benjamin of the family—the poor twelfth son of a reputable rich merchant prince in America. Of this specimen, I trust he was the last of the Barons.

He was a very tall being, at least six feet three inches in his stockings, and always wore a long loose blouse *overall.* He was "fair, fat, and forty;" of a merry eye and laugh, with a head of luxuriant hair, which fell over his face in corkscrew-curls, like tendrils on the vine of Bacchus; and these ringlets were most scrupulously done up in papillotes at night. His beard was a flattering copy of that on the bust of Plato in the museum at Naples. His hat was of that broadcast shadowy style peculiar to Rubens, but, thrown upon Italian features, borrowed a shade of the brigand. His countenance was by no means open; one would not have chosen such a chum in broad day. We took him, however, to do the literary part of the voyage, and to *dig* out the antiquities of the Nile. His *honor* almost belied the softening influence of literature on manners. I felt sorry therefore for the sake of Minerva, that the fine arts had not softened the features of one of her disciples, and grieved that so large a professor should contain so little wit. He was very fond of

wonders, and inquisitive after ibises, papyrii and lotus plants; and was determined to find these and many other curious things on the Nile, which have been scarce since the times of the Ptolemies. We had great difficulty in restraining the visionary apprehensions of this man, and at times had severe logomachies with the scholar, as to the differences between black-birds or crocodile guards and ibises, or the distinction between papyrus and Nile cabbage, lotus and the water-lily.

The fates would make me such a man. Truly travel, no less than poverty, puts us in companionship with strange bedfellows. I met him upon a donkey, riding down to the Mohammedan canal at Alexandria. We slept on the same plank on board the steamer to Cairo; and here we were again embarked together for Upper Egypt and the Cataracts. He was a zealous reader of Herodotus, a man of classic tastes and attainments, and copied faithfully all the tales of the fathers, of lying historians, or other fabulous accounts of travellers. He drew largely upon such sources for the pages of his private journal, (for he told us he *must* write a book,) and believed implicitly in the hieroglyphics, without knowing B from a bull's foot, or Busiris from a booby.

A Creole from the Antilles completed our number. It is hardly possible for a person to draw his own por-

trait; although by reflection one may approximate to a likeness. It was our lot to act as director of the expedition and manager of the affairs, secular and financial. Whipping the crew occasionally, knocking down the Reis dispassionately, playing Bombastes to the Shieks on shore, and temporizing with the dragoman and cook, were among our varied duties. And it was also our lot to prepare *backsheesh*, to quarter mutton presents, hire donkeys, and even to cook for the party.

Our dress was not out of the ordinary habit of *Englishmen*. A good pair of heavy hunting gaiters, with leggins to protect our legs, served admirably for donkey-riding, tramps in the sand, and shooting in the swamps. A heavy Scotch shawl round the waist kept up the even temperature of the body, and rendered the stomach less liable to the ill effects produced by sudden changes in the climate. A slouched furze hat, worn over a handkerchief bound round the head, as in Spain, afforded ample covering, and shaded our caput from the overpowering heats of noonday. We did not any of us see fit to *inhabit* the costumes of the country. We had experienced the stupidity of masquerades in civilized countries. We were aware of the ludicrous aspect of some of our nation, who had adopted the Arab; and remembering the forlorn dejection of the Turks in French regimentals, were led to reflect opportunely on the absurdity of changing character or cos-

tume on the river, where the former had never been tested, and the latter would be a bore from the heat.

Thus manned, equipped, and consorted, the triumvirate continued the voyage up the Nile—the muddy, sluggish, slimy, pregnant, mysterious, wonderful Nile. That river whose origin is so remote and obscure, that philosophers have even stated its certain issue from the white Mountains of the Moon.

We had passed a night of wonders, of deep reflection, amazing dreams, and pregnant expectations, and were scarcely wide awake, after the reaction of a sound snooze which had succeeded our first plunge in the Nile, when our attention was called to witness a wild Arab, taking his air bath, in puris naturalibus, as he floated coolly and unconcernedly down the river on a log, guiding his bark by the aid of a pole. There he stood upright in his naked independence. This black image in ebony furnished a strong contrast with the aurora blushes of the rosy morning in his alto relievo against the neutral tone-tint of the turbid Nile, and presented a bold outline before the background of the yellow Libyan, which was not unlike the figure of a satyr on the terra cotta sides of the Etruscan vases. He would have furnished a unique study for some future Nilotic Life School of Design.

We have often been chained in admiration of some spirited outlines, by an early genius, boldly sketched in

pencil of charcoal, and have lingered hours over etchings by Retsch; but never before had we conceived so sublime or bold an epic for a cartoon as was exhibited in the form of that nude Arab, floating on his shingle down the Nile.

Wonders never cease in this land of the mysterious. On the same afternoon a rude raft of jointed palm-branches hove in sight, manned by an Arab and his wife—common fellahs of the country. Their primitive vessel was truly a fac-simile of those known among that people who went to sea in vessels of bulrushes, but their sails were other than those of which we have either historic or scriptural record. Their own persons furnished the masts, and their robes the sails; with full canvas spread across the yards of their arms, they rapidly passed us in the direction of Cairo.

Two such sights in one day, offered a rich opening to the dioramas of the Nile, and at evening, naturally suggested some remarks on the difference of customs among different people. We even surmised that, perhaps, the force of habit had been prejudicial to the proper development of the human form, or that it was possible that, in our notions of clothing, there might be something like prudery or civilization.

Shortly after the wind died away, and the crew went ashore to track. The process of making tracks on the banks of the Nile is by no means so expeditious as that renegade fashion which has become proverbial in the region of Texas. The rope is attached about half way up the foremast, and is drawn along against the current by the crew, who are harnessed with a collar over the shoulder. We could not but pity the miserable condition of a people forced to gain their livelihood under the yoke of a servitude suited only to oxen; but were obliged to shut our eyes on the misfortunes of others, who no doubt reflected that what was pleasure to us, was death to them. It was some consolation, however, to look forward to the new line of steamers which was to run on the Nile next year; for hereafter, the responsibility of oppressing these fellahs will be shifted from travellers to the Pacha, who is the only monster on earth who sacrifices his people with pleasure.

We went ashore with our guns to relieve the monotony of this course, and amused ourselves in earning a dinner of doves. Shortly after the wind sprang up afresh, and we were again on board, only to be suddenly arrested by getting on a sand-bank. In a moment our amphibious sailors were overboard and at work, with their shoulders under the stern, and by the aid of a few unearthly yells and Arabic groans, the bark was lifted

from her bed, (what frightened us might well shake the vessel,) as her sail filled with the wind. The faint forms of new pyramids and shattered mounds shadow forth their features on the distant desert, and long lines of pelicans and cranes on the bars, relieve the sameness of our progress, until we come in sight of Kafr el Iyat, nestled under a group of graceful palms. These isles of verdure present grateful reliefs to the eye, wearied of deserts, barrenness, and Nile mud. They are refreshing spots on the arid soil. The Arab villages are but masses of sunbaked bricks—architectural mud cubes, which awaken no interest, and in landscape effect are as daubs of dirty paint on a pleasing picture. Like tall funereal plumes, the palms wave over the deathlike aspect of these hovels, and wherever groups of these trees appear, they seem to mourn over the ruins of a village.

In ancient times, not far from this, King Menes ruled his domains, and left behind him traces of a dike, famous in history, as the lake of Egypt's first sovereign, which is yet still associated in his fame with the mysteries of the inexplicable Labyrinth.

There have been monstrous changes since his day, and wonderful have been the courses of the prophecies over this land. That lake has been entirely dried up; the *eternal* Nile been frightened from its current, and has left the Pyramids and Memphis high and dry on

the beach, which formerly it encircled as the isles of a mysterious worship. Those intricate labyrinths have left their traces only in that mystery which has ever since enveloped the human mind, and brought philosophers into distraction; whilst simple, candid truth laughs at the juggleries of their fabled divinities or demigods, and argues, that either Herodotus lied, or he was most solemnly humbugged by the priests.

Later in the day we passed Atféeh, anciently the city of Athor—the Egyptian Venus—who was here worshipped under the shape of a white cow, the emblem of goodness. We profess to know little of the mythology of the Nile, but would suggest the parallel of the sacred white ox of Cochin, now adored on the Indus. A similarity of faith and imagery might lead to curious philosophical developments; and as the Sepoys fell down before the images of the Great Bull on the walls of the temple of Tentryra, why not carry this inference to extremes? At least, we will throw down this bone for savans to gnaw at—and rest.

Here the borders of the river enlarge as the mountains recede, and a broader extent of country is laid open to our view. As we stopped at Maimoun, the winds lulled away, and left us to our repose and speculations. We thought much that night about the scriptural phases of the region we had just left—the portion inhabited by Misraim; wandered largely with Jacob

through Goshen; and whilst we mused of the children of Shem and the descendants of Ham, fell quietly and insensibly into the land of *Nod.*

The day opened with cloudy spasms, as we swung out from our berth at Maimoun, and our spirits were not likely to be roused out of dullness by the slow tracking of our boatmen—that slowest snail-pace of aquatic motion. We were getting already stupid; we had tired of watching the crane-like proportions of the boys, as they paddled through the water to draw us along; we had ran ashore, discharged our barrels without effect, and were almost inclined to call it a bore, when we came in sight of the village of Boosh.

The next morning, the weather still unsettled, and the wind S. S. E., we were tracked beyond the town; but finding this conveyance too tedious, we went ashore and walked through plantations of d'hourra corn, sugar-cane, and indigo, until we came under the overhanging boughs of an avenue of palms, and among lines of acacias which skirt the approach to Benisooéf.

BENISOOEF TO MINIEH.

"Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will
Of a superior, is never free."

BENISOOEF is a vender or market town, about eighty miles from Cairo, and is the capital of the beylik, which is governed by a Kiascheff. In America, we should call it a collection of wigwams presided over by a sachem. The only difference is that our Indians inhabit a more primitive style of cabin, and are more independent by birthright. It has a triple-towered mosque, which rises majestically over the palms and the miserable abodes of the fellahs, and glories in the residence of the Governor, and the tall tapering chimney of a large linen manufactory belonging to the Pacha. We visited the former, and were courteously led through the latter.

The town wore an unusual air of animation and bustle, owing to the order which had been given out for the erection of a sugar factory. We were not en-

tertained by the Bey, although we carried our firman, and could have commanded a reception; but we found the arrival of a cangiah was a matter of too common occurrence, and forewent the necessity of an exchange of compliments which would have cost us the half of our provision in return.

We found more amusement in loitering among the narrow passages of the crowded bazaar, and watching the economy of our dragoman, as he purchased chickens at a dollar the dozen, and eggs at a para the couple. We escaped the importunities of beggars for *backsheesh*, and the solicitations of the sick for medicines, by our detour by land; and having returned to our boat after nightfall, were freed from all human annoyances, but kept wide awake from the foraging attentions of innumerable musquetoes and other small game, whilst our ears were fully entertained by a chorus of Nilotic bullfrogs.

Benisooéf is properly the starting place for the Fyoom, one of the most productive districts of country in the neighborhood of the capital. It has been celebrated for its olives and vines, and in the Coptic was called "piomi," "the fat land." All the rose-water used in Cairo comes from this abundant district, which was known in antiquity as Medeenet.

The next morning we made an early start, for we had caught the favor of a north wind—that rare

breeze, which is so eagerly watched and gratefully hailed by the voyager up the Nile, and which is always sure to blow contrary to him when in a hurry to descend. We were borne hurriedly by the site of Anasieh, once famous for the worship of the ichneumon; an animal no less inimical to crocodiles than typical of those hostile factions, who disputed here about the essentials of their faith as furiously as the nominalists and realists in modern times. Soon after, we passed Bibbeh, the seat of a Copt convent, where the shrewd monks exhibit a specious likeness of St. George and the Dragon; an image which is held in great veneration by these priests, who once raised it in pious fraud, and attaching to it a Moslem legend, thereby managed to save their convent from destruction. These cunning monks have so wrought upon the credulity of the faithful poor, that they have even twisted the Arab from his aversion to profane pictures; and, as he gives his para for the support of the shrine and to nourish the lamp which burns before it, he is led to trust implicitly to it for protection in his voyages, and to believe that *monster* serpent venerable, even to the Prophet. The wind lightened, and we varied our day by a run ashore. Innumerable flocks of wild pigeons almost darken the air. We are amused by looking at several frail crafts of water-jars and palm-branches which pass us on the river; and at times join in with

a detachment of fellahs who have been drafted to work on the canal. As they go hurrying on, they bear with them all their household implements, families, and live stock. Even in their sorrow, and under the burthens of their taskmasters, they do not seem sick at heart, for we observed that they carried with them their drums and reedy fifes; and at evening, after the toil of the day has ended, they lighten the memory of their serfdom and affliction by wild songs and the dance. Towards evening, the mountains approached the river, and the scenery of the banks varied in a degree. The noble outlines of Gebel el Shekh Embarak draw near to the river, and dip across to join the mother chain of El Bazam. To-night we all began to feel more at ease, and grow social on the suggestive Nile. Books are opened, and we hold converse with the spirits of the past. The Baron reads the summary of the day; we give our separate experiences on shore. Time flies apace, while we enjoy the true "otium cum dignitate."

Just after we had anchored for the night, a glorious breeze puffed out our light; a stirring norther, too precious to be lost, bore us from our fastenings and set us again in the middle of the stream. "Onward," is always the word in ascending. The precarious north-east blows too seldom, to allow visits to the antiquities as you progress. As you mount, pyramids are to be

winked at, towers measured by the eye, and you catch but a hurried glimpse over these masses of propylæ and temples. But you luxuriate in one of the finest climates of the world; the air is as balmy as the "sweet south;" the nights are illuminated by chandeliers of brilliant starry drops; and at your ease, and in calm repose, you store the mind with abundant ripe material for visible contact with the wonders of the dead. All the libraries of Egypt are at your feet, and the world grows wise with the learning of Champollion, Belzoni, Wilkinson, and Clot Bey. Your imagination peoples the shores with the tragic glories of the past; and whilst it "gives to airy nothings"—i. e. mounds and brick rubbish—"a local habitation and a name," it fills the air with mysterious forms, and the shadowy ghost-lines of the "giants of those days." Thus occupied, you forget the many long days of weariness and anxiety you have before you. They glide away like youth's gay dreams, and happily entranced amid visions of classic fabric, you float over the bosom of that stream upon which first sailed the barges of the Amenophs, Cleopatras and Ptolemies. You call up from the repose of centuries, with the wizard wand of thought, the theatre of those mighty nations, who peopled the world before the Flood. There is a grandeur in all one sees; the feelings swell in concord with the stupendous types of these sovereigns, whose histo-

ries were cut in pyramids and mountains, and whose pens were obelisks—the "fingers of the sun." As we were wrapped in these absorbing reflections, and listened to the rippling waters, dashed aside from the coursing bark, the moon in her young light quartered over the waves, and called invitingly to wonder at the glory of the heavens. Her soft beauty threw a veil of witching shadows over the starry heavenly host above, and the constellation of the Bear was sinking to the horizon as we passed the distant plains of Aboo Girgeh.

Having grounded several times during the night, we found ourselves beyond the village, surrounded by a thick fog. About noon the fog cleared up, and a fresh wind sprung up from the north, but soon died away. We went ashore, to visit another village, and were soon separated from the Baron, who had neither inclination nor body for sporting. Quite late in the afternoon we found our boat; but the Baron was missing. What fearful apprehensions rose before us! We had heard of murdered Englishmen, and we dreaded lest the Professor had fallen a victim to his love of the humanities. Hadji-Bad was sent in one direction, the Reis in another, and P—— and myself started, armed cap-a-pie, in a third. The dragoman and cook were armed with cutlasses and kitchen-knives, and the whole country was scoured. Pistols were fired, alarms were raised, the drum was beat, flags were

hoisted,—but all to no purpose; scout after scout returned, and still no tidings of our lost companion. We sat down with a melancholy heart; deep gloom was settling over our brows. There was a painful silence, and a weary suspense. One hour fled as if Time had leaden wings, and yet no Baron came.

The winds sighed through rustling palms:—they seemed like the requiem over our departed friend. There was a sullen aspect in the evening clouds, as they lowered over the face of the sinking sun, and that hour was mournful, desponding, gloomy. Suddenly, with the coming on of evening twilight, a small sail hove in sight: nearer it came, and the white folds of a waving flag gave a signal of alarm or distress. Eagerly we watched the approach of the little boat, and now hear the shrill whistle of the skipper. It drew nearer—we hear the echoes of the cry, "Howardgee!" and in a moment more it dashed on by our side, then rounded about, to restore our lost companion, the Baron! It was him indeed; he had been picked up on some desert island. We clasped him to our arms, joyous as if we had found a brother; and signifying our thanks to the Arab fisher, we ordered him a liberal gift of *backsheesh*, then exchanged salaams, and parted.

It rained, as the clouds foreboded, before we left Kalocelay, where we had rested the night; but cleared

in time to give us a good view of the fine minaret of Samelood, the second only in beauty after that of Hassan's mosque in Cairo. About noon we came in sight of the noble range of Gebel é Tayr. The convent of Sitteh stands in bold prominence on its summit. Its inhabitants are Copts, who swim out from the edge of the shore to claim *backsheesh* from the passing traveller. Long before you pass abreast their dwelling, you hear their shrill cry of "el howardgee!" and before you can pass, even if at full speed with a press of wind, one is alongside the cangiah demanding his allowance, whilst others float on the top of inflated goat-skins, holding on to the side of the vessel with their teeth. This cliff is well known as the Bird's Mountain; and there is a tradition among the Arabs, that all the birds of Africa assemble here once a year, to choose a king, whom, when they have chosen, they appoint to watch until they return from their flight, to substitute another. We remarked a large number of ducks and geese congregated about these hills, and innumerable flocks of pigeons flying out of the crevices in the rock. Just opposite the convent we met a party of French, who were returning from a three months' cruise; the usual salutes were exchanged, and flags lowered in recognition of our respective nationalities.

The wind lulled away after we had passed Gebel é

Tayr, where it often prevails in gusts to the hazard of navigators, and the day became excessively hot. There is a burning power in the noonday sun of Egypt, which bronzes the whole sky with its lurid heat. You melt away almost under its penetrating fire; the very seams of your vessel seem to gap for breath through the broiling pitch, the sails lap lazily against the mast, the coal ceases to kindle in the oven; your sailors mope sluggishly under the hatches, and whilst all nature is hushed in a calm, you have nothing for it but pipes, resignation, and repose. We rested at Minieh.

MINIEH TO OSIOOT.

"I see the rocky siphons stretched immense,
The mighty reservoirs of ancient Nile."

MINIEH is a market-town of some considerable importance, governed by a Nazer, who is under the Governor of Benisooef. It has some good streets, a well-supplied bazaar, a bath, and a miserable mosque. The palace inhabited by the Governor was built by the Memlooks, and has some gardens attached to its grounds, which are enjoyed by the people, because they are at liberty to walk in them. On landing, we observed the usual scenes common to the Nile, groups of fellahs lazily reclining, females filling their water-jars, dogs lying in hollow pits which they had pawed for their repose, the animated aspect of laden d'germs filled with produce and marketing for Cairo, and aside of the crowd a gang of workmen building a boat. We learned many interesting particulars from Mr. Folgi, the government apothecary attached to the

suite of the Italian physician. He informed us that Mehemet Ali was daily expected up, on his way to Ezneh; that the *Kaschef* of the place was a man of immense wealth, and farmed under his control no less than thirty villages, for which he paid an annual sum to the Governor, and obtained the privilege of robbing and oppressing the fellahs to an unlimited extent. Near the river-side is a sheik's tomb, shaded by clusters of palms, which, with the groups on the bank, the animated scenes of the bazaars and the café near by, lends a picturesque aspect to the spot. At the other extremity of the town there is a large sugar manufactory, a building of better adaptation to that business, from its peculiar structure and solidity, than is usual in the dominions of the Pacha. The chain of the Birds' Mountain, Gebel é Tayr, has its southern termination on the opposite bank.

We left Minieh early the next morning, with a clear sky and most delicious air. The bosom of the river was animated by the sails of the numerous cangiahs which kept us company.

As we passed the walls of Sowyeh, the modern cemetery of Minieh on the east bank of the river, we were reminded of the similarity existing between the mode of inhumation of the moderns and the practice of the Ancient Egyptians. This custom of burying on the opposite shore gave rise, according to Diodorus,

to the fable of Charon and the Styx; and at this day, the Arabs employ a boatman to ferry their dead across the Nile, and pay toll to him, who is called "*Charon*," in the language of the country.

In the afternoon we sailed in sight of the Grottoes of Ben Hassan, which contain some traces of the mode of illustrating the ancient Egyptian tombs. These sepulchral paintings are remarkably beautiful, and are said to equal many in the tombs of the Thebaid. They represent the state of arts and agriculture at the period of their construction. The same chain of mountains still continue to vary the outlines of the eastern bank. Above those of Hassan is the Speos Artemidos, the grotto of the Egyptian Diana. It determines the climate, to state that Ben Hassan is the most northern point where crocodiles are ever seen.

The interesting ruins of the Roman Antinopolis burst on the sight as we sailed under the shadows of Gebel Timay. This city perpetuates the presence of the Emperor Adrian, whose son Antinous was drowned during his visit to the country. Games were instituted and a temple erected to the memory of this beautiful Roman, the cherished child of the sovereign, whose wondrous grace and manly form has been traced in sculpture as lively as the noble Apollo. We kept all day in view of this mountain ridge, which is full of

sepulchral grottoes, and our prospect was cheered by the new beauties of the serene sky which warmed up the mellow tints of the limestone, and painted the plains and "bosky hills" with the richest tones of which nature is susceptible in this delightful climate.

About sunset we reached the village of Rhodamoun, where Ibrahim Pacha has established a rum and sugar factory. The country around indicates a higher state of cultivation, and in fact is peopled by a better class of fellahs, whose industry appears stamped on the rich fields of sugar-cane, corn, indigo, beans, lupines, hemp, cotton, and clover, which are spread out in carpet luxuriance over this fertile plain. The substitution of the Persian wheel, and its service by oxen, for the slow toil of the slave at the water-bucket, denotes a better mode of irrigation; whilst the whole aspect of this nome evidences the higher influence of a Christian's faith, in the superiority of the Coptic fellah over the Moslem.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning as we hove in sight of Mellawee. That day, so sacred to the Christian, has now no existence in the clime of the once devotional Nile. The Friday service of the mosque is not apart from the bustle and usual scenes of every-day life, and the clamor and traffic of the market disturb the offerings at the temple. But to us, it was an hour of sweet repose; the consecrated joy of rest

abode by us in our floating chapel. All nature was in placid concord with our solemn feelings, and we would have been happy in the unalloyed expression of our quietude, but for the accident of our dragoman's dismissal.

Achmet ben Mohamet, like most of the numerous namesakes of the prophet, had all the failings of a man, besides those peculiar weaknesses of an Arab—a proneness to idleness, a disposition to lord it over his inferiors, and to shift his own work on other people's shoulders; besides a faculty of deception, thieving, and impudence, which is as pitiable in a superior, as it is despicable in a servant.

We had examined him closely in all these particulars, had watched him narrowly, and admonished him delicately as to the necessity of a reform. Repeated breaches of his duty or trust brought upon him renewed solicitations, warnings, and entreaty; but, alas! all in vain! The crisis of his wickedness took place on Sunday. His crimes and overt acts had been duly investigated by our cabal—he was arraigned, tried, adjudged guilty, and sentenced to banishment, instanter. A plea of mercy from the Baron, saved him from the scourge of the Kiaschef. He was branded—in reputation only—as a thief, a loafer, liar, braggadocio, and humbug—like all distinguished characters, he claimed immunity of personal privileges. We left him to carry

out the sentence. Our duty was discharged, our violated honor vindicated by the position of this chap-fallen turgoman before the crew. He soon packed up his movables and got ready for shore. In his malignity, he purveyed away our cook, a clever Arab boy, who had served us faithfully. That act confirmed our previous suspicions and recent judgment. They took the first cangiah down the river for the capital, and as he floated away, we caught the malicious curl of his sardonic grin, as if to signify his triumph at leaving us on the Nile without dragoman or cook. We wafted them a hearty wish for their safe arrival. The fates, however, ordered it otherwise, for that strange destiny which follows crime in its retributive pursuit, met him by the way. We afterwards learned that Achmet ben Mahomet was robbed by his fellow-passengers, stripped of his sword and ill-gotten gains, and landed at Cairo without epaulettes or pantaloons.

The whole crew rejoiced at his departure, while the Reis and Hadji Bad immediately proffered their assistance; and, both offices were refilled before we had passed out of sight of the village under the cliffs of Gebel é Shekh Saïd, where there are some interesting relics of antiquities in the face of the solid rock. We passed on by the modern village of Tel el Amarah. The whole landscape wore an aspect of richness and careful culture.

About noon we landed at a plantation belonging to Ibrahim Pacha, and luxuriant with waving fields of cane. We had an interesting conversation with the engineer, who gave us some account of the process of the manufacture, and of the general economy of the Pacha's business. The sugar made here is of a coarse brown grain refined by eggs, and is sent to Cairo to be packed in imported blue paper, where it is sold in the market for the best of *British* manufacture. The building was hurriedly thrown up in about four months, at a very trivial cost, for bricks are to be had for three piastres (about fifteen cents) per thousand, and labor or mud for nothing. There is a faint pretence of payment to the fellahs on the plantations; but, as far as we could ascertain, they were credited with molasses at double its cost price, and had the privilege of sucking the sugar-cane for satisfaction or comfort.

At Beneck, where we stopped for the night, we overtook a party of Moors on their way to Mecca, by Keneh. Among them we found a merchant from Tunis who spoke French with tolerable facility, from whom we had later intelligence from Cairo, as he had come thus far in seven days by tracking at night; and we learned (now too late) that the only way to ascend the Nile was to hire by contract, not by the day. By the former you may make the trip in forty days to As-

suan and back; by the latter it may take you a week of Sundays.

It was a glorious night on shore, where we watched the movements of our different crews, as they met around a fire of dried d'hourra leaves, which was cooking their evening repast. The united effect of moon and firelight cast a singular aspect on the party as they squatted in a circle around the blaze, which lit up their ragged garments and naked extremities; and as they remained about it after supper, smoking their pipes, whilst one added fresh fuel and others fanned the flames with their uplifted aprons, we could not but recall the smoking caldron of Macbeth, or the firelight council of our forest kings, smoking their pipes of peace in their mystical conclave of war.

About midnight a fine breeze sprang up, and we parted from the pilgrims for the Caaba. By early dawn we approached the bold fronts of the Mount of Aboofayda, which marks the boundary of the Thebaid. We went ashore to shoot near the foot of these hills; but not finding the partridges we sought, turned to admire the graceful fan-form of the Doum Palm which is first met with in this province. The fruit resembles a small cocoanut in shape, and has a thick fibrous coat, which tastes much like gingerbread. Clusters of these, mingled with the date palm, formed an agreeable relief to the ruined aspect of the huts and hot arid

sands of the plain in which they stood; and in many points, where they shaded these hovels, and were backed by the bright tones of the lime-cliffs, were not unpicturesque. Here the winds usually blow in gusts, so as to render navigation hazardous; and as we passed, owing to the entangling of the sail with the sheet, we nearly lost all control over the vessel, and barely escaped shipwreck on the rocks. The masts of one or two barks stood out of the middle of the river, as fearful warnings to the ascending voyager. The cliffs were covered with flocks of wild-fowl, which kept in constant motion in and out of the caves, which had been anciently used as grottoes and mummy pits. Just beyond this, at El Harieb, the curious may obtain specimens of mummy cats and dogs, and at Maahaddh, those of crocodiles. Towards sunset, I left the boat to walk into Manfaloot in company with the Reis. These little excursions from the river become necessary, in order to get a supply of flesh, mutton, poultry, and bread-stuff, and other delicacies of food, which are as acceptable to the stale palate of the traveller, as fresh meats and fruits to the mariner at sea. Besides, they afford an insight into the interior, and offer scenes of the busy life of an Arab Bender town.

We must crave indulgence for the temporary and prominent use of (ego) the first person in the description of many scenes in which I entered alone and

apart from my companions; for it must be recollected, that the Baron was never trusted ashore after the mishap of his loss, and my other companion was suffering from a mud-stroke, obtained by too precipitate a plunge into the Nile near Sahan, which shortened his neck and had almost curtailed his life. Besides, if you will pardon the confession, the affair of the dragoman had lessened "our help," and it was my duty to perform all the various duties of caterer, cook, turgoman, and physician. I shall never forget the glowing landscape which enlivened the over-land route to Manfaloot. The sun was sinking afar over the horizon, throwing his rays aslant through the feathered blades of the rolling lawn; the whole sky was toned with those gorgeous hues which no painter has painted, and which Egypt alone inhabits, as the pearl in its mother; the air was pervaded with one radiant glow, and the communion of these beauties was as if the day had expired in the ashes of roses. The tall graceful minaret of Manfaloot's mosque lifted its fawn-colored stones above the noisy town into the silent air, and caught the last shaft of quivering sunlight as it beaconed our path through the gate of the city.

We groped our way through the narrow streets, by the sides of low sooks and among the retiring crowds of inhabitants, and the twilight had faded into dim evening when we arrived at the main bazaar.

By that faint light we were enabled to purchase a supply of charcoal, some butter and bread, and remained long enough to discover that it was an animated, bustling market-town, containing a bath, several mosques, and the residence of the Nazer. Outside the wall there are several gardens, and the barracks of a regiment of cavalry. We made our way through the line of fruit-dealers, venders of *semmeh*, *fachm*, and bread, water-carriers, donkeys and soldiers, that thronged the road; and just as we were retreating through the lower gate of the town, the clear peal of a bugle sounded at our side, as a gay cavalcade of horsemen rode by, escorting their colonel to his quarters.

Outside we had occasion to watch the power of the Nile, as its current dashed wildly round a point of the bank; and beyond us were the marks of its recent violence, where it had swept away a quarter of the town, and left the debris of broken walls and tottering ruins suspended over the edge of a precipice. We were again on board, and as we floated into the middle of the stream, a sudden turn in the current brought before us the strong outline of the receding city, and we looked out upon one of those Egyptian night-views which are unparalleled in earth's visions. It was a calm, clear, and serene moonlight, which dominated the scene; before us rose the tall shadowy cliffs of the Libyan mountain chain, swelling up in fantastic forms

of bulwarks, buttresses, towers, and parapets, their base apparently touching the water's edge; and afar off, their silvered outlines started against the sky, until they disappeared at the utmost verge of the dim horizon. The bosom of the Nile spread like a mirror, dotted with the spectral forms of sails, and in high perspective the moonbeams washed the spiral forms of the minarets, and glared upon the white walls of the sheiks' tombs and towers; and whilst the heaven above hung out its myriads of lamps upon the dark dome of blue, the moon was reflected in the waters like a huge shield at our feet, mottling the surface of the Nile as with a thousand circles of argent beauty, which magnified in broader orbs of light as they rolled from the presence of the beholder. There is a magic in an Egyptian night, which lightens the burthen of its darkness; and in its soft climate and gentle skies, the wonder-working powers of creation seize upon the soul with sublimity and power. The masses of light and shadow brood over the Nile in the most magnificent grandeur of the chiara-oscuro, and awaken visions which might craze the imagination of the poet, or defy even the masterly fancy of a *Martin*.

On the succeeding morn the sun arose with fiery splendor, as he appeared to flame through bars of golden clouds. The whole air was suffused with the rosy tints of the morning, and we riot in the climate

which may be now esteemed a fixed condition of a beautiful existence. The course of the river at this point is extremely winding, so that we strolled through many villages by the way, and allowed the boat to follow in the stream with the crew. Soon after passing Howardee, where we first saw bands of Nubian soldiers, the Libyan hills approach so near to the Nile as almost to touch its border. We stopped at Mankapot, celebrated for its earthen pots, for the night. The next morning we commenced our course of baths in the Nile, which lasted for the rest of the voyage. Having breakfasted, we left the Baron, by his choice, in charge of the boat, and taking to the shore a few miles from the capital, H—— and I walked into Sioot, by the edge of the cultivable land, which skirts the grand canal of this district.

OSIOOT TO GIRGEH.

"Which way, Rodipmet, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes, amid rural scenes,
And crumbling monuments, and ruined shrines."

We entered the gates of the low broken wall which encompasses the capital of Upper Egypt, at mid-day. The hot sun of noon poured vertically upon our heads; not a shadow was cast from the dull earthen houses, nor a person seen in its narrow, irregular streets. The aspect of an Arab town at this hour is deserted and deathlike, and you seem to walk through tumuli of a ruined city, until you approach the mosques or enter under the cool awnings of the bazaars.

Osioot is the largest, and since the removal of the seat of government from Girgeh, the most important town in the Saïed. Situated about one mile from the river, it enjoys a fine elevated position on a mound raised out of the valley, and is flanked by the chain of the Libyan hills, which here terminate in a bold

VIEW IN SIOOT.

and picturesque outline. It is the residence of the Governor, possesses several mosques, one of which has a minaret of great height and exquisite beauty; contains a fine line of bazaars, and is the emporium of a trade between Cairo, Darfoor, and Sennaar. Here also is an entrépot for the slave-trade.

It is the See of a Coptic Bishop. We rode into the bazaars, and inquiring of one of the scribes, ascertained the situation of the Latin convent, and were guided thither by a boy for the occasion. We found the mission, after having wound through many irregular ways, and were attracted by a few Saracenic relics by the roadside. We left our donkeys at the vestibule, and entering into a room on the side of the court, were courteously received by the Padre Fulgentio, whom we found invested in an Arab dress, wearing the Coptic turban of blue, and one of the most magnificent beards which we had yet seen in Egypt. It was venerable enough for a Turk to swear by, and even a pard would have been honored in the whiteness. He entertained us with coffee and cogniac, for which we in return gave him stale news from Europe. We left the convent with a promise to visit him again, with the Baron; and hiring fresh donkeys, rode down to the port of El Hamra, on the Nile. Our path led under a broad avenue of acacias, and through the trees we caught charming prospects over that rich

plain which extends throughout the whole of this district.

Finding our cangiah had not come to the landing, we sat down under the bank, and regaled ourselves with coffee and pipes from the neighboring café. We found much to divert in the scene before us, and were well entertained by the active life of the groups about us; the women with their bread-trays, boys with their donkeys, caffeegees with their customers, and a fleet of cangiahs and d'germs laden with produce and poultry; whilst not far from our tent was a shed full of negroes chained in a row, guarded by a dealer, and watched over by the effigy of an immense crocodile, which was stuffed out on top. Presently the boat came to anchor under the walls of the mud-bank. The Reis came ashore, and as by the terms of the contract there was an allowance for bread-making, we laid up for that night, and "for twenty-four hours."

The next morning, after having distributed some *backsheesh* among the crew, and ordered a quarter of mutton as a reward of merit to the captain, we mounted our donkeys, and were soon brought again into the city and within the yard of the Latin convent. The joy of meeting between the Baron and the priest was mutual, for they were both of the same church. We had always considered ourselves Christians at home, but in the African missions of Rome there is the dif-

ference of a Trans- and Cis-alpine faith. It was all "padre fratrello caro mio!" and kisses on both cheeks, with these two Italians. After this ceremony was over, coffee and pipes followed in course. The padre showed us all the accommodations of his house; related to us the struggles of his early mission; stated that he had been fifteen years in Egypt, and twenty from Europe; and then taking us upon "the house-top," the place of honor in the East, introduced us to a fine prospect over the rich valley of the Nile, the dingy sunburnt walls of the city, and some very nice dried pumpkins on the roof. He then took us into the church, which had been built by him. It was destitute of any great pretension to architectural beauty, for his profession was that of a builder of "houses not made with hands;" but it was adapted to the usages of the country, and had screens placed before the seats of the females. The Bible and service was printed in the Coptic, and the only un-Christian aspect of the interior was presented by the columns, which had been taken from some ancient Egyptian temple. It may be well to dedicate the temples of idols to the worship of the "only true God;" but we doubt not that it is equally proper to cut pillars from the rock, and to spare the remnants of these blocks, which if destroyed, will remove before long all links in the chain of evidences which mark the undeniable course of Providence in the fulfil-

ment of the prophecies, which are still working out to completion in this land. One of the high honors of the scholar of the present day is to search out the "record of antiquities," and to contemplate the beautiful illustration which they afford of the imperishable truths of Christianity. Such a work we trust soon to have from Egypt.

We left the padre, and rode out at the lower gate in the direction of the Lybian mountain. In the face of the cliff which overlooks the city, there are certain grottoes, which were part of the ancient Lycopolis, where the wolf was worshipped and the jackal-headed deity was adored. In some of the caverns there are still remains of some of the hieroglyphics and paintings. Those of the "Stabat antar," were peculiarly interesting, where seven successive chambers open towards the river. We ascended along the face of the mountain to visit other of these caves; but owing to the obscurity of their recesses, could detect little more than the remnants of the gildings, a few deeply-cut inscriptions, the niches for images, and the deep pits by whose descent the coffins were slid down into the tombs. Most of the paintings have been effaced by the smoke of visitors' torches; many of the graves have been mutilated by the natives; and the pitchy shreds of the mummies strewn about, evidence the work of fellahs in their vain search for hidden trea-

sures. The top of the rock was covered with debris of pottery, bricks and shells; and the view from the summit one of rare beauty, which overlooked the city in its elevated position in that delicious plain, skirted by the Nile, the desert, and the receding chain of the distant mountains; together with the fine gardens of Ibrahim Pacha, some picturesque grouping around the Mariboo tombs, the broad belt of the canal in the neighborhood, and the white walls of the city cemetery beneath. As we returned, a troop of mourners hurried by us, making the air hideous with the yells of the women and the shrieks of the hired weepers, who bore the relics of a youth on a bier to the sepulchre beyond. This was the first sight we had had of the paid funerals of the country. Since this the Pacha has suppressed such public demonstrations of grief, so shocking to taste, as they are useless to mark affliction.

We stopped awhile in the city to make a few purchases at the bazaars, and to procure some of the celebrated pipes of Sioot. Whilst our merchant was weighing out some shot, we were amused at the novel adoption of brickbats for weights. These, and certain stones, seemed to have the same specific gravity as the seller; but as we understood neither the standard of the country nor himself, we winked very knowingly to old Mustapha, and as he said—"taieeb"—"all's

correct:" we took him at his word, pocketed the shot, and departed.

On our way to the boat, we called on the resident French physician, who received us with the usual courtesies of narguillées and coffee. He had just received news from the capital by courier, which spoke of the declining health of the Pacha. This physician was one of the regularly appointed corps of medicine, stationed at all the principal cities in Egypt, where they are paid by the government, and have a licensed apothecary in their suite. Finding the *hahkim* could not aid us in finding a cook, the main object of our visit to the "*doctor,*" we took our leave and returned to our cangiah.

The padre and the apothecary dined with us on board, and entertained us agreeably with their experience in Egypt. They united in praising the climate, and spoke much of the tractability of the fellahs and the absolutism of the Pacha. Poor Samuel spoke longfully about visiting Europe, but we counselled him not to, and rather to remain independent in Egypt than to return to Rome, to be buried alive in the Vatican.

Before leaving, he put us in the track of a cook, an Arab of sixty, who had acted as guide to Napoleon, and had been baptized by Ambroschini, whom the Baron informed us was a renegade priest or a scamp.

Our crew having baked their quantum of bread, we left the port of Sioot in the night.

On the morrow we arrived at Atéeh, a miserable Arab village, where we strolled in search of eggs and milk. The Sheik of the "*bellet*" was at the landing to receive us; and whilst the usual salutations and salaams were exchanged, we had time to examine the dress and manners of this lordling. He was a man of a mild and benignant countenance, with his head enveloped in the folds of an immense turban, and his body wrapped up in the loose drapery of a heavy bornoos which was hung gracefully over his shoulders. His staff of authority was a young sapling of about seven feet in length. He carried us through the village, supplied us with a liberal allowance of eggs and butter, and took us to his palace, which was no otherwise distinguished from the mud hovels of his tribe, than that it was two stories higher in unburned bricks, and had a "*porte côchon*," for the lodgment of his donkeys and poultry. He gave us some assistance in getting our boat beyond the limits of his village, and parted with us at the confines of his Sheikdom.

As we approached Abooteég, the wind blew with fearful violence, and the face of the Nile was like the upturned sea. We allowed the Reis to anchor under the protection of the lee bank, and to remain there whilst we went ashore in search of Mahomet, the dragoman of

Napoleon. We arrived at the main coffee-house of the place, the Exchange of the village, and found the inmates quite well disposed to entertain and assist us. By the aid of a few Arabic words, we discovered the whereabouts of this celebrated character, and then went to the market-place in the grand square. We were struck with the rich costumes of the Turks and of some straggling Arnout soldiers, dressed in the Albanian skirt, and armed with cutlasses and pistols. The venerable old man who accompanied, brought us into the middle of the fair, which was one of the most animated scenes we had yet observed; and thence led us to the Khan of the place, a neat hostelry which had been lately erected. We there met one Baptiste Terraconi, a Swiss merchant, who had resided some time in this country. He entertained us under the porches of the court, gave us some good absinthe, and much useful information about the products of this region. From him we received further information about our dragoman; and he told us of the reverses of *his* fortunes, who, through an undue elevation by drink, had fallen from the high honor of having guided the Emperor, to the low estate of carrying bundles, "a penny express," on his back from one town to another.

We took leave of the Swiss, who had accompanied us outside of the village, and returned to the cangiah on the river. A fine wind springing up soon bore us

under the frowning cliffs of Gebel el Shekh Hereédee, a wild and abrupt mountain which was once renowned for the fame of its wonder-working serpent, which, in the time of Pococke, had the credit of performing miracles and effecting the cure of all human ills.

Just opposite this mountain, at the port of Sahel, we left the boat, and walked over the rich plains of Tahta to the town, which is about two miles from the bank. On entering this village, which had a picturesque aspect from the fields, from the number of its minarets and towers, we went at once to the convent of the Latin mission, and obtained the aid of Father Guissepi to discover somewhat of Mahomet. The monk did all in his power to assist, and at once sent off several messengers into the city. Meantime, we sat quietly down in his anteroom, and discussed the news of the day over a glass of good *cogniac*. We always found these missionaries supplied with good coffee and *liqueurs*, and not the least attractive of their offers were their fine pipes of gébaille.

After a little while the messengers returned, informing us that Mahomet had gone back to Sioot, and that all further search would be useless. In the chagrin of the moment, we of course concluded that his habits of intemperance would unfit him for his duties as cook and cawass. We had our suspicions, that he must have been *very* young at the Battle of the Pyramids;

but with the usual calmness of a mortified philosopher, we made a "virtue of necessity," and consoled ourselves, that he was not worth the finding; although, we must confess, the reputation of a great name had somewhat beclouded our sagacity, and caused us a wearisome tramp for nothing.

Padre Guissepi accompanied us in a visit through the town. We were struck with the regularity of the streets, and the better order of things in this city. About the bazaars were groups of some of the most uncouth and repulsive barbarians, we had yet seen; and as we watched them, the padre whispered, "They are dangerous men at times;" and we took good care to make a large display of our pistols and firearms.

Guissepi left us outside the gate, whence we marched off in the direction of the river, contrary to the solicitation of the good friar, who wished us to pass the night at his "auberge" in Tahtah. It was too late to get donkeys, and we were obliged to walk to the river, which we innocently supposed was about four miles off.

We wandered late that night through the palm-groves of this district, and had a long stroll in darkness and uncertainty. At times we had suspicions that our guide had missed his way; and many a time, as we picked our way by the light of the stars, we had apprehensions of being lost in the wilds. Later, we

found our way to a cluster of mud huts, whither we were attracted by the blaze of the d'hourra fires; but as we approached, we were kept at bay by the fierce barking of the fellahs' dogs—those ferocious hounds of Tahtah. We soon, however, made our way into one of the cabins, and were welcomed by its inmate, who bade us be seated; and as we waited, watching the singular scene before us, which was lighted up by the blaze of the burning stubble, we caught a view of the females of the house, who were huddled together like bundles of old clothes in the corner. Our host very obligingly gave our guide his direction to the next village.

We arrived there quite late at night, but found considerable difficulty in arousing the inhabitants; at last we seized hold of one straggling villager, and drawing out our firman, bade him run to the Sheik, notify him of our condition, and procure us guides to the cangiah, or we would complain to the Pacha, and have him thrown into the river, or the village burned about their ears.

This style of braggadocio is in keeping with the language of the East, and had the desired effect. The Sheik soon made his appearance; two strong-limbed, active youths were appointed to escort us, and after two hours' more rambling about the regions of the

Nile, we found ourselves again at the river side, and returned to our cangiah rejoicing in safety.

Early next morning we were awoke by the call of Hadji-Bab, who rushed in breathless haste into the cabin, exclaiming "Howardgee! Il timsah! timsah! hôte il bendookéêh!" and we all sprang up to discover the cause of this alarum, with our guns in hand ready to discharge. On the bank we espied three monster crocodiles basking, and carelessly indulging their siestas at noon in the warm sunshine. We discharged all our artillery, but with little effect upon the scaly mails of these animals; and as they felt the pattering of our small shot, they turned lazily round on their fore-legs, and swinging their tails in derision towards our cangiah, dropped quietly into the river and disappeared.

A stiff norther soon took us past Masarah to the district of Raâineh, where the curious pigeonries of the fellahs attract notice, from the singular form and appearance of their dwellings, which are overtopped by pigeon-cotes, so fancifully constructed as to give a castellated aspect to the villages, somewhat like the figures on a chess-board. The Arabs generally hold these birds in high esteem, and in this region they provide them with accommodations far superior to their own. In fact, these columbines are generally

the upper chambers of their dwellings. Soon after we passed Soohag and Ekhmim, two villages which presented an outline from the river far more agreeable than any we had yet seen. Back of the former there is a well-constructed canal, which connects with the main artery of the Moye Souhadji, and completes the fine system of irrigation which fertilizes the whole extent of this magnificent country.

The sunset in this nome was one of unusual splendor. At night, the bright light of Jupiter dominated the stars above, in the same brilliant supremacy as when Ekhmim was the site of ancient Panopolis, and he ruled paramount in the theocracy of a mystical hierarchy.

GIRGEH TO ESNEH.

"There, by the Naiads nurst, rich king of floods,
Old Nilus flows, the joy of many realms,
Amidst the fragrant isles."

In the midst of this delightful region, abounding in every variety of grain, with fields of luxuriant growth, lies the picturesque town of Girgéh. Its fine minarets are beautifully relieved by the outlines of a chain of limestone hills, and its present position on the river bank, is another evidence of the encroaching freshets of the Nile, which has washed it to its present proximity, from a former remote position in the interior. It was formerly the capital of the Thebaid, but since the removal of the government to Osioot, it has been neglected and suffered to fall into ruins. Back of the city, and about seven miles into the interior, are the remains of the ancient Abydos, and the opening of several mounds in its vicinity has led to the discovery of the Palace of Memnon, and a tablet of stone

which contained the genealogical descent of the line of kings.

The proper point to visit these ruins is from Bellianeh, when you descend; at which town we stopped to view one of their fairs, which are held in rotation by all the towns of this district. There was the usual bustle in the market-place; and the various groups of sellers and buyers, mixed up with the display of merchandise, fruits, potteries, dresses, and animals, lent a motley aspect on this occasion. The whole air was traversed with flocks of pigeons, which are unmolested by the natives, and offer good sport for the stranger. They seem to be the common property of the village, and no true Mussulman ever eats them, unless they have been shot by a Frank, and so wounded that they can lawfully kill them by cutting their throats; thus saving themselves from the offence of killing a bird which contributed to the safety of the Prophet, and bringing the death within the letter of their law, which prohibits their eating any thing which has not been bled by the lawful hands of the Faithful.

We sailed thence through an interesting district of country, until we entered the region of Farshoot. The course of the river was very winding, and the many islands on our path almost entirely destitute of vegetation.

Our noontide was one of calm and beautiful re-

pose, and the circuitous bends of the stream opened at times into broad and lake-like surfaces, which were charmingly diversified by islands of wild and luxuriant growth, peopled by immense flocks of geese and pelicans. Occasionally we passed a few crocodiles sleeping on the narrow edge of sand, but they were always alarmed at the approach of our cangiah, and dropped into the water out of the reach of our rifles. It had been piping hot during the entire range of this sandy district, and we were becoming heartily tired of the heat and fatigue when we reached Bahaness, in the evening. To-day, for the first time, we tasted the various qualities of the fish of the Nile, of which there are many kinds. We obtained them from the fishing smacks of the fellahs, and tried every kind we could procure; but found them generally insipid and flatulent, and hardly good enough to be eaten by the crew. On these occasions, however, we obtained practice, as well as *pisces*, for these fishermen were always afflicted with ophthalmia to a soreness, and were never content to take payment for their fish without adding a case of their infirmity into the bargain. On such subjects our practice was simple. The patient was stretched out at full length on his back, and as he rolled his red, sickly and inflamed eyeballs to the light, we let in an infusion of the sulphate of lead through a quill, which

usually sufficed for the sufferer, whom we dismissed with a strong faith in the virtue of our lotion.

The wind blew hard in our teeth, as we reached Bahaness. The appearance of vegetation on this island farm of Ibrahim, was exceedingly beautiful; and the luxuriant aspect of the gardens, and the profuse foliage of its different trees, gave to the plantation an aspect of tropical loveliness. The opposite and varied outlines of the Libyan mountains formed a fit border to the scene, while the whole air was redolent with the perfumes of fragrant flowers, and nature smiled in perfected beauty, as she reposed in the voluptuous embrace of the softest and serenest climate of the East.

We walked to the farm-house through an avenue shaded with acacias and doum palms, diversified with the rich golden globes of the fragrant orange and the lime. The plantation was cultivated with the sugar-cane, but the works and farm-houses were of the most primitive kind. The cane was pressed between two upright cylindrical rollers, and the land tilled by the idlest set of vagabonds in Egypt.

Whilst walking about the grounds, we were called to treat a case of rheumatism, a disease common to the Nile, owing to the miserable life of the people and their exposure to cold by sleeping on the ground. The superintendent was the person affected, and we judged

from the courtesy paid him, that he was a man of more than ordinary authority. He was dreadfully vexed with a swollen knee; the evil was incurable, for it had passed into a white swelling; but our reputation was at stake, and the fame of the "*hakim*" should not suffer, when deposited in our hands. So we administered friction with flannels, and a constant application of hot castor oil, the only kind to be had. After finding our patient a little relieved, and giving orders for a repetition of this remedy every hour until needless, we left with the satisfaction of having done our best upon so short a notice; whilst we rested in the belief, that we had done no injury, if we had failed to cure. Our patient signified his gratitude by a supply of fresh butter, and an additional measure of that oil of the tongue, which is better understood as "the hyperbole of the East," and received by us in the West as "gammon" or "bunkum."

As we returned to our boat, we were attracted by the passing of a steamer, as if to provoke us at our own slow pace; for we had already been four weeks on the Nile, and not yet performed over half of our journey.

We ascertained it to have been sent by the Pacha, to escort the Governor General of India from Keneh to the port.

Shortly after, we walked to a large sugar factory,

belonging to the Pacha. In fact, every thing in Egypt belongs to the Viceroy. It was superintended by Mr. Fox, an Englishman by birth, who showed us through the plantation, mills, &c., and gave us much valuable information about these works and the workmen. There were then about one thousand fellahs engaged in various occupations at the mill. The quantity of sugar made during the season of ninety days, was about twenty-eight thousand quintals. Near by, he showed us the manufactory of charcoal, which is here made from burnt bones. We were considerably surprised at the vast piles of fossils heaped up outside, and were quietly informed, that it was the economy of the Pacha to grind the bones of his ancestors and reduce them to powder, in order to refine his sugars. We could not but reflect upon the vanity of human greatness, and the fall of human pride, when we thought of the desecrated mummy-pits of Thebes. Alas! how false are man's hopes, and vain is the ambition of kings!—The calcined bones of a great nation trickle with the drippings of molasses, and the jaw-bone of Photmes-Amenoph grinds at the mill near Farshoot.

We witnessed another instance of the desecration of ancient Egypt, in the foundations of a building which had been laid by Mr. Fox, for the purpose of irrigating the land by steam-power, but had been de-

layed in its completion by the last spring inundation. Lying on the ground were fragments of capitals, architraves, and blocks, which had formerly stood in the beautiful little temple at How—the ancient Chenibos-con. Among the debris, we noticed some exquisite cuttings of the lotus flower, and the form of the winged Globe. Verily, the Pacha's passion for the accumulation of wealth exceeds his respect for antiquity!

The condition of the laborers on this plantation was far inferior to our slaves. They lived in the most abject misery, inhabiting low, palm-thatched hovels, while many of them were naked, and others houseless. Their habit of sleeping in the open air engenders those severe cases of rheumatism which are so common on the Nile. Their food consisted of very poor dough-bread, a little superannuated, stale, and excessively salt fish, and the leavings of the sugar-cane. This cane is excellent, but they take it after the first grinding. For variety they are reduced to eat crocodiles, a food of which they are fond, when young; and they have an ingenious, subtle mode of catching them asleep, when they thrust a sharp stick into their mouths, and can then manage them with facility.

They received about three cents a day as their wages; and that, even, is paid in molasses at an advanced rate.

The long halfeh grass of the plains, and the crushed cane dried, make an excellent fuel to feed the furnaces of this manufactory, and the heat engendered by this means is more intense, more uniform, and easier regulated, than that made from any other fuel.

It surprised us to learn the relative effects of climate on these people. Even in Egypt, it often happens, after heavy dews or sudden changes of temperature, that they suffer exceedingly from the cold.

We took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Fox, and enjoyed an agreeable evening over our pipes and coffee. The rising moon brought with it a refreshing breeze, and we rose from our siestas and started with the favor of the wind. During the night the crew showed much of a disposition to be lazy, and the occasional falling off of the norther gave them plausible excuses for stopping, or running aground. Suspecting their inertness, we took alternate watches during the night, and went out to urge them to their duty. By dint of much exertion, with the aid of some coffee to appease the Reis, the promise of *backsheesh* to the crew, and at times severe threats of destruction with the contents of our loaded pistol, we succeeded in passing How, the ancient Parva Deospolis; and beyond that it was impossible to proceed, as they ran the cangiah continually against the sand-banks. It was a wild scene to us, to be out on the broad surface of the river, listen-

ing to the gurgling water which glistened with broad masses of moonlight, and the solemn silence of calmed nature was only broken by the shrill whistle of a disturbed curlew, who wandered through the dim shadows of the night, uttering shrieks which startled our souls.

The course of the Nile at Kasr é Sayd is so winding, that the village of How, which is some 9′ of latitude below Keneh, actually appears on the map to the south, and we have the sun on our right in ascending. About noon a fresh wind sprung up as we passed opposite Dendara, where we directed our course across to the landing of Keneh.

KENEH.

On approaching this town, the aspect of the river became more animated, and the scenery presented a bolder and more charming feature. The fine hills of the Tentyric chain glowed beautifully in all the warm light of the tropical sun, and the mild atmosphere of this region softens their outlines with its kindly influences. The islands around us abound in the doum palm, and the rich fertile plains of the environs were crossed by the path of the overland passage from Kossayr on the Red Sea.

We anchored at the shore, about one mile from the village, and rode to the bazaars, passing on our way

the fine cotton factory of the Pacha. The groups of passers who hailed us as we came into town, were clad in costumes of more brilliant colors than we had met in the capital. The people of the provinces feel more at liberty to exercise their taste in dress; for at the capital, elegance of external habit becomes a mark for taxation and impost, and they are often forced to disguise their wealth, to escape the oppression of the Sultan and his officers.

As we passed by the low hovels on the edge of the town, we saw groups of Almeh women, a portion of those who had been expelled from the harems of the capital. They had a bold and impudent look, and are easily detected by the brilliant colors of their attire, and the lewd exposure of their persons.

The interiors of the bazaars presented a more brilliant array of costumes and goods than is common in these upper river towns. There were idle soldiers of the Nizam guard, the new corps of the Pacha; Arnouts, splendidly attired, seated about the cafés; an occasional Bedouin moving along in manly pride, throwing aside the loose folds of his bornoos; pilgrims on their way to Mecca; scribes with their solemn mien and inkhorns; women bearing cylindrical jars of water on their heads, with naked children astraddle of their shoulders; and the full-habited Turk;—all

mingling among crowds of donkeys, and the heavy-paced, ruminating camel.

We made our way to the French Consul, who was an Arab, and by the help of an interpreter, asked his aid in procuring for us a cook, as by this time I was heartily tired of both the honors and emoluments of that position. In the mean time, the apothecary called upon us, and we returned with him to dine, until news should be had of the success of our friend the Consul. We soon found ourselves at the dining-hall, overlooking the preparations of our dinner in the court below; and whilst we were entertained by his agreeable lady, the fumes of the culinary preparations ascended in agreeable clouds to our room, and sharpened our appetites for those dishes of cabot and confectioned meats which are peculiar to this region, and which we find well suited to our tastes and palates.

After dinner, the Consul informed us that he had obtained a good servant, a man who had catered for the public in the bazaars, whom we concluded to take; believing that what was sauce for the goose—i. e., the public, was sauce for the gander—ourselves.

Thus provided, we took leave of our hosts, and were led by the boys back to the river. It was a glorious night as we sailed along on our course by moonlight, illumining with silver sheen the shores on either

hand, which slept in tranquil beauty, as we passed before the village of Bellas.

The next morning we landed at Copt, where we were attracted on shore by the cangiah of Mr. Harris, who has been much distinguished by his researches among the antiquities of Egypt. We regretted to find him then absent on a visit to some grottoes which lay in the adjacent hills. Taking advantage of a sudden change of wind, we sailed on to Koos, where we left our boat to proceed around the bend of the river, and walked across the country through a beautiful grove of acacias and palms.

About noon, we arrived at the Convent of Negadeh, where we were kindly entertained by the Padre Samuel, who had been settled about two years at this village. He had already established a church and a school, and by the aid of that policy which propagates the faith of the Catholics in every quarter of the known world, he had succeeded in winning the affections of the people around, who were disposed to be friendly, and in awing into subjection the heretical obstinacy of those, who were naturally too great zealots to be overcome by any other weapons than energy and decision. Owing to the winding course of the river, we were retarded until evening, and occupied the rest of the afternoon in visiting the town and its inhabitants. In one of the mosques there are the remains of a very

fine pulpit which was formerly used in the Coptic service.

During our stroll along the banks of the river, we saw several flamingos and one or two swans. Padre Samuel and his assistant accompanied us far out of town, as we attempted in the twilight to regain our cangiah. Owing to the low flats which stretched before the town, we were unable to overtake the vessel until long after dark, and it was only after the fatigue of a long walk and repeated unsuccessful efforts, that we at length succeeded in getting to the boat, under a high bank, from the top of which we were let into our habitation by ropes which had been thrown to us by the crew.

Shortly after the moon arose, and a fine wind bore us onward during the night. The next morning the wind blew fresher, and as we turned at a sudden angle of the river, the distant ruins of Luxor burst in sight. In a few moments we were at anchor under the very shadow of the temple, and around about us were fleets of cangiahs, bearing aloft their standards of English, French, Russian, and American nationality.

We halted here, even at the loss of the fine breeze, and walked to the ruins of the Palace of Ramses—the supposed Sesostris of the Greeks. Among the cangiahs we found several acquaintances, who had preceded us on the Nile, and were now on their re-

turn. The presence of so large a body of travellers gave an unusually animated feature to the shore, and the groups of idlers, fellahs, dragomen, women, and dogs, attracted by their hopes of reward or from curiosity, added further interest to our first landing. It is impossible not to be amazed at the stupendous remains of these ruins. The mind is awed at the contemplation of such fallen greatness, and the imagination is wonder-struck at the tangible perception of those monuments, which were constructed by a race of giants.

As we were ascending, we had barely time to visit some of our friends, and to procure a dragoman, who had been recommended to us by the Consul at Keneh. Achmet had formerly served Castelleari, a clever antiquarian, who had long lived at Thebes, and was of great service to all visitors of the antiquities.

Having procured this man, we set sail about midnight, amid the discharge of a volley of small-arms, fired by our friends ashore. In a few hours we ran out of sight of Luxor, and left Karnak, Thebes, and the Mountains of the Kings in the remote distance.

We awoke in the morning, pestered by flies, which accompany the course of the north wind, and the day opened with a keener air than we had hitherto felt. As we passed Erment, the seat of the ancient Hermopolis, we caught a sight of its interesting ruins. The

winds however subsided as we arrived at the quay of Solemanyah, where we awaited the return of our Reis, who had left us at Thebes to visit his village. In a short time he came back, laden with poultry and fresh eggs, a very acceptable gift at this present low state of our larder. After his arrival the wind sprung up freshly from the northeast, and there was no accident worthy of note, after we had passed Tuot and Hermopolis. The soft and peculiar tones of light which hung on the skirt of the declining day, were such as can alone be seen in Egypt and on the Nile. We stood on our decks, watching the beautiful effects of this mellow twilight, and as the last descending shades of evening enveloped the earth, we were left to grope our entrance into the port of Esnéh by the distant twinkling of the stars in heaven, and the brilliant blaze of the d'hourra fires on shore.

ESNÉH TO ASSOUAN.

"Such feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew."

We entered the town of Esnéh about eight o'clock, and as we passed under the walls outside of the town, we were attracted by the sound of wild music, proceeding from a party of late revellers gathered under the shadow of the water-gate. We entered within the group of assembled villagers, and were soon made acquainted with the purpose of their discordant revels. Around the central action of the dancers many of the villagers were gathered, and we ascertained that the occasion was a wedding, and the music was a part of the saturnalia in honor of the newly married couple. It was a wild scene, to behold these boisterous friends, engaged in mirth and merriment around the grotesque actions of that pantomime; and as these excited fellahs leaped in transport, and whirled around the area of the circle, the discordant notes of their drums and tambourines, mingled with the hideous yells of these furies,

added a picture of madness to their sport, as they danced on their hillock under the blazing flashes of uplifted torches. At times, the attendant masses joined in with the action of the inner actors, and uniting in a chorus of wolf-scaring shrieks, made night hideous with the discord of their voices, while the startled air reverberated with the echo of their mad responses.

The occasion offered for making bread obliged us to remain here for twenty-four hours. It was highly provoking to listen to the shrill whistle of the breeze, and be forced to lose that rare advantage. But it was necessary to keep our faith, to claim the obedience of our crew.

At this point, which is noted in the annals of all travellers, we distributed *backsheesh* and tobacco, and presented a whole sheep to the Captain. This duty performed, we went into the town to visit the ruins of a beautiful temple. Esnéh is the residence of the "miscalled" Almeh women, who have been exiled from the capital. These women, who have an antiquity of fame as distant as the festivals of the days of Solomon, have lost much of the renown of their early namesakes, and are no longer celebrated for their learning and fascination. The Almehs are no longer sought to grace the feast of royalty, or to excite the passions of the royal prince. They have assumed the more censurable and lower title of Ghawazees, and

as courtesans exercise their calling in this remote village of the Nile. They are ever ready with their alluring wiles to entrap the heart of the passing Frank, and fail often of their purpose; for there are many who travel these waters, who are safe from the siren allurements of these enchanters. Curiosity leads one often to prevail upon them to dance; but good taste, if not good principle, would shun whatever of their motions would disgust in an actress, or pollute in a cyprian.

In walking through the bazaars we met the resident physician of this district. We were immediately accompanied by Dr. Cuni, and were entertained with a pleasant sketch of the life and manners of these inhabitants. He made us an acceptable present of some ghoolehs, a kind of porous jar, which is made in this town, and is remarkable for cooling the water it contains. He afterwards led us to the palace of the Viceroy, a plain, quiet, and unostentatious summer residence, surrounded by a garden, and laid out in artificial waters and fountains. The Doctor took us to his hospital, which was full of soldiers and invalids.

In the afternoon the Doctor dined on board, and gave us an interesting account of the manners of the people. He spoke of the early period of their marriages, which often took place at the age of nine in the males, and seven with the females. Even in the

poverty of these fellahs, they indulge in a plurality of wives. He spoke also of the different modes of salutation, and explained their meaning. The Arab is strict in the observance of etiquette, and among the humblest, all forms are as punctiliously observed, as they are amusing in the observance. In the proffer of the salaams, there is significance in each motion of the hand. The upraised arm which carries this member to the bosom, and up to the well-stroked beard and forehead, indicates a significance corresponding to the rank of the party addressed. As they place it with solemn unction upon the heart, it reminds the guest that they have the most catholic consideration of his honor, or that "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." The finger-touched beard intends that no evil should ever be broached against their dignity or reputation; and the forehead mark is pregnant with the best wishes for supreme honor and distinction, and is equivalent to a sincere wish that the "horn of his dignity may be exalted." But when heart, head, and mouth are all noticed in salutation, the height of hyperbolic compliment is attained, and the language is well understood which means, "may this head never conceive any thing deleterious to your worship, the tongue never utter aught but praise, and the heart ever overflow with sentiments of kindness, and the milk of human love." As the compliment is to

be measured by the presence of these tokens, so the absence of either detracts from the character of the sentiments entertained, whilst the numbers of these signs of ceremonials vary according to the rank or importance of the respective parties.

Even their postures at sitting indicate the estimation of the person who is concerned. To throw the body on both knees with the feet cast behind, is no less disrespectful than poising them on the mantelpiece with us; and any position other than the composed and equipoised oriental crossed legs, would indicate a want of proper respect for the host, or a servile condition in the party who is presented. We were often amused while watching the effect of this fastidiousness in the meetings of the common fellahs of the country, and especially comical were those salutations which we witnessed, where our dragoman Achmet took part. His renown, as the guide of Castelleari, had spread his fame widely over the land, and Achmet Turgoman was always welcomed in every village, not only as the precursor of a freight of convertible *backsheesh*, but as the accredited messenger of the "current news of the day." We have often awaited the result of these engthened conferences, until the attenuated thread of their etiquette was strained into an expression of pain; and, from the first paroles of the "*salaam aleikoum! aleikoum salaam!*" fervently repeated in concert with

their clenched hands, passing on through the continuous *line* of "Zay-ak! zay-ak! tyebeén! tieeb! sabal kayr! saba-bel-kayr!" we waited patiently through a rigmarole of good-mornings! how-d'ye-does? how's your wife? and the children? the baby?—running in thrills over the bars of their trembling fingers, until their expressions quavered into staccato and rests, each party still changing on to the convention, thrusting their tongues out like silly geese, and each loth to "give in," from an unwillingness to be thought deficient in the classic mysteries of the true *suaviter in modo*. The wondering spectator was compelled to laugh outright at the sudden and whimsical conclusion of the ceremonial, as they ended by asking in their embarrassment, "How many eggs did the *rooster* lay this morning?" and both hands fell down from sheer exhaustion, as if the further reciprocation of good manners had been suspended by so heavy a draft upon their vocabularies; whilst the parties slunk away with an indescribable expression of vacuity in their faces, as if they wished the Nile was deep enough to drown them out of sight, or the mountains of the Libyan nearer at hand to cover them up.

THE TEMPLE.

After dinner we walked again into the market-place, and turning to the right of the Grand Khan, took a narrow pathway that led us to the ruins of the temple, which had been recently cleared from rubbish by the orders of the Pacha. Through the influence of the government physicians, Mehemet Ali has been aroused to the importance of preserving the lingering remains of the ancient monuments; and these officers have been appointed guardians of the ruins, which, while they preserve the only relics of the ancient grandeur of the Egyptians, contribute by the attraction of strangers, to bring much revenue into the coffers of the King.

Esnêh is the site of ancient Latopolis, the city of Latona, so called from the worship of the lato fish, which was adored at this place. The portico of this temple, which alone has been exhumed from the mounds of sand by which it was enveloped, presents one of the most beautiful specimens of the declining period of Egyptian architecture; that epoch, which, while it was embellished with all the graces of their peculiar order, united to the refinement which was in vogue under the Roman Emperors, yet lacked somewhat of the massiveness and surprising grandeur of their original edifices. Surrounded by low hovels, and

buried by the heaps of encumbering rubbish, the grace and majesty of its beautiful and gigantic proportions are destroyed. The entire external and inner walls, besides its twenty-four pillars which support the roof, are sculptured in hieroglyphics, and adorned with capitals, in the forms of the lotus flower, the papyrus, and palm-leaves. On the side walls, *above* the level of the floor, the usual scenes of sacrifices to the divinity are represented; and as Kneph or Knouphis is the presiding deity of these regions, he is every where prominent among the depictions at the offerings, while he is surrounded by the lato fish and lotus flower. The minute finish of the intaglios was a matter of surprise, and the contour of the relievos seemed as perfect as if they had been just freshly fallen from the chisel of the stone-cutter.

THE ZODIAC.

On the roof, and on both sides of the middle entrance, are two zodiacal circles, which have given rise to much discussion among savans; but the result of careful study has attributed them to the later age of the Romans. They are conceived to be more emblematic of the attributes of the goddess Venus, who presided here, than illustrative of any philosophical or astronomical theories. We were especially surprised

at the extreme minuteness in the details of the work, and there appeared amid all this profusion of decoration, an expenditure of labor which alone would have required years to accomplish. From the inscriptions in front, the whole edifice seems to have been restored by the early Cæsars. We observed that the front columns alone corresponded in their ornamental capitals, and were adorned with combinations of the lotus flower and palm-leaf; but that the interior pillars were only arranged in certain relations, with little regard to symmetry of order, either as to their position next to each other, or in the ornaments which surrounded their bases and capitals.

The enthusiasm aroused by this first sight of a perfectly preserved temple, dated an epoch in our existence as travellers, and awakened reflections of a high and wonder-working character; whilst the contrast afforded by the presence of these beautiful ruins amid the wretched hovels, the debris of other fallen edifices around, and the wrecks of humanity about, wrought in us a melancholy tone of mind no less affecting than this correlative contemplation; that the nation which had reared such stupendous monuments, had perished in the darkness of superstition; and that they who had built these gigantic works, in the full supremacy of their strength and pride, had blindly worked out pits for their own destruction. The

fallen fabrics of their temples had buried the worshipper and worshipped; and a watchful Deity, ever jealous of his law, had wrested their interpretation of his power and worship, to the destruction of the unknown deities upon the fronts of these mausoleums of the priests and the people of Egypt.

Having fully examined the temple, and the time allotted for bread-making having expired, we collected our party together, leaving word at the bazaar for the Reis to assemble the crew, in order to depart at sunset. As we passed outside the walls, we were beset by a number of the Ghawazee or dancing girls, who ran upon us from their tents which had been pitched in the plain. Their wild looks, capricious airs, and habitations under the shades of the palm-trees, gave them the aspect of a Gipsy encampment. We resisted, however, all their solicitation for *backsheesh*, as well as other endearing appeals, and taking the direction of the cangiah went on board, ordered our sailors to cast off from the shore, and set sail, leaving the Reis to follow us on foot, as a punishment for his neglect in not obeying our orders to return.

We had occasion to regret our grant of *backsheesh* and liberal donations to the crew; for they always seemed to have had an evil effect upon these servants, and caused them to grow disobedient and clamorous.

In the absence of the Captain the command fell to

Hadji-Bab, and as he had some delicacy in assuming the responsibility of so great a trust, we were not surprised the next day, to perceive symptoms of colic in this sailor, who was too cunning a servant to venture open revolt or bluntly disobey our instructions. Knowing the nature of his complaint, and the proneness of the Arabs to "assume the 'possum," when they shrank from the direct onus of an undertaking, we entered fully into the *ruse*, and feigning much solicitude, as though we believed his complaint to be real, ordered his companions to lift him upon the upper cabin deck, where they stretched him out at full length; and having rolled him up in his blanket, we administered a huge dose of laudanum and mint, powerful enough to calm his apprehension, and to stupefy his senses until he should awake again perfectly restored.

After this example of our practice, we walked on shore in the vain pursuit of partridges and rabbits, and relieved our rambles by an observation of the peculiar formation of the hills in this region, which terminated at the river's edge in the form of huge boulders. We also gathered along the margin some fine specimens of petrified wood.

Soon after we had returned on board, the bark was hailed by a shrill voice on the bank, which proceeded from a fellah in blue rags. On approaching to learn

the cause of this cry, we found him to be the forerunner of the Reis, whose conscience would not permit him to appear in person, before he had first sent a messenger to feel our disposition towards him, for his neglect in not having complied with our instructions at Esnéh. Learning that the Reis would not receive the bastinado for his offence, he disappeared suddenly behind the bulrushes, and in a few moments the Reis appeared in person.

The cangiah was soon at the land, and the culprit arraigned to answer for his breach of trust. He replied in justification, that he had been put in the calaboose by the Governor's guard; charged with running at large, had been taken up as a vagrant, and was only released by the interference of Doctor Cuni, who proved an alibi, (purely out of his regard to us,) and delivered him from the jail, by the assurance that he belonged to the cangiah Ingleez. Believing all this statement to be false, we reprimanded him gently on his incontinence to his wife, expressed our surprise that he should have degraded his rank and station to a vile Ghawazee, and dismissed him, in merciful remembrance that many greater and wiser potentates had been taken to see the "elephant" on the back of a midnight lark.

EL KAB.

Our sail beyond this point presented little to interest, until the approach to Kom Ahmar, or "the red mound," where a long line of crumbling brick wall of great height and of double thickness, indicates the ruins of an ancient temple. Beyond this, at El Kenan, the sandstone formations of the mountains lent a peculiar feature of interest to this region, and indicated the situation of those quarries from whence most of the stones of which the Egyptian temples are built, were taken. Towards evening we passed by El Kab, the site of the ancient Eilethyas, where, excavated in the face of the neighboring mountains, there are several grottoes, which are remarkable for the agricultural scenes which are painted on the walls of the tombs. These sepulchres contain also depictions of various occupations and customs which were peculiar to the harvest, vintage, and autumnal feasts of the proprietors of this formerly (as it still is) rich and fertile district. As the events described partake entirely of an agricultural character, the paintings may be supposed to represent the various pursuits of a retired officer, who has gone into the country to cultivate a farm; and it therefore gives all the history of the proprietor, from his valorous deeds in his war service, to his more peaceful occupations as a landholder, and even to the feasts attendant upon the ceremony of his burial.

EDFOO.

"Great princes have great playthings. Some have played
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high."

At sunrise of a calm and beautiful morning, we caught our first sight of the grand propylæ of the temple of Edfoo, towering high over the rich fields of the castor-beans and d'hourra corn, and above the highest palm-trees. These flaunting towers loomed through the transparent air like the wings of a huge bird hovering over decayed corruption.

About noon we came to a landing, and mounted donkeys to visit these ruins. The heat was intense, as we rode over the plains through the long meshes of the halfeh grass, and as we approached the temple were surrounded by the miserable population of the village, which is built upon, around, and under the walls of this mausoleum of "Apollonopolis Magna." It is a grand ruin. Lifting its form high over the wretched hovels of the village, it presents, with its

pyla, walls, porticoes, adyta, and shrines, one of the best specimens of the extent, proportions, and magnificence of the larger class of Egyptian temples. The columns which support the porticoes, as well as those which stand before the mural screen which conceals the inner shrine, are as monstrous in size as they are beautiful in composition. The porticoes of this temple are continued round the hollow space of the inner court and run in galleries, much in the same manner as the porches of the hypœthral mosque at Cairo.

No monuments of the Greeks or Romans present such majestic objects for our wonder and admiration. The impress of power is stamped upon these massive walls, and the seal of superhuman strength is set in the yielding stone by the hand of a people who "were giants in their days;" when the temples of their deities were the citadels of a despotic priestcraft, and the iron rule of a vicious, mysterious, abominable hierarchy, manacled the souls and bodies of enslaved millions. From the inscriptions on the walls, and the hieroglyphics on the front of the smaller temple in the vicinity, it has been inferred that this temple was erected in the time of Ptolemy Philometer, and that it was dedicated to Hor-Hat, Athor—the Egyptian Venus, and Horsenet or Horus, their son, who was particularly considered as the patron of this locality. We lingered long about this magnificent ruin, watching with interest

every part of its vast proportions, and examined minutely the details of its plan, as it affords the best idea of the ground plan of all the other edifices which we visited afterwards. From the summit of the propylon, we took a survey of the country around, which presented a view of the high cultivation that was embraced within the circuit of the Arabian chain, the outstretched sands of the Ababdeh desert, and the broad sweeping current of the Nile, until its course is lost to view among the rocky barriers of Gebel Silsilis. The aspect of the rocks at Silsileh was peculiarly striking. As these mountains approach the Nile on either side, abrupt masses of sandstone rise majestically over the banks, and the wild impetuous current dashes furiously through these bold parapets of stone, which assume the shapes of towers, bastions, and ruined castles. The clefts of this chain correspond so exactly on either bank, as to leave no doubt that they were rent asunder ages past, by the mighty struggle of the pent-up torrent; and at the narrowest point, where the stream now rushes with arrowy swiftness, the tall and turreted peaks of the mountains, lend confirmation to the legend of its name—Hagar Silsileh, or "the rocks of the chain"—a tradition which had its origin among an ancient tribe of freebooters who inhabited this region, waging war with their neighbors, and were ever ready to cast a chain across this narrow pass, to impede the

navigation of those who refused to "fork over" their tribute of black-mail. The present inhabitants of this district are no less predatory than their ancestors, and are kept in awe by the august and trembling reverence which they possess for the vindictive judgment of the Pacha.

From these mountains the ancient Egyptians took the sandstone of their later temples; the fine quality of the material admitting of a higher finish, and a sharpness of angle, which could not be so easily effected in the more perishable limestone, or the harder texture of the granite. As we passed under these cliffs, we observed the mouths of several grottoes which opened upon the river, and on the east bank the traces of the excavated quarries were easily made out.

Beyond the limits of this gorge, the river widens into a lake-like surface, and the hills retire back from the banks, limiting the wide expanse of a desert tract, which is covered with fragments of porphyry, syenite, and loose sand.

KOM OMBOS.

The wind bore us rapidly along through this mountain chain, and early the next morning we found ourselves again under a high precipice of sandstone, which was the termination of the mountains, in the vicinity

of Ombos. The picturesque outlines of the ruins of Kom Ombos cheered our sight long before we moored under the base of the temple. We went ashore, and were fortunate in meeting with an English party who had preceded us to the walls of the greater temple. We interchanged the usual courtesies of travellers, and in company, surveyed the proportions of this edifice, under the instructive aid of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's octavo, to whom all travellers on the Nile are indebted for the patient accuracy of his researches, and the truthful results of a labor of years, whose best reward is that pleasure which ever follows as the fruits of literary and scientific research.

The ruins of Ombos consist of two structures, the largest of which was dedicated to Savah, the crocodile-headed divinity, and possesses the peculiarity of having two entrances. It dates from the days of Ptolemy Philometer and Ptolemy Pyscon, by whom it was built.

Having finished this hurried view of these buildings we returned to our cangiah, and were soon moving under the influence of a strong wind. The country appeared more pleasing than that hitherto passed, and was well cultivated. The irrigation of the land by water-wheels, instead of the bucket and pole, indicated a superior order of industry. As we were approaching the tropics, vegetation assumed a more luxuriant

growth, and the fine outlines of the mountains which rose majestically from the banks, alternately receding from, and again approaching the sides of the river, lent a more animated feature to our journey. It was intensely hot at noon as we passed under the banks of El Kattera, where the transition of the sandstone to the granite formation added a new aspect to the appearance of the scenery, and presented a resemblance in keeping with the characteristic wildness and sublimity of the Nubian frontier. The river narrowed at times where the irregular peaks of the syenite fringed its margin with its rich gray walls, and again swelling into a broader surface as it bent its curves under the bases of majestic cliffs, gave us renewed pleasure among its many windings and animated prospects of ever varying beauty.

We sailed on until nightfall, but as the increasing danger of navigation was now rendered hazardous in darkness, by the rapid roll of the current and the presence of hidden rocks, the Reis concluded to moor under the lee of an island. We laid there until the moon arose, in the solemn stillness of the scene around. High above rose the superb outlines of the mound of Kubbé, surmounted by the white walls of a Maraboo Tomb, brilliant with porcelain purity, and looming up like a phantom vision of the night. The dreary plain of sand spread before us was bathed in a moonlight flood

of undisturbed repose, and nought broke the pervading solemn silence of that anchored home, but the shrill cry of the bittern on his watch, and the sudden heavy splash of a crocodile in the stream.

Eager to reach our goal, we spread the sail at early dawn, and after rounding the island, found ourselves again hemmed in by the impending fronts of primeval granite. Wildly whistled the winds through the shrouds of our joyous bark, and roughly sported the rippling waves as the billows echoed to the dashing prow. All hands are on the look-out. The Reis is forward, and there are rocks ahead; suddenly we turned round the angle of a threatening crag, the cangiah lifts its breast buoyant over the waves, the furious torrent chafes as it leaps the foam-capped rocks, and the Cataract wakes before us in all its terrors. We have passed the Hagar—the rocks are in our wake, a dash of light breaks over the debris of the Elephant isle, and the lateen drops heavily on deck—"Hamaleeshah! Halalujah! Hamaysheeh!"—hurrah, my merry boys! *backsheesh* for the crew! one jolting thump athwart-ship, and we land at the welcome mooring at Assuan.

EXCURSION TO PHILŒ.

———"Never such a flood
Upridged so high, with foam and whirlpool blent,
Possessed an inland scene."

Eswan, the ancient Syene, lies in lalitude 24° 5′ 30″, where its present miserable condition, buried amid mounds of rubbish, and almost inclosed by the chain of its granite hills and the drifting desert, offers a mournful contrast to the character of its ancient existence, when it was peopled by merchants, who trafficked in myrrh, frankincense, and gold, and was the entrépôt of the vast commerce of the Indies which was borne across the Desert, from Migdol on the Red Sea to Syene on the Nile. In its present mournful aspect, it presents the vestiges of the various nations who have successively peopled it; and among the ruins of the temples, the aqueducts, the deserted quarries, and its broken walls, can be traced the successive presence of Pharaotic, Roman, Saracenic, and Ottoman splendor.

The present town is no less wretched and contemptible than its former condition was prosperous and grand; and as it now stands with its inconsiderable trade, a poorly supplied market, its miserably idle population, surrounded by sand-heaps, filled up with low houses, built of sunburnt bricks and crumbling to dissolution, it offers a striking fulfilment of Ezekiel's prophecy: "I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate from Migdol to Syene, even to the borders of Ethiopia."

An hour's walk in the market-place soon surfeited us, whilst it recalled the fitness of its site, as the spot of the banished Juvenal. We thought how appropriate would be its character to the strain of the exiled muse, as the poet sung on this deserted land of "insane Egypt," of Crispinus the slave of the Canopus, the wars of Ombites and Copts, or of the vanity of human wishes.

On returning to our cangiah, our conclave sat in solemn council over the expediency of proceeding to the second Cataract. The lateness of the season and the unusual length of our voyage up, soon determined us in the resolution to return, and rendered it unnecessary to obtain an interview with the Governor, or to procure the services of the Captain of the Cataracts, to help us over the rapids. Besides, the Baron was desirous of visiting Jerusalem, in order to be present at the most solemn festival of Easter; whilst we our-

selves were equally eager to return to Italy, in order to witness the interesting ceremonials of the Romish Church, during the period of the Holy Week at Easter.

Our course having been fully decided, we set apart the remainder of the day for our visit to Philœ. We had to regret much that we could not proceed farther up the Nile, and even as far as the second Cataract near Waddy Halfa. The beautiful ruins of the temples in Nubia, its wild scenery and peculiar people, would have fully repaid the lenthened journey and fatigues attendant upon a sail to Ethiopia; whilst the magnificent proportions and gigantic statues of the rock-emburied temple of Aboo-Simbel, would alone have compensated for a sojourn in this delightful region. We would recommend all travellers to proceed to the upper falls, and not to miss the opportunity of viewing the majestic caryatides of Ipsamboul, or the wild features of the mountains of Nubia.

After we had settled our plans, we gave orders for the Reis to unmoor the boat and take her into the mouth of the Cataract. We soon found, however, no disposition on his part to obey, and being in no humor to be thwarted in our wishes, we threatened the bastinado and an arrest by the Governor if our request was not immediately put into action. Our sternness was soon converted into pity, as he grew eloquent in his

appeals, and spoke of the hazard of the undertaking, of his own want of experience in the navigation of the rapids, and of the danger he ran of losing his vessel among the rocks at the entrance. We therefore yielded to his solicitations, and left him the privilege of substituting a regular pilot, upon condition that we should assume the entire responsibility of the trial, and be put to no charge for the necessary aid afforded.

ISLAND OF SEHAYL.

This matter having been arranged, the Sheik of the Cataract jumped on board, took command of the helm, and as the cangiah floated into the middle of the channel, a strong gale filled her sails, and bore us rapidly onward through the gates of syenite and basaltic strength, where the wild waters leaped furiously over the hidden rocks, and the eddies and currents rushed violently about, hissing and foaming against the abnormal bulwarks of the rapids. A wild and fearful scene was presented among these barriers of porphyry and granite, which frowned darkly over the waters, and bordered the shores, alternating occasionally with the green fringes of halfeh grass, moistened by the mists, and beautifully relieved by the clusters of wild flowering shrubs and palm-trees on shore. Coming

out of this gulf of chaotic grandeur and sublimity, we reached an open bend of the channel, and on the south side of a wide cove, steered our bark to anchor upon the sandy beach of the island of Séhayl.

Leaving our cangiah in the charge of the Reis and crew, we commenced a survey of the island under the escort of our dragoman and the Sheik. After a short and tedious tramp over the sands and scattered fragments of rocks, which were strewn on the surface of the desert, we ascended to one of the highest points on the island, whence we obtained a magnificent panoramic view over the entire region of the Cataracts, as they dashed wildly through the gorges of the granitic gates, which opened in gloomy majesty to the rush of the torrent, and rose in fantastic forms of pyramids, columns, towers, and cliffs, separating the mountains of Nubia on the south, from the rich plains and cultivated lands of Egypt on the north. The bold and abrupt features of the abnormal granite, dark porphyry and basaltic rocks, contrasted wildly with the rich verdure of the sweeping halfeh, the occasional clusters of palms, the flowers of the acacia, and the entangled masses of wild jungle; whilst all this strange confusion was harmoniously resolved into a picture of sweet beauty and sublime effect by the strong lights and shadows which were thrown upon it from the wings of the passing clouds, and was heightened by the resistless course of the torrent,

which was broken up into masses of foam or fury as it whirled past the fronts of the opposing mountains, now lost, and anon bursting into view through the deep gorges of its winding course. We watched the progress of this troubled river, and wondered at the storm-like current of that ancient Nile which had won its way through conflicting barriers with antediluvian force.

The rocks about us were covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, which displayed their sharp, clear outlines to the light as freshly as if they had been chiselled yesterday; whilst they spoke tales of kingly pride, and of the wonderful deeds of those heroes who hewed the mountain for their pyramids and temples, and thence took stones for the erection of their palaces. These sculptured tablets are extremely interesting, as many of them are of an early date, and illustrate the history of their former sovereigns; by which means we are enabled to recall some traces of the magnificence of their empire, and the stupendous labor of their undertakings. After descending from our pinnacle, fresh with the glorious beauties of the scene, and inspired with the recollections of ancient wonders, or the enthusiastic musings which kindle the mind with warm devotion for the past; we strolled over mounds of broken pottery and debris of smaller stones, and stopped on the island to visit a Nubian settlement. These people, who are termed Berbers by the Arabs, in the same manner in which the

Greeks called their outside neighbors "Barboroi," though resembling, have still many differences from the Negroes. They are brilliantly black, have high cheek-bones, very white teeth, and wear their hair twisted in plaits, well greased with the oil of the castor bean, and go almost entirely naked. The men are active, shrewd, and intelligent, and are employed as the higher servants of the Europeans in the capital. We looked into a few of their huts, which were even more primitive than those of the fellah-Arabs. They live in miserable hovels, composed of mud and interwoven palm-branches, which while they assume the form of elongated and truncated cones, remind one of their natural types, the huge sand-hills of the greater ants of Africa. They occupy themselves in tilling, basket-making, and in the cultivation of the date, of which those of the Ibrahmee district are preferred. They make many articles in wood, such as canoes, bowls, cups and platters, and a very strong cordage from the bark of trees. The men generally go armed with a club and long spear. The women whom we saw, ran around us, curiously surveying our persons, without seeming at all conscious of their own nakedness, which was almost entire, excepting where a belt of leather fringes, "*the raht*," dripping with oil, feebly protected the characteristic of their sex. Nearer the houses we saw many of the young girls entirely nude, and they

displayed a beauty of outline, and a perfection of form, which was oozing with grease, and as brilliant as the most exquisite specimens of the antique bronzes.

Having finished our detour, and partaken of some milk and doum nuts furnished by the natives, we again entered our cangiah and set sail for a point above, to land on the opposite shore. Having secured our boat under the shelter of a cove, we started in the direction of the granite quarry, situated about southeast of the Arab cemetery. These quarries, which can be visited on the road to Embap, present the most interesting point of examination for the curious traveller. The process by which the Egyptians were enabled to raise such immense blocks of stone from their bed, remains still in mystery; but one can here witness their mode of splitting the layers preparatory to their removal; for the drills on the surface of some of the strata, show that they worked with the aid of wedges, as at present, and that they prepared the surface of their blocks at the quarry before they were shipped to their destination. On the spot, half buried by the sand, was a sarcophagus, and the prostrate lithe of an unfinished obelisk. It is not for us to decide, at this day, as to what were the intentions of the antediluvian architects; we were content to believe that the same physical power is still existing among the moderns, to raise even greater stones from their beds, and that

with the ingenious appliances of science to mechanism, and an economy of perfected labor, it would be admitted, even in our day, that there is actually "*nothing* new under the sun."

We continued our walk from these relics of antiquity, and passed through the valley of a desert which was held in the embrace of two disjointed strata of syenite, and in about an hour arrived at Embap. The aspect of the rose granite of this region is extremely beautiful, and there are many striking points along the route which offer choice views of the picturesque for the eye and pencil of the artist. Prominent among these is that prospect which is obtained from a high rock on the road-side, whence you catch your first sight of Philœ. That sweet spot of island loveliness, through the clear atmosphere, appears as if floating in the distance, and the propylæ of its temples loom through a gorgeous frame of Gothic, where porphyry, granite, and basalt rise off the margin of the river, while its soft, brilliant waters, in rapid motion, give life and animation to the scene, and an "eye to the landscape."

Descending again into the plain, we continued our walk, and in a short time arrived at the village of Embap, where a few low, conic mud huts, sheltered under the waving branches of stately palms, contrasted, mournfully even, with the white walls of the sepulchres beyond the town. As we approached the

river, we found a number of the villagers assembled near the outlet of the Cataract, and were soon beset by men, women, and children, who stood about us in naked, ragged outline, offering us not only war-clubs and spears, but willing even to strip their persons of the little clothing they had on, in their eagerness to sell. Just below us, in a cove formed below the bay at the head of the rapids, a fleet of cangiahs were moored, waiting the subsiding of contrary winds, which had for several days prevented their passage down the Cataract. On reaching the banks of the Nile, we learned that these boats belonged to an English party, and that they had already been detained for four days by a furious norther. By the courtesy of travel, we soon made acquaintance with the hirers of these barks; and while contracting with some of the natives for the loan of a boat to ferry us over to Philœ, our conversation turned on the natural features of the country around us, the characteristic habits of the people, and the interest excited by the ruins of Nubia, and her wonderful monuments in the excavated rock. One of these strangers, of more delicate nerves than the rest, whose keen scent had been outraged by the fumes of decayed castor oil which dripped from both the hair and girdles of the women about us, became rather jocose under the infliction, and suggested, in a quiet way, that now, for the first time in his life, he literally understood what it

was *indeed* to "smell a rat." We were almost at a loss to apprehend the joke, until one of the ladies, most offensively dripping, approached our party, and, pointing at the same time to her cincture, offered, in a strong Berber dialect, accompanied with a no less powerful odor, the sale of what she called her "*Raht;*" that opened our understandings. Not satisfied with this pun, which was truly *barbarous*, the sight of a tipsy native at our side suggested an inquiry into the philology of the country; for when we demanded the cause of so rare an instance of intemperance, his companions replied that he had been drinking, i. e. "*Bouza,*" a term of their dialect which has been naturally transferred to the language of a more civilized people, in order to express that peculiar sensation which is caused by bad liquor, and is conveyed in the hidden meaning of our word "*boozy.*" At first astonished, we soon ceased to be surprised at the sudden opening of so rich a vein of philological research in the sands of Nubia, when we remembered the established reputation of old Egypt for wit; otherwise we might have exclaimed, "Oh, tempora!" and added, "Oh, Moses!" out of pure respect for that venerable lawgiver, who, we are told, "was skilled in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

The result of this conference was an introduction to the gentlemen of Lady Cavanagh's party, and an offer, on the part of Mr. Wood, of their boat and his

company in our visit to the island. In consideration of this act of kindness, it would be unpardonable not to mention my indebtedness for the courtesy of this noble Irish family; and a slight personal sketch will by no means intrude upon the pages of this diary.

Lady Cavanagh was then for the second time upon the Nile. Having abundant leisure and an ample fortune, travel was to her not only a pastime, but a source of mental improvement; and a youth passed away from her homestead was freed from the invidiousness of absenteeism, as it was perfectly innocent of censure, from the necessity of nurturing the health of a family long predisposed to consumption, which, in fact, had already occasioned an absence of nearly two years. Provided with all the comforts of life and the conveniences of travel; accompanied by her private tutor, and carrying with her a well-selected library, which could be constantly renewed through the agency of her friends at Malta, this noble lady afforded an instance of that luxury of locomotion, and enjoyment of repose in travel, which is only and *best* understood by the accomplished Englishman. She was in charge of her son, an unfortunate youth, who excited the sympathy of all who knew him, from the fact of his singular deprivation of limbs. Without arms or legs, he was but a *corpus hominis*—a mere stump of a man; but deprived of these accessories to motion, nature

seemed to have in a degree compensated the deficiency by superior gifts of mind. His appearance was so pitiable, that even the women of the East would ask his mother why she had not drowned him at his birth. It is with pain that we have noted this mournful affliction, and we forbear; our remarks being designed only as a tribute of respectful sympathy and affection to a woman of noble fortitude, of supreme and heavenly resignation—to a mother who, under so severe a dispensation of Providence, was not discouraged in her resolution to train her helpless offspring for the blissful rejuvenation of another world, strong in the faith which conceived of that fairer and nobler existence, where the imperfections and sorrows of this shall be unknown, and "the lame man shall leap as the hart."

THE ISLAND OF PHILŒ.

"Fair was the Isle, as Sylph abode, I ween,
Or Pleasure's graceful realm—with hill and dale,
And woods, and sleepy dells—a varied scene,
Where tumbling cascades, misting to the gale,
In silvery course slow winding, charmed the vale."

HAVING dismissed our guides, who were clamorous for *backsheesh*, and turning away from the crowd, which pressed upon us to convey us over in their mud-scow, we hurried away from the landing, and made for our boat, which was at anchor near the point of a projecting headland.

The party was soon rowed across the Nile, and shortly after leaving the left bank we came abruptly in sight of the temple of Isis, as Philœ, like a beautiful creation, floated out upon the water, embosomed, as it were, amid the most charming dells and gorgeous natural scenery, unsurpassed by any thing ever viewed on earth. Passing by the side of craggy and picturesque rocks which fringed the border of the wild and rapid

current, now catching views of drooping palms, bowing their foliaged heads as if in homage to the refreshing waters; again contemplating with rapturé the exuberance and beauty of the unnumbered flowers that adorned the shore, mingling with clusters of acacias clambering among the rocks, we indulged full long in gazing upon this panorama of beauty breaking through the openings of ruined pylæ and the relics of fallen towers; and beyond, where at the sudden turn of the shore we viewed the high and pointed needles of porphyry bristle around that rocky barrier which loomed against the sky, and frowned like the citadel of the ancient gods, over the wild wanderings of the turbid Nile. Far beyond the reach of the eye, the bold Nubian chain rose gracefully from the valley, and swelled in fantastic forms from amid picturesque vales and dells; now approaching near the isle of Berbé, and separated only to inclose within its encircling belt the wonderful ruins of those temples which were dedicated to Isis by Ptolemy, and held "sacred" in the memory of the priests, from the tragedy of the murdered and embalmed Osiris.

Philœ, no less "*the beautiful*" than devotional in its aspect of inland loveliness, thus surrounded and hemmed in by its marginal of granite, and occupied by the masses of ruined edifices, presents due claims to entitle it to its appellation of beauty. Thus situated,

where the river is straitened within the circuit of a quarter of a mile, it seems rather to float like a fairy isle in the middle of a circumscribed lake.

No less imaginative is the legend which inhabits it, and speaks of the fratricide of the inhuman Typhon.

This brother of Osiris first murdered his victim, and mutilating the body, threw the fragments into the Nile. Isis, who grieved piteously the loss of this divinity, searched long for the scattered parts; and, at length discovering them, gathered all of his remains but that member which had least claim to the divine. The embalming of Osiris hallowed the sacred isle, and the priests have by tradition perpetuated the love of Isis, and her grief over this favored child, and to the last of their race consecrated their reverence and veneration for the embalmed god, by that oath, than which there is nought more august:—"By him who sleepeth in Philœ."

Philœ, which was variously called "Philai" by the Greeks, from its picturesque beauty, and "Pilak," the end or place of the frontier, being considered the boundary of Egypt, extends scarcely over nine hundred yards in length, and is entirely surrounded by a wall.

The most attractive feature is the grand temple of Isis, which, although it lacks much of the superb proportions and massive construction of the buildings of Pharaotic date, presents features of more minute finish

and points of more elegant design. This, together with its propyla, pronaos, adyta, and the *kassaba* of shops running parallel with the river, forms, with the ruins of other buildings and the magnificent columns of the hypœthral edifice on the east of the island, a cluster of magnificent monuments. The columns within the pronaos offer a very effective combination of architectural designs, and beautiful hieroglyphics; and the colors of the richly-cut capitals, wrought into patterns of the lotus, papyrus, and palm, show a delicacy of tone and a freshness of tint which is truly wonderful. The sculptures on the walls of the different chambers, refer chiefly to the death and resurrection of Osiris, and the birth of Horus; and in every apartment there are richly sculptured effigies of Isis, always inditing her praise—of her who, with Osiris and her son Horus, constituted the trinity of the consecrated Philœ. The winged globe, vulture, hawk, and serpent, are among the other symbols represented, which ornament the gateways and the ceilings. In the interior of one of the temples we observed a huge monolithe of granite, which is supposed to have been the shrine of the divinity; and within the more remote apartments were some dark and gloomy recesses, which opened into wards, which were no doubt intended either for the practice of the secret mysteries of the priests, the concealment of

treasure, or for the imprisonment of their victims. We ascended to the top of the main propylon, and thence enjoyed a rich prospect over the entire island and its position, as it was embraced within the circle of the picturesque rocks around; and looking upward, followed the course of the Nile, as it wound its majestic length through the valley of Abyssinia, and poured its waters, rich with their fertile deposit, into the yawning gates of the Cataract.

Shortly after, we left the island and returned to Birké, and in a few hours, after travelling along the desert which skirts the shore of the Cataract, we reached our boat at Séhayl, where we remained until the early dawn. We thus escaped the trial of a passage through the rapids—that wild and adventurous freak which is seldom enjoyed, even by the most hazardous and reckless of English bloods; and which, at its best, only affords one exhibition of an aquatic drama, wherein naked and well-limbed Nubians sport and gambol among the mad billows of the plunging river, echoing the diabolic shrieks of their companions, who hail them from the edge of the abrupt rocks on shore; and, as they drag the tossing boat, now steering off the points of sudden rocks, and again steadying her course as she rushes impetuously over the foaming cascades, their excitement and their cries, mingled with the fears of the passengers, lend powerful excite-

ment to the imagination of the adventurer, and afford the romantic materials for those vivid passages and constructive melodramas, which can always be easily fabricated out of words, rocks, woodlands, torrents, and hair-breadth escapes.

Early after rising, we dropped away from our landing-place opposite the island of Séhayl, and, as we drifted away out of the influence of the rapids, caught sight of the party of English cangiahs which had been so long detained above, as they passed out of the lower arm of the Biggeh channel.

In a few moments we came out of the rapids together, and moored near each other at the landing of Assuan, just under the shelter of the promontory, to the south of the old ruined town. After having directed the Reis to make ready for our downward voyage, and to put the cangiah in order for drifting, we took a small boat, in which we were rowed across the Nile to the opposite island.

ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINA.

A granite gateway, a mutilated statue fallen from the altar of the deity Ammon, and a soil covered with debris of pottery, bricks, and fragments of ancient ruins, but rich in the luxuriant bloom and foliage of tropical vegetation, are the only remaining relics on that cele-

brated isle, which, from its position as a frontier stronghold, was termed Elephantina, either from its powerful natural advantages, or from the symbolic presence of the elephant, which has been traced among the cartouches of its sculptured blocks. Nature, still true to her laws amid the ravages of time, and man's despoiling hand, which has contributed more than antiquity to mar the noble works of the Egyptian architect, smiles bounteously as ever amid the vegetation of this spot, and to this day claims for it its ancient reputation of the "flowery isle." Among the ruins of a few minor temples, and the surviving columns of a formerly Christian convent, we were enabled to revive the memory of its former greatness, when Elephantina with its palaces and towers, temples, divinities, and shrines, rose amid the many attendant graces of its tropical gardens, and was famous in the history of nations, as a flourishing city and a powerful fortress. The lower stairway of the Nilometer survives the classic mention of the historian Strabo, and contributes with its crumbling quay of Roman date, to fill up the period of its Grecian and imperial origin, and to lead us back beyond the pages of Herodotus to the ancient dominion of the Pharaohs and the Persians.

While viewing these ruins we regretted the wanton destruction committed here, by the Sheiks of the capital, who, in true barbarian taste, had mutilated and

destroyed some of the most beautiful temples, in order to obtain materials for that miserable palace, whose white and naked walls stared out from the heights of Syene opposite.

ASSUAN VILLAGE.

After our return to Assuan, our whole party, accompanied by the dragoman and Hadji-Bab, proceeded to the town, and visited its interior. We found the usual scenes which are presented in the bazaars, and the market very poorly supplied; and after having purchased fish at ten cents a piece, and sufficient charcoal for the voyage to Thebes, our party separated. The Baron and his longo-bard friend went in the direction of the quarries, to visit the remains of a sarcophagus and an obelisk; while we, taking the direction of the wharf, amused ourselves with a look at the ruins on the river side, which have been variously mistaken for a Roman bath, Saracenic bridge, and an Arab pier.

On returning again to our cangiah, we found our friends quite cosily seated in the cabin, and fully satisfied with their visit to the quarries, which were so buried in sand that no adequate idea could be formed of their former extent. We all agreed that it was now useless to make further sojourn—our cangiah was in

readiness, our supplies shipped, and we ourselves impatient to proceed. We had mutually agreed that the climate of Assuan was delicious and unequalled, and that Juvenal himself could have had no clearer idea of the vanity of human wishes, when we were suddenly brought to a stand in our conclusions; for just then it rained most pleasantly for an hour, (what all our books assured us it had never done before in Assuan,) and blew a furious gale from the north, as if to spite us for our disinclination to proceed to the regions of Abyssinia.

DOWN THE NILE.

AFLOAT.

We had a lively company to join us at our departure, for four boats started with us, and contributed to enliven the dull course of four windy days, during which we could make but little progress.

We started about ten o'clock, and left the town of Assuan far beyond the report of our salutes, which we fired in exultation and gratitude at having escaped the jaws of her rocky gates. Now commenced the experience of our downward trip, one which should be especially devoted to antiquities and the deciphering of hieroglyphics; and no great progress do you make while the wild north blows against your adverse prow, as you float with your boat broadside to the river, in order that the current may bear with greater force against her sides. Thus slowly move we downward, with our mast "struck," and lashed closely down by

the head over the cabin deck; and when our merry boatmen ply their oars, it is only to steady the cangiah, and to keep her from approaching too near to either bank. Slowly descends the bark, when the contrary winds blow hard, and our idle sailors lay listlessly beside their oars, and we sit solitary, staring at each other, or ruminating on the uncertain future.

Tired with the snail-like progress of the vessel, we sought relief by walks on shore; and there, among the palm-trees and in the villages, we passed many hours, some in silent spleen, and others in more cheerful commune. Again, as sportsmen, we chased away our time in hot pursuit of partridges, pigeons, and hares; and now, by the river side, shot at a scary duck. Here and there a fellah offered us some bit of antiquity, in shape of scarrabee; and in her turn a village lass, black as Nubian darkness, displayed her glossy charms lubric with oil of the castor-bean, as she temptingly urged you to buy a necklace, or some trinket, the loss of which would have left her sportive to the winds, and proved poetically, "her beauteous most, when least adorned." Thus from these native girls you may purchase bracelets and rings, which "antiquarians state" were worn by imperial dames in goodly Pharaoh's reign.

There is no lack of diversion among these everglades of palm, or in these musing wanderings. Here you can botanize in all the richness of Flora's king-

dom, or entomologize for every insect or created thing, from the ignoble flea to the ichneumon or the crocodile.

It was in these solemn trials of patience, when the present was one of sandscapes and head-winds, that the mind naturally sought comfort in the past; and those hours of suspense were passed in deep study and intense application upon forms symbolical and the "hieroglyphics," those mysterious priestly crotchets. Books were pored over, and there mystical cartouches minutely surveyed; but in spite of Champollion, Wilkinson, or Gliddon, we must confess we never were the wiser, and to this hour have no more pretensions to a knowledge of priestcraft than our worthy Baron had of the proper figure of an ibis.

We need hardly apologize, if little is said about the illustrated walls of Egypt's famous temples; to us it was all mere picture-sight, which we gazed upon as children would, and wondered at things so strange, and most of all at those Ichthiopophagi, "whose heads, to us did, *literally*, beneath their shoulders grow." Others, "more known to fame," have fully treated of this priestly hocus-pocus; and we have nothing to add to the stores of antiquity, or the treasures of the wise. Thus between wind, water, vegetation, smoke and chibouques, we passed from Assuan to the district of the Ombos nome, and at last, wearied and impatient,

moored our boat under the frowning walls of the temple of Savak, which dominates at the principality of the Ombites, where at Koom Ombos, reigned King Crocodile.

THE RUINS AT OMBOS.

"Truths, that the learned pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear bought;
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains."

TEMPLE OF SAVAK.

GREAT was Sevekra, or the Egyptian Saturn! Grand are the ruins of the Ombian Nome! The temple of the Lord of Ombos, who ruled this domain in consort with hawk-headed Aroeris, rears its lofty head high over the banks of the abounding Nile, where the river dashes wildly and fearfully round the bluff of this giant of Kom, as if the divinity of the waters were startled into terror by the awful frown of the ruins impending above.

Truly, "there is a *divinity* which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," in all your prospects and musings amid the ruined monuments of Egypt; and there is a spirit of mysticism and cabalistic art brooding over these masses of fallen columns and crumbling sanc-

tuaries, which seizes powerfully upon the soul, and lends the wizard wand of thought to "imagination, which gives to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." The aspect of this magnificent structure of Ombos, obtained from our distant landing, was wonderfully imposing. Having secured our boat, we landed about half a mile above the ruins, and walked across the adjoining fields of d'hourra corn and grain, stopping at intervals by the way to converse with the fellahs or to observe their mode of irrigation—which here indicates the high prosperity of this region—before we commenced our ascent up the sides of that high ridge, on whose top rises the noble ruins of the divinity Savak.

This deity, of the crocodile-shaped head, in harmony with his type—"the terror and king of the river,"—ruled this domain as supreme head of their Hero worship, and shared with Aroeris, the hawk-crowned divinity, the presidency of this Nome of Ombos.

The main temple indicates this partnership of heroic worship, in the peculiarity of its double front and two distinct entrances and shrines, to which singularity all the symbolic tokens about the ornaments are made to correspond. Entering within the portico of the temple, we were led to examine more minutely the proportions of this elegant structure. Five grand columns, ornamented with capitals of the lotus and

palm-leaf, and supported by mural screens, fronted the river towards the west; and four distinct passages, connected by rows of pillars three deep in rank, introduced the pronaos to the inner sanctuary. The roof has been almost entirely removed, and most of the columns, which are of enormous size and elegantly sculptured, are so buried in sand or destroyed by mutilation, that the original magnitude or plan of the temple can scarcely be discovered. Here evidently there was a combination of two temples in one, and a separate sanctuary for each divinity. In our progress in hieroglyphics, we were enabled to make out the seals of the two Ptolemies, and their wives, the Cleopatras; nor did we care to go into particularities of origin, history, and repairs, questions which concerned us little, who cared less for *cartouches* than for cartridges and quails. How we inhaled the inspiration of the genial clime, whose luxuriant perfumes and soft blandishment fill the mind with burning images, which the genius of the immortal Shakspeare has so exquisitely and appropriately depicted in "Antony and Cleopatra." We fancied that upon the broad booming bosom of that bounding Nile, we saw the queen, and—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;"

until the soul acquiesced in the poet's sentiment, that

> ———"For her person,
> It beggared all description."

If such sensations were not rare for Antony, we may be pardoned for some impassioned ardor, for we confess to a weakness for the "gentler woman;" and are frank to own that we sometimes court her influence. Oh, how I longed for the sweet communion of the sex, on that drifting river, and how deeply we felt a "gap in our nature, deprived of such fair intercourse." We may be pardoned for the indulgence of that passion which sought relief in the voluptuous dreams of our idolatrous hours. We therefore studied these signs, solely for the memory of the dark-eyed, ravishing Cleopatra. She, who inflamed a Roman's heart, and wooed a conqueror from his sense of duty, could hardly fail to raise a kindred emotion in the breast of a young barbarian. I dropped a tear—it may have been a crocodile's, but it was no less becoming—for her, the voluptuous beauty of the Nile, who could drink up a kingdom in the thirst of her impassioned love, and as wantonly liquidate a pearl's price in the foam of a goblet of mingled wine. And again, as I looked upon the symbol of the basilisk, that emblem of royalty, I thought how touchingly was the end of that "rare Egyptian" queen depicted in the asp, the instrument

of her sacrifice, who sought in the poignancy of disappointment and despair, to escape a humiliation more terrible than death, and was more ready to trust the uncertainty of the grave than the clemency of Augustus.

Somewhat in advance of the ruins of the main edifice, is a huge pile of rubbish, pottery, and unburnt bricks, straggling in singular confusion of form and order, in and about a long wall which runs back from the river, and projects over the portals of a massive granite gateway. This, from its advanced position, is supposed to have been the propyla of the temple, and with its towers and avenues of sphinxes, to have extended to the pronaos. This whole mass, with the ruins of the temple of Isis, and the majestic columns of the shrine of Savak, constitute the most interesting objects of a visit, and, in their original, must have afforded a most perfect example of the sacred order of the Egyptian architecture of that period.

Intense is the interest with which the mere idler regards the relics of Egypt's ancient grandeur; and with the antiquary, that feeling rises to almost a sentiment of devotion and religious awe. That temple of Ombos alone, has a type of mystical beauty and enchantment, which claims for it a romantic reverence, equal to the ruins of any consecrated abbey, or to the far-famed tottering castles of the Rhine. It is the Holy rood of the Nile.

Our chief pleasure was to wander listlessly among those scattered tombs of the past, and under the pillar-cast shadows of roofless temples, we delighted to lay ourselves down into the yielding sand, and look up at the ovals or cartouches above us, where the mysterious names of gods were stamped on the faces of living stones, and the red granite sculptured with the impress of Kings, Emperors, Autocrats, demigods, and monsters. Thus for hours have we laid, sending our missive thoughts wool-gathering, and have messengered our fancies to far-off lands, to the clear, bright, perpetual blue above, or over the vast stretch of the booming Nile, as it dashed along the rocky chain of Silsileh; and have quite forgotten the world, its vanities, its toils, and its loves, until Egypt seemed to have adopted us as her sons;—and we, willing, submissive slaves of the creature fancy, have roamed through the long vistas of the distant past; evenmused until antiquity again was remodelled into life, the past mirrored in the present, and our busy imaginations had reared into almost tangible reality "the cloud-capped tower," the peerless temple, the avenues of sphinxes, the majestic propyla and gateways—under whose portals moved in solemn silent majesty the procession of priests, bearing offerings, and leading the crowned victims, as they advanced with the sound of trumpets and of cymbals within the courts of the pronaos, to

offer up oblations upon the altars of Ammon, Osiris, Isis, and Horus.

Thus occupied, we were enabled by our guides to decipher the names of the Cleopatras and Ptolemies, founders, emperors and restorers, from their respective cartouches, which are mere oblong outlines cut in the stone, in the shape of a buckle without the tongue, and equivalent in hieroglyphics to the word "nomen," (name.) We were particularly struck with the clear and distinct expression of the cuttings, for their angles were so sharp that you are deceived out of time, and believe them almost of yesterday. Among the many curious symbols which are sculptured on the blocks of this temple, that of the crocodile, by which the Hero of this region is especially typified, is not so frequent as the symbolic pig, ibis, monkey, sacred *tau*, and *key* of the Nile. Not far from the *adytum* of the shrine, there are the remains of a tank, in which it is supposed the honorable emblem of crocodilism was entertained and supported; and it is not unlikely that this lordship of degenerate Ichthyosauri was fed occasionally with delicate morsels of human flesh; as it often happens, that the human species, for want of a proper exponent, or tangible form of divinity, sacrifice in their fears, to that monster which on earth is the fittest emblem of demoniac voracity or horrible monstrosity. The merits of their respective gods, or the

question of "crocodile or no crocodile," often led to serious disputes among the different inhabitants of this nome, and to conflicts as deadly as those of the Nominalists and Realists of later times. The strife arose as to whether the crocodile was the deity, or the deity the crocodile? These, which terminated only until blood was shed in their day, have transmitted to their posterity the seeds of those feuds which still exist with unabated prejudice between the Ombites of the present, and the natives of Dendara.

QUARRIES OF SILSILIS.

"All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we who worship him, ignoble graves."

THE wind blew fiercely from the north, as we drifted away from Kom Ombos, to leave those beautiful ruins far in the aerial perspective behind; and we made slow progress that afternoon, until Boreas drew off his forces, and the interminable splashing of the water on the boat's side ceased to sputter its little fury in the cheek of the gale. The starry vault of heaven alone illumed our pathway on the stream; and, as we approached the narrowing limits of the banks, where the rocks of Silsilis oppose their barrier chain to almost throttle the maddened current, we feared to trust to the uncertain and fickle winds of this quarter, and moored our bark within sight of the ancient quarries. The next morning we awoke to find ourselves in front of the "Chain" itself, and opposite, on the west bank,

the opening tombs of the "Quarry Kings" gaped in the face of the perforated rocks. We soon strolled away from our boats, and after having surveyed the plan of these excavated sepulchres from the height of the topmost ridge, returned to sit quietly down in a tomb, and there wonder at the conception, extent, and labor exhibited throughout these sandstone beds. Hence was it that the mighty architects of old removed those huge blocks of indurated sand, to construct the temples of their gods and heroes, as those before them had racked the primitive granite of Syene to find fitting stones for the palaces of kings. Most of the temples of Egypt are evidences of its own rich material; and it is only by a personal view of these quarries and those of Assuan, that one can form any adequate idea of the stupendous energies of those master-builders of the ancient Egyptians. Around us were several excavated grottoes, which seem to have been left as the mere caprice of these mighty "hewers of stone," who thus signalized their power and their skill, by boring the solid rock, as if in the mere pastime of such greatness as was only known of yore. Here Ramses describes his victories on stone, as easily as boys their short-lived memories in sand. The Grotto of Horus, the successor of Amenoph, is by far the most interesting, in which his victories over the Kush, or Ethiopians, are vividly depicted on the wall. He is

represented in hot pursuit of his enemies, who are flying before his drawn bow, while the conquered are beheld kneeling before his chariot and suing for mercy. Then his victory is celebrated, and he is presented in the triumphal march, preceded by his troops and the captives of the conquered nation, as the procession moves to a flourish of trumpets, to offer up sacrifices at the temple; and finally, he is seen receiving the emblem of life from Amun Re,—a modest tribute of flattery to the king, who has always been deemed immortal from necessity, by that fiction of the human mind which conceives that a monarch can do no wrong, and that crimes and inhumanities are the legitimate holiday festivities of royalty.

Besides this, there were other interesting holes in the rock, which were decorated with inelegant columns. supposed to have been designed with lotus capitals, while their walls were ornamented with symbols and devices, equally singular and extravagant as they were mysterious or cabalistic; while in some there were niches filled with grotesque images or figures,—little monstrosities of manikin-looking divinities,—idols they could not be called, nor the Egyptians idolaters for worshipping them; for they resembled nothing in heaven, on earth, or in the water under the earth; and we conceive that if the ancient Egyptians are deemed guilty of a breach of the second command of the deca-

logue, it must be on another account than for the homage paid to such homunculi as these.

We must confess we were at a loss to trace out the mythological legends of these stones, and labored hard to strain our imagination and to force our fancies into the most refined theories of the Egyptian mysteries; but with all this endeavor, our efforts proved unavailing; for we never could make up our minds to believe in the divinity of bull-frogs, or that there was not somewhat more of the devil than the divine in the alligator. Savak, the crocodile-headed, was the presiding hero of the "Chain Mountain," and shared no less the title of Lord of Silsileh, than that of Lord of Ombos. But there is no accounting for that moral darkness which spread itself over the benighted intelligence of primitive mankind at the poetic age of the Shepherd Kings; which could have caused a whole people to blunder into gross superstition in their worship, and to mistake for the Creator his own bountiful gifts, as the more visible and direct objects of adoration; unless we look to St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Romans, for explanation, where he says, "Professing themselves to be *wise*, they became *fools*, and changed the glory of the incorruptible GOD into an image made like to corruptible man, and to *birds*, and *four-footed beasts*, and creeping things."—Epist. Rom. 11: 22, 23, *et passim*. Still we find examples in the present day

of no less physical weakness in that man who, shrouded in a mist of cloudy night, has mistaken a protruding apple-bough for a formidable hobgoblin, and has fallen on his knees in sheer fright at his own fancies.

The river Nile, heaven's first, best gift to Egypt, was worshipped as a divinity at the "Rocky Chain," either in gratitude for the fertilizing effects of its oozing inundations, which caused the earth to produce abundance, or from the fact that its waters bore the barges that were freighted with the massive blocks of sandstone which contributed so much beauty and elegance to their temples of stupendous fabric. The "Nile god" is here represented (in conjunction with other divinities) with the lotus-flowers, and water-jars, and vases of wine, emblems of abundance, creative influence, and the fertilizing cause of their luxuriant harvests; and these devices are generally used as ornaments on the bases of statues, indicating that water is the chief *support* of the country, the main principle of life, and the sustainer and nourisher of vegetation. The Nile is truly a glorious river; the bountiful stream, Egypt's harvest's highway, and a godlike river, is the river Nile! Mention is also made here of almost all the other divinities of the land, and in this hero-worship appear Amun-Re, Maut, and Khonso, the Theban triad, Re, Phath, Athor, Justice, Vesta, and other contemporary deities. We should state, that persons

were worshipped by their attributes, for we scarcely concluded from our studies, that the ancients worshipped idols or images, but only regarded them as personifications.

Truly the Almighty has been bounteous in his *gift* of the Nile; and before the introduction of Christianity we ourselves would not have wondered that the Egyptians prized its blessings, and regarded its fertilizing waters as high tokens of the presence of a provident and merciful divinity.

Next to the heroic epic of the heaven-descended Nile, is the psalm of its glorious climate—that perpetual "dayspring from on high" which awakens a song of praise, of gratitude, and of heartfelt joy, from the traveller, the archæologist, and the muse—that gentle, genial air, which has stayed the hand of the destroyer Time, and without which conservative balm History might have dug her grave deep in the solitudes of Egypt, without a monument or obelisk to dial forth the shadows of her dead empires.

This even medium; this dry, pellucid atmosphere; this element of crystal clearness, which flushes the earth at morn with the softest tints, and mantles existence with blushes like opening roses on the cheeks of the awakening bride, and intones the sky at evening with all the hues of the varied Iris, whilst floating clouds resting on the illumined horizon buoy up our fan-

cies with dreams of spirit-lands, and visions of glorious immortals—this first smile of a satisfied Omnipotence has preserved the monuments of Egypt as records for the world, and left her obelisks free from the taint of time, her sacred writings cut with diamond precision, and the handwriting on her temple walls, as defined and sharp as they are pregnant with prophecy and teachings of the vanity of human greatness.

We praise thee, oh Light! thou spirit of the sweet south! and we intone thy ethereal essence on the feeble chords of our heart's lute; for we have felt thy soft influence, as the noontide breeze, wafted across our cheeks, laved the heated brow with its lucid wing of pleasurable coolness, while the burning sun, bending from the zenith, was bronzing the parched and dewless earth beneath; and here, in these climes of thy most lovely presence, we have been charmed with visions of Nature's noblest and serenest majesty, and have paid our orisons for the cheering supernal gift, and love for thy peerless advent, leading forth, like a rejoicing bridegroom, the moist-eyed, blushing dawn; and have bent with gratitude to that Spirit, whose first glorious manifestation to the universe was in the fiat, "*Let there be Light!*"

More importance attaches to this quarry of the "Sandstone Silsileh," from the fact, that thence was obtained most of the materials for the construction of

the stupendous edifices of the Thebaid, and of the temples in other parts of Egypt. In early times limestone was usually used on account of the facility of working it; and sandstone was afterwards substituted in the construction of the outer walls of the temples, and the colonnades in front, because of its greater durability and evenness of grain; and, having proved superior in these qualities, it was generally adopted throughout the land.

Not being so easy to take color as limestone, the surface of the wall was prepared with a coating of stucco, in which the cuttings in relief or intaglio could be more easily effected, and the colors could be delicately laid on, without absorbing too much body to lose their proper effect. The paints were set in water-tints. The reds and yellows were ochres, the greens and blues obtained from copper, and their finest blacks prepared from ivory. White was furnished from the native chalk of the country, and all other colors were compositions of the three primary. In order that the paintings might receive no injury from exposure to the air, the utmost care was used in setting the stones together: and, besides the close fitting which the even character of the grain admitted, separate slabs of stone were overlaid and neatly inserted in grooves, so as to stop the crevices in the roof. So slightly has time dealt with these delicate colors, that 2000 years

have left no taint or injury upon the unexposed parts, which present to the observer a freshness of hue and purity of tint, which was regarded, doubtless, with admiring pride by Pharaohs, and connoisseured by the artists of their day.

We continued delighted with the recent loveliness of nature around us, and the soft bland moods of the charming climate, even after we had slipped away from our mooring at the "Rock," and looked back upon the tall cliffs of these "Danube resembling Gates," where the river dashed through the parted chain of the Silsileh stone, and ran in eccentric and rapid flights past these tombs of Time. It is certainly one of the most striking points in the picture of the Nile, and relieves the many hours of *flats* and waste-like desert, which you necessarily pass in voyaging through other districts of this river.

EDFOO BY MOONLIGHT.

About the latter twilight, when Cynthia had hung out her silver crescent in the west, and, sparsely scattered through the blue vault of heaven, the larger planets were flashing forth among the lesser twinkling constellations, we passed within sight of the Apollo reminiscent temple of Edfoo. The tall towering propyla of the grand temples of "Apollonopolis Magna,"

loomed majestically above the silent waste, vivid in the brilliant moonlight, which flooded that solitude of wilderness, and played with wizard undulation over the prairie-like fields of the wind-stirred halfeh grass. Those two tall towers of the propylon stalked forth in a majesty befitting Apollo, and in the solemn silence of that brilliant scene, seemed to stand like giant watchmen, sentinels of the night, the keepers of the secrets of Time, and the guardians of Nature's rest.

"The moon, indeed, is the Sun of Ruins." With what soft beauty Luna bedecks the plain, spreading her veil of silver-frosting over the bearded corn, and tipping the blades of the halfeh grass with pendent jewels of limpid dew; and as she moves above in peerless beauty, attended by her starry train, and smiles in argent sweetness through isles of ermine clouds, she seems to reign supreme divinity of two regions—at once the chaste-crowned mistress of heaven, and in her kindly influences shed down, the beneficent mother of earth. Oh, gentle queen of night! Poetry owes to thee the inspiring source of its purest thoughts, and Architecture its gratitude for thy protecting shield of beauty: these two are the great conservators of History, less perishable than man, and only to be lost with Time itself.

We could not pass again by Edfoo, without these enthusiastic outpourings of grateful memories. In our

visions of that spot, its tall majestic towers rose up before us, with the huge depictions of the gods in their intagliated fronts. We fancied before us the whole council of the Egyptian mythology, as they walked in procession around the external walls of this "Temple of all the Gods," in those clear *relievos*, as boldly defined as Flaxman's Homeric Illustrations. Within the courts stretched those long rows of sculptured columns, rearing their graceful capitals of doum and lotus, and supporting rich entablatures and abaci, carved with cartouches of heroic kings; and about and around were broken columns, fallen like monarchs of a forest of centuries, huge blocks, colonnades, temple, pronaos, sanctuary, shrine, and screen; all swelling in massiveness, harmony, and grace, to fill up and complete the outlines of the most perfect temple of Apollo. And when I knew that on every side the wretched huts of miserable Arabs were crowded into the sacred precincts of the temple, and even occupied the holy shrine itself, I called to mind the every-where prevailing smile of the amiable, sweet-visaged Isis—the benevolent mother, the author of creative power and love—and felt how apposite was her presence still there in that temple, which having been the depository of the gifts of the grateful and happy mothers of old, yet answered, in its ruins, as a place for "*lying in.*" The moon was shedding forth all that richness of her

light, which so embellishes ruins, and renders night so suggestive of contemplations about mysteries, (in this land of mysteries and monuments,) as we still continued on our way in our cangiah, carried along by the impetus of the rapid current.

EL KAB.

We passed El Kab at midnight, lost to all realities, to dream only about the ruined temples, and those celebrated tablets of succession which are still seen in the grottoes of Eilethyias. The paintings inside of these tombs, which are at some distance from the river, refer to the agricultural pursuits of their day, and offer a fund of interest in the study of the life of a respectable retired private gentleman, or naval officer, who, as it appears from the various scenes depicted, cultivated a farm, and entertained his friends after the manner of a half-pay captain or pensioned commodore of our own times.

Here we have representations of farming and grazing; the occupations of harvesting, the vintage, and the autumnal feasting. Again, views of the Nile boats, which were painted in an extraordinary manner, with huge square sails, and decks large enough to seat fourteen oarsmen, and sufficiently roomy to carry pigs, carriages, and hay in the hold. Further on we have a

responded in their mythology to Apollo, and Amun to Jupiter. This spot also claims the honor of the birth of Moses, which we deem to be a slight mistake; for we read in the Sanscrit, that "he was discovered among the bulrushes" near Cairo, at too tender an age to allow of a previous voyage down the Nile from this place. Finding that both the temples had been razed, we hurried our sailors aboard, and promising them *backsheesh*, mutton, and tobacco, for speed, all hands laid lustily on to their oars, and setting up the welcoming shout of their homeward song, plied their strength, singing, in measure with their strokes,

"La! illa! la, la! il-lah-la!
Il la-la! la la—il,"

as the boat flew round to harbor at the ruined quay, and brought us to the landing of Il Luxor—the long-looked-for LUXOR.

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT THEBES.

"There stand the walls of old, those towers sublime,
That mock the impress of the march of Time;
There stand the spectral columns, as they stood
Five hundred years or less this side the flood:—
The stately colonnades, the gorgeous shrines,
The sculptured frieze, the hieroglyphic signs,—
All, all remain,—grand, solemn, silent, vast,
The pomp of ruin that survives the past."

IL LUXOR.

We had no sooner touched the wharf, than all ran to the ruins of the "palace-temple" of Amenoph and Rameses, and lingered long in the shades of evening, until the moonlight gilding the colonnades and stupendous pillars, streamed through the gates of the propyla, and broke in a full flood of silver sheen over pyla and tower, column, obelisk, and statue. While wondering at these monster structures, we were beset with gangs of miserable fellahs, who prowled around, no less ferociously intent than their mangy, snarling curs; while they presented, with their miserable huts

intruding into the sanctuary, a mournful, heart-rending contrast, of their own condition and habitations, with the ruins of those magnificent vestiges of architecture; which rose like giants far above our heads, and stood erect in all the sublimity of antique grandeur, projecting their lengthened shadows over the plains, flanked by immense buttresses, on which the moonlight fell with a splendor and effect that might rival the most brilliant night-view of Caucasus.

Il Lug-sour, well wert thou termed the "castles," for thy majestic portals opened to the pageants of the high-priests of Ammon, and thy towers of strength were lifted up in defence of a mysterious and soul-enslaving worship! Such were our feelings as we stood spell-bound, awed in the presence of these beautiful ruins; and, as we glanced over colonnade and tiers of galleries, whose long lines and noble porticoes ran from the aisles of the temple along the fane of this royal chapel, measuring the mammoth circumferences of the palace-columns, round which swept a full score of *palms*, *enthusiasm* lent ecstasy to our wonder, as we moved from the "Throne-room Hall," by the water's edge, to dwell in silent awe before that single monolithe, —sister obelisk of the "Concorde" in Paris,—which gleamed like the archangel's sword in the faces of those sitting colossal statues, whose sand-merged bodies imaged resurrectioned kings.

If there is any truth in the rumored influence which the moon exerts upon the face and intellect in the East, we must avow that we were all moonstruck at these wondrous sights, and confess to an intoxication of delight, as we rioted in joy over the sand-hills near the temple, before our return to our bark at the shores of the "dreamy Nile," where we laid down to rest and undisturbed repose, to find ourselves, (after a a mysterious transit over this Styx-resembling Nile,) upon awaking in the morning, *moored* near the sycamore tree of the *west* bank, in sight of the Ramesion opposite.

THEBES.

It was on a glorious morning that we started in search of Thebes. The old vocal Memnon himself *never* saluted the morn with sweeter tones, nor could have e'er awakened kindlier sympathies or more pleasurable emotions in the listening voyageur, than those which charmed both eye and ear, as the light-winged zephyrs, heralding with musical pinion the advent of Aurora, rejoiced the smiling cheek of nature, animating our hopes and propects with the full brightness of anticipation, as we left the well-known "*gimnáyz.*" That noble old sycamore is not less noted to the traveller, than its contemporary, the tree of the Madonna in

Cairo. There is no more famous tree than this "wild fig" landmark, which guides to the distant tombs.

Just over the top of the bank, where the land swells evenly into plain, and behind the raised dike of the canal, we found our horses awaiting, which had been previously ordered by a messenger, from Koorneh. By the foresight of Achmet, we enjoyed the favor of his brother's guiding, and aided by Hadji-Bab, the sailor, the Reis, and our "*donkey boys*," we soon obtained all that we wished from the boat—not even forgetting the "edibles," *water-goollehs*, and candles.

We formed a gay and merry procession as we moved away on horseback, followed by our mounted dragoman and *retainers*, and the gurgling of the water-jars slung across our boys, kept up harmonious sound with the tinkling of our tin provender cans, alternating with the hearty laughs of the Arabs, the neighing of the horses, and the loquacious gabble and yells of the boys. Trotting along the side of the canal, which afforded an opportunity of viewing the irrigation of this fertile plain, we kept in sight of opposite Luxor, until at a sudden turn in the road, we took a path almost at right-angles with the river; then taking the direction of the "Tombs," crossed midway through the pastures and fallow-grounds, and passed on, scaring up large flocks of innumerable small birds, which rose from the lupin beds like swarms of locusts. Leaving

the "Colossi" in the distance to the *left*, after having waded through several ditches, and crossed several streams, we came, after a laborious ride over broken pottery and rubbish, to the bed of that vast sand of desolation, which separates the living beauty of the Theban farms from that dreadful, dreary, and mournful waste, that skirts the base of the mountains beyond. We soon entered within a defile in these hills of limestone, and sadly halted at the threshold of the entrance, quite forcibly overcome by the spirit of the place; and as we passed through the "Gate of Kings," our march was slowly funereal, for we felt, indeed, that this was the "Valley of the Shadow of Death." That vale bore every indication of having been formerly the bed of a stream, and every sign around of detritus and rounded "boulder" in the ravine, evidenced the sweeping force of a mountain torrent, driven headlong in its violence and destruction. So oppressed was I with dreadful visions, and "apprehensions dire," that I almost inclined to return; but the *courage* of a Christian shrank not from the *mere* thought of death, and the tears which I fancied forced by pallid fear, trickled down from the effect of heat. Thus we rode on through the *sacred* valley of the Bab el Molook, to the tombs of the Kings. The narrow gorge was hemmed in by tall perpendicular cliffs of limestone, which reflected the full rays of the noon-

day sun, with increased power, so that we were glad to arrive at the end of this journey, and escape immolation under the shelter of the sepulchre.

THE GATES OF THE KINGS.

Whether applied to the tombs themselves, or to the narrow part of the valley, where the gorges almost unite, the term of "gates," is peculiarly appropriate to these portals of the "King of Death. . These tombs are hewn out of the side of the calcarious hills, and are set at unequal distances along the defile in that "royal road to Hades." They vary in the depth of their excavations, the plan of their inner chambers, and in the character of their decorations and paintings, and are embellished with symbolic and cabalistic designs, illustrative of the actions and occupations of the deceased, besides allegorical pictures of the states of death, immortality, and judgment, in a future life. Thus adorned, the Catacombs offer one of the most interesting fields of study and observation in the world, and conceal in the hollow recesses of their caverns, the lights of a mysterious wisdom which makes even Egyptian darkness *visible.*

We shall never forget that first feeling of solemn awe which seemed to enchain the soul, as we stood within, under the roof of the tomb of Belzoni, and

peered curiously down the half-illumined passage, which led by a precipitate descent into the deeper vale of darkness and corruption below.

This tomb, which is by far the most perfect in its preservation, and interesting in the finish of its intaglios and elegantly sculptured walls, contained the sarcophagus of the interred Psammis. Whilst the guides were engaged in lighting candles, we stood in mute wonder at the inspection of the profusely elaborated workmanship on the sides, and were physically overcome with a thin cloud of impalpable powder or dust, emitting a peculiar odor, which could be only compounded from the admixture of mummy cloth, bitumen, and candle smoke. Over the door, the scarabæus—emblem of eternity—that beetle image, which, from its tumble-bug habits, symbols the firmament enveloping *earth*, as this persevering insect ever revolves its globy ball—is prominently sculptured; and at the door-post stands the hawk-headed Aroeris, the sharp-sighted Cerberus of the entombed dead.

Within the door, the wall was laid with closely-fitting blocks of stone covered with a coating of stucco, well adapted to receive the impress of hieroglyphics and symbolic writing. The ceiling was black, studded with many stars, and about were the usual emblems of the winged globe, serpents, and other mythic monsters. Two steep stairways, and two successive pas-

sages, lead to the *chamber* of the *pit*, and hurry you down quite disrespectfully into this abode of death. Beyond these is the *hall*, which, when battered down by Belzoni, opened to his delight the discovery of its richly finished walls and beautifully preserved sculptures. From a stairway leading from the south side of this hall, to change the direction of the avenue, succeed two passages, which lead into a small chamber—the anti-court of the grand hall. This spacious room has two wings on each side, and is terminated in an arched saloon which originally contained the sarcophagus of the deceased monarch. The avenues continued even beyond this saloon, and the passage, as well as the doors and entrances, were formerly walled up with solid masonry, and reached in length over three hundred and nine feet. Beyond the "Hall of the Sarcophagus" are several other chambers, both unfinished and finished, while in one, hewed like the others out of a lime rock, there were pillars and a solid counter against the wall, which was supposed to have been intended for the mummy cases of the king's household. These chambers number in all fourteen; and this tomb, in which the ashes of Psammis were deposited—the most perfect in structure, and best preserved as to the paintings and hieroglyphics—is but one of forty-nine others, which were tunnelled out of this mountain of calcarious rock.

The sculptures in these painted chambers of the dead astonish us, from their clearness of cut and well-defined angles, no less than the vivid color and beautiful drawing exhibited in the depictions of the inner saloons. In the former, it was easy to discover the meaning of the symbols without much knowledge of hieroglyphics, and to see that they represented various scenes connected with death and immortality; such as would be naturally understood by the commonest intellects of the times. The first sculptures related evidently to the Hero of the sepulchre, Psammis, son of Pharaoh Necho, and many incidents connected with his family or descent, notifying us of the virtues of the deceased. Then followed figures of genii in lamentation, whose streaming eyes show how greatly they deplored *his* loss, who had been the light of their world. In succession came a procession of the four different races of the earth, whose varied colors of white, red, copper, and black, indicated the influence of the climate on complexion, as the sun is there symbolized under the name of *Ra*. These may have been intended to represent the four quarters of the globe, as a flattering tribute to the fame of the dead conqueror, who may have been supposed to be known to all mankind. Persians, Ethiopians, Jews and Egyptians, were thus represented. The fabled boats for the ferriage of souls, passed in review before our eyes; and their po-

sition in the intermediate passage, indicated the transition state to another life, where we witness the king's introduction to Isis and Osiris, by their gentleman in waiting, Aroeris. Again we see him seated with Athor and Horus, while offerings are depicted on the walls, corresponding no doubt to masses for the dead, offered by the relatives of the sovereign. These ceremonies concluded, we next find Psammis in the chamber of the grand hall; he is now fully recognized by the immortals, and seated as *one* of them on a throne in that chamber, which doubtless is meant to represent heaven, since it is depicted with a vault of blue and studded with stars. We feel that he has reaped the reward of the good, and the monarch seems to enjoy celestial society.

The rich colors, and the careful drawing of the designs on the inner pillars, attract the beholder with increased interest, and we watched the process of the original etchings in black and red outlines, with thankfulness that these were incomplete, as these outlines in color show the "modus operandi." The preservation of these paintings is remarkable, and three thousand years have left the blue as pure as the azure which is spread upon the dome of heaven.

The other chambers show various devices, and are painted in hieroglyphics and symbols that are equally interesting. In one, we view all the gods in council,

and in others mysterious images and scenes, which illustrate either the manners and customs of the times, the rites and ceremonies of their priestly sacrifices, the immolation of victims, or mummies in different stages of embalming, and a thousand grotesque configurations of serpents, demigods, idolatries, and deviltries. We were eminently struck at the minute finish and elaborate details in the sculptures and paintings, and naturally wondered at the vast amount of labor, the enormous expense, and length of time which must have been consumed in all these tombs; but when we *knew* that these were the works of kings, the undertakings of despotic monarchs, we turned from the reflection to console ourselves in the comforting belief, that these princes who lived to see their own monuments arise over the graves dug expressly for them, enjoyed a special advantage over our degenerate race; for they could *keenly* gratify their vanity when alive, and had the satisfaction of seeing how they would be surrounded in the mansions of the dead. The first king who conceived this idea, extended his own greatness beyond his life, even to the realms of his immortality. He must have tasted high pleasure in the luxury of *sepulchration*, and could have surfeited his epicurean ambition with a plastic cast of a contemplated royal mummy, or an image of his own figure in the landscape of the *Valley of Bones*. Thus ended our visit to the

tomb of Psammuthis, or Pthath; thus we went in and saw with Isaiah, "and *beheld* every form of creeping thing, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Egypt, portrayed on the wall round about."

Among the other abominations which we witnessed within, we had cause to mourn over the wanton destruction and useless mutilation of the intaglios on the walls, and to regret that he who has contributed so much to the development of the antiquities of Egypt, Champollion, should have also lent a destroying hand to the spoliation of those beautiful tablets, which he could not remove entire. This "Napoleon of Ruins," who gave speech to mute stones, and was gifted with a Daniel's inspiration to decipher the handwriting on the wall, boasted that he had carried away "the most beautiful bas-reliefs in the royal tomb," and, true to his national animosity, chuckled in delight that he had robbed the *English* of their lawful prize. We have no patience with these devastating savans, who excuse every act of vandalism, under the plea of the "necessities" of science; and we will for ever doubt whether the world would not have been as well, or better instructed in "the wisdom of the Egyptians," if these monuments had been left intact as they had hitherto remained for ages, where the serenity of the climate, and the protecting love of devoted pilgrims to these shrines, would have accumulated a treasure-

house for investigation, and established the best school for archæology, and a museum for the world. How susceptible is that name of the savant of the travestied prophecy of Napoleon, and for his sacrilege of the monuments we thus play upon the name:

Cham-pollion, as it were in Greek; Champollion, *ων*, being *ολεων*, a raging *λεον*,—"*lion*"—*ων*, going about; *απολεων*, destroying; *πωλεον*, cities; Cham, perversion of Khem, the poetical name of Egypt: and so hand him down to posterity as following the true end of his destiny, which was, the destruction of the magnificent monuments of Egypt for the benefit of antiquaries, even as the Emperor ravaged the continent to improve his kingdom.

HARPERS' AND OTHER TOMBS.

We left the tomb of Belzoni to visit that which is called "Bruce's," from its discoverer, or the "Harpers'," from a representation of two blind musicians, who are tuning their lyres in the presence of the god Hercules, on the walls of one of the inmost chambers.

This is by far the most entertaining of all these Catacombs, and a visit within presents much material for the study of the manners and customs of the times, as well as in the arts, the economy of the household, agriculture, and war. This tomb belonged to the great

Rameses III., the builder of the Labyrinths, the temples of Medeenet Háboo, and Karnac, and who was the emulator of the great Sesostris, Rameses II., who quarried the rock-hewn temple of Aboo-Simbel, and laid the foundation of the Memnonium. These two monarchs, whose fame is universally connected with the greatest events in the history of Egypt, contributed most of all to establish and extend their empires, and to develop the arts and humanizing influences of civilization. They were the greatest in war, and the most illustrious in peace; but we fear they were cursed in the hearts of their countrymen. The names of both these sovereigns appear on the cartouches within. The fact that this tomb was *royal*, seems established by the depictions on the lateral chambers, leading from the main passage, where all the productions of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms are portrayed in natural colors, and all the employments and occupations, trades, offices, and dignities of an empire minutely represented. Here we have not only scenes of agriculture and manufacture, but even the particularities of domestic life; and the peculiarities of their manners and customs are depicted. As we entered, we looked into the kitchen, and were pleased to remark the good sense of the artist, in placing this department far away from the royal apartments, and *near* the door; so that the fumes of the culinary condiments might

readily escape. Here the cooks were seen occupied with preparations of meats and sauces; the ovens were hot, and the wood blazing under the smoking caldron. But for the mummies you might have smelt the mutton chops. Fat oxen were killed before us, and prize beef dressed by the active *chéef*. As we went on through the household scenes, we became interested in the duties of the pastry and baking-room, where some kneaded a large batch of dough with their feet, and others carried cakes ready made to the oven. The meats, hung on poles from the ceiling of the keep, show that there were, even in that day, *rats* in the larder. Beyond you see the boys drawing off wine or liquor by a syphon; it might have been imperial Tokay or Cyprus. Then you have a view of some beautiful gardens and orchards, where monkeys are actively employed in stealing fruit from the fig-trees; and various agricultural scenes are represented, as of ploughing, and of treading out the grain with oxen, as is the custom in Spain at the present day. Again, the harvesting of grains of various kinds, and the vintage, where the grapes are put into long conical baskets, while the juice is squeezed out by twisting the poles, as two washerwomen wring clothes, *adversely*. In many chambers we saw numerous beautiful patterns of furniture, which was as luxuriously and tastefully formed, as the spring rocking-chair or *tête à tête* of the moderns.

They had elegant sofas, couches, deewans and footstools, as superb in structure, and fresh in their satin hangings and velvet covers, as if they had been ordered yesterday from the upholsterer's. In other halls we saw curiously formed vases and urns, pottery, utensils of copper, and vessels of wood, all clearly indicated by the corresponding colors of the frescoes. Then there were cabinets of arms and weapons—clubs, spears, daggers, swords, helmets, standards, and armor, completing a catalogue of instruments, as warlike and curious as those of the "Antiquarian Society." There were also other rooms which illustrated the Flora and herbarium of this land, showing the trees and plants of the country, and where were displayed a fine exhibition of game, in which partridges, quails, fruit, flowers, pomegranates and eggs were so profusely disposed, as to be inviting enough to tempt the appetite of a gourmé.

Thus through scenes of agriculture, manufacturing, industry, and embalming, we passed to admire some of the boats of their day. The huge checkered sails were not unlike those seen on the Nile at present; they differed only in being gorgeously painted, and stood within the hall of the officers, where the various dignitaries and dependents of the king's household were cleverly portrayed. These and other objects excited our attention, while visiting this splendid tomb;

and as we remained within the Hall of the removed sarcophagus, we fancied that we were in the Elysian Fields of the Poets; and as my companions moved about with their flickering tapers, flashing to illumine that mysterious darkness around us, they flitted through the tomb like the torches of the Acherontic Charon, prowling through Hades on the bows of his sullen bark. There was something in the pictured alcoves of these sepulchres, which relieved and soothed the mind in its serious reflections among these narrow cells, and spread around a certain calm repose which disrobed *death* of half his gloomy terrific aspect.

After having looked through many of the remaining tombs, which differed somewhat in *plan*, and oftentimes in the character of their intaglios and paintings, we sat quietly down under the gate of the tomb of Phath-se-Phath, where we were well shielded from the oppressive heat of the sun, and sufficiently hungered to enjoy the lunch which had been prepared by Achmet. This familiar repast in the mouth of a monarch's grave—this commonplacing of royal and sacred cenotaphs—this feeding of mortality in the very face of *death*, is but a sad reflection on the base purposes to which our most ambitious projects may be reduced, and of those striking contrasts which intrude themselves upon the hours of a traveller's repose. There we sat, feasting in reason, where a soul had

flown; and cracked a joke or gobbled a glass to the memory of the great Phath-se-Phath, who was immortalized in stone. Seated upon broken pieces of the wall, with our napkins spread upon the tablets of intagliated sculptures, we dined upon chickens and *pilau*, whilst bats flew above us, and the servants of our party kept the donkeys from kicking over the provisions, or too rudely disturbing the sleepers with their discordant braying. Having concluded our meal, and seen all the most remarkable among the tombs, we rode from the Catacombs to the upper end of the valley, where we commenced an ascent over the face of the hills. Here keeping along the edge of the mountain, in a southwest direction, we continued our journey under the hottest day of our experience, and crossed entirely over the chain with a view to descend towards *Medeenet Haboo*.

THE TEMPLE RUINS.

———"Th' Historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust."

PALACE OF HABOO.

The introduction to the grand temple of Medeenet Haboo, is through the two erect pillars of a fallen gateway, which still form part of a series of colonnades, gateways, pila and courts, now remaining from the ruins of a small adjoining temple. Beyond the latter, and connected at the wall, extended the vast proportions of that grander temple of *Haboo*, which still evidences the powerful and wonderful skill of the architects of the "Memnonium and Karnac. It was a laborious task for us to trace out the outlines of its former grandeur among the piles of rubbish, broken columes, entablatures, and friezes which oppressed the earth with their supernatural weights; and we pass

over a minute description of this *palace* and *temple* united, which in the beauty of the sculptures, the sweep of their avenues of colonnades, masses of structure and architectural adornments, equal, if not surpass in finish, the more majestic grace and better preserved Hall of Karnac. We were struck with the unusual depths of the intaglios in the temple walls, where the hieroglyphics were sunk to a level of extraordinary labor; and stood for hours examining the battle scenes on the northern side, where all the heroic achievements of the founder were boldly relieved in the solid stone. There was a truly Homeric resemblance in these scenes, and the spirit of the ancient chivalry stood there portrayed in the company of the victorious Sennacherib, and in contemporaneous dignity with the great Sesostris. We did not fully understand their various symbolic meanings, but they were too plainly set not to be "read by him who runs."

The chief attractions in this temple-palace are the elegant apartments of the king, which are distributed on either side of the lodges that are placed at the entrance adjoining the smaller temple. After passing through these gateways, the pyramidical towers of the palace-kiosk are seen on each side of the dromos; and the inner chambers are engraved with scenes descriptive of the private amusements and occupations of the king, which give peculiar interest to this edifice. It is

here that the monarch is seen employed at a game of checkers, which are indicated by the equal size of the men, differing only in the colors of the opposite sides. He is surrounded by his courtiers, and is alone seated on a *deewan*, while they stand in his presence, as is the custom at present in the East. The ornaments of the walls in front, which are sculptured in rich intaglios of captive victims; the rich bases of relieved figures, and the grotesque caryatides of barbarian nations, which support the heavy balcony of one wing, together with the long ranges of shields which run in line with the friezes, to form the turret of the palace, lent to this sacred castle the peculiar features of the mediæval Gothic; and, in my mind, transferred to the Egyptian order some points of architecture which I had hitherto attributed to the middle ages of invention. This thought struck me more forcibly in the tombs or caves of Silsilis, where the union of three stems of the flowery papyrus or lotus, in the columns of bell capitals, suggested the rough buddings or beginnings of the graceful triple pillar of Gothic, as its development was perfected in the formation of the springing or arched roof. Such an origin for the Gothic, would claim for it a birth no less beautiful than the acanthus and basket types of the florid Corinthian.

From this palacial ruin, we passed up an avenue two hundred and sixty feet to the gate of the main tem-

ple. Two huge towers of propylon stand over the gateway to this edifice, and both are richly sculptured in panegyric of the monarch. "Conquest, vengeance, laudation, glory, honor, and power, be unto the king for ever!" is the high praise inscribed upon these lofty piles.

Having entered within the gate, we stood in the presence of fifteen Osiride columns, swelling into bell capitals under the entablatures, and were struck with the enormous size and depth of the hieroglyphics. The sculptures around still emblem forth scenes of captivity, dominion and majesty, and pompous expressions of praise.

The next great court, the most magnificent in Egypt, measures 133 feet in length, by 123 in breadth, and is 40 feet in height. It is inclosed by an interior peristyle. Eight Osiride columns, i. e., pillars with Osiris caryatides, support to the west and east, and on the north; and within this external rank of strength runs an elegant corridor of circular columns, the grandest and most imposing scene in all that rich profusion of architectural wonder. These, with their massive forms and well-preserved colors, which are still seen brilliantly enamelling the leaves of their capitals, and their finished, unique sculptures, present a circle of twenty-four feet diameter, of beauty, majesty, and

grace, that is unequalled even in this region, and unsurpassed in the world.

How insignificant appear those attenuated columns once placed within this area by the Christian zealots! and how strangely blind, misguided and intemperate bigots have always proved. The mad attempts of the persecuted to deface these monuments, and to cover their images with plaster, have unwittingly proved a shield against their destruction, and conserved the beauty of their paintings and the delicate finish of their outlines, for the admiration and thanks of the dispassionate, enthusiastic, devoted, and intelligent student of the monuments and arts of the Egyptians.

The remaining scenes within these magnificent ruins refer chiefly to the coronation of Remeses, the Hero of HABOO. On the easterly wall there is a depiction of a procession, which, from its mixed character, reminded us of the retinue of the present Sultan of Turkey at the feast of the *Corbaam-Bairam*, connecting with it the most holy pageants of the Romish festivals of some canonized saint, and associating what was new and strange with the sacrificial rites of the worshippers of Moloch and Baal. That representation showed at once the king, attended by his household officers, scribes, sons, fanbearers, and troops; the damsels going before, and the minstrels and musicians following with drums, fifes, and tambourines; again, he

moves on where the enshrined deity is borne aloft in the palanquin, on the shoulders of the priests; and within that crowd of hierophants, standards, images, and emblems, he is present at the sacrifice of unblemished bulls; then we follow him on, through the conclusion of this sculptured drama, until the high honors of that day are summed up in the coronation.

The rites and ceremonials of the heathen have changed little from their traditional types. The orgies of paganism were ever the same in the character and structure of their inhumanities and mysteries; and wherever superstition still lingers to enslave the minds of a nation, there is but one talisman to detect their iniquities and crimes; and there is but one *God*, whose favor once withdrawn from a people, his frown clouds the intelligence of the wisest of earth, and leaves the mysteries of Egyptian darkness no less inexplicable, wrapped in the lore of ages, than the sacrifices of the Brahmins of India, or the unnatural practices and superstitions of self-sufficient Christians.

Next in succession are the battle-scenes, which are depicted on the west of the great court. Here the king himself appears in the front of battle, in hot pursuit of flying enemies and routed chariots; and the story is continued along the wall, where the captives are brought into the royal presence. Around are heaps of trophies, and numberless hands, tongues, and

legs are sprinkled about the field—terrible mementoes of the fierce contest of war, which are gathered and brought as votive offerings to appease the gods. After the victory, the triumphal procession follows in quick succession, and bands of prisoners are led along, followed by the royal troops and allies. Then the series of this wall is closed by the usual offerings to the gods, where the king in person sacrifices to Amun-re, Maut, and Khonso—the Tritheoi of the Theban triad.

Again, there are representations on the north wall, and other battles of severer strife and more deadly conflict are depicted. Chariots are overtured; the strife becomes general. More tongues and legs fly in the wild confusion about the camp; parties are driven to the ditch; the melée is hot, the fortunes of the day uncertain. Now the crisis hangs on some skilful manœuvre—suddenly the enemy is routed, and scampers over the plain pell-mell. Then the heads of *chevaux-de-frise*, i. e., encircled with long radiating points, show their endangered lives in the rigid representation of streaming hair. Terrible disaster is occasioned by those who fall into the hands of the avenging conqueror. Now he pushes on to the shore; the enemy take to their ships, are driven on board, attacked—their vessels are surrounded. The pursuit is still maintained; they are boarded, and one of the galleys is upset; then the tumbling overboard of their own

troops spreads horror and consternation among the rest. The battle is gained; the triumph follows; the victorious army rejoices; the king distributes presents among his officers and troops, and the scene closes with pageants and sacrifices.

Such are some among the many sculptures of the temple of Haboo; and but the hundredth part of the elaborated work in painting and sculpture, which illustrates on the walls, the life, conquests, triumphs, murders, and ambition of kings.

After having examined some of the immense slabs of stones which compose the roof of the main temple, and sought to investigate the traces of the sculptures on the inner walls of the sanctuary—an attempt which proved fruitless, both on account of the dilapidated and mouldy state of the walls, the obscurity caused by the smoke of previous visitors, and the insufficiency of our own torches—we gave up in despair, and returning to the postern of the ruined gateway in front, untied our horses, and started again across the plain in the direction of the Remesium.

After having ridden over mounds of sand and in sight of numerous ruins which were scattered about the plain, and occasionally refreshed our sight by the fresh verdure of the beautiful fields of *kharwah*, or castor bean, and the cotton plant, which here and there relieved our course along this desert of desola-

tion; now clearing the debris of columns and the remains of sphinxes and colossi, which indicate the supposed direction of the ancient "royal street;" we came at length to a halt under the walls of the palace, and dismounted beneath the roof of the ruined Memnonium.

THE PALACE OF MEMNON.

The minute description of the wonderful Tomb of Osymandyas, which has been left us by Diodorus, and the perfect parallel which it sustains with the ground plan of the present Memnonium, leaves little doubt that in its original structure, the architectural beauty, stupendous magnitude, and rich sculptures of the Remesium, must have surpassed all the other palaces of Thebes.

What a spectacle of ruined majesty is now presented on that deserted waste! How awful is the contemplation of these fallen columns, scattered monoliths, gigantic fragments, and overthrown propyla, which lie tempest-tossed as it were, like wrecks upon the upheaved gulfs of sand! If that scene of desolation so overwhelms the sight with sentiments of keenest sympathy and most poignant grief, what must have been the high enthusiasm of the mind, when, marshalled in all the beautiful order of its perfect proportions and graceful

columns, the eye swept down colonnades of massive structure resting upon pillars in the form of human beings, and running through the magnificent pile, dilating with wonder and pleasure in contemplating the gorgeous depictions on the illustrated walls. Even now, we behold the evidence of its ancient grandeur in the traces of the dromos of sphinxes which stood before its gates. The debris of its towering propyla strew the earth in front like slidden avalanches. The shivered members of the colossal statue of the king, encumbered the court with monstrous ruin; a hundred tons of giant fragments bespeak its Herculean proportions, and within the courts and inner corridor, four more huge seated monsters pile "Pelion on Ossa." The very power which was brought to the destruction of these statues is appalling, and more to be wondered at than the colossal images themselves. Again, our admiration was increased by the remains of the former hypœthral court, and those immense outside caryatides which run with the encircling peristyle round in support of the inclosed area. Passing without the hall, we stopped to admire the sculptured walls, where the battles of the king, the triumphs of his reign, and the sacrifices of the priests, are depicted with a truly Homeric force. The illustrations of this palace much resembled those on the walls of Medeenet Haboo. We passed through the remains of the portico, and

rested awhile in repose under the lines of columns which terminate the ruins towards the mountains.

How imposing must have been the effect of this elegant palace in the days of its perfected form; when the avenue of sphinxes was unbroken, and the propylaon arose on propylon; when these courts were encircled by massive columns, and the roof sustained by the images of men! Then the sweeping stairs led from court to hall, and the triple porches followed from anti-court to palace. Then these statues of gigantic structure rose before the palace fronts, and the grand colossus in the advance towered above pillar and wall, and rising in the majesty of repose, stood calmly fronting the avenue of sphinxes which led from the opposite Karnac, and by another dromos to Medeenet Haboo.

In the vicinity of this ruin, we entered under a series of arched brick caverns, which have given rise to the surmise as to whether they were sepulchres, or the relics of former Christian convents. About the neighborhood of the Remesium, were many other fragments of colossal figures scattered over the plain, or partially embedded under the heaps of sand.

It was quite late in the afternoon when we left these stupendous monuments to return to our bark at the river side. Scouring across the plain in the direction of the vessel, we passed in sight of the celebrated "*colossi*," one of which was known as the Vocal

Memnon, from the emission of sound at sunrise. Near these there is another huge statue, which lies half covered over by the slime of the diluvial deposits of the Nile. Before we arrived at the shore, we were overtaken by a furious gale, which blew so violently from the land, as to endanger our bark, and oblige us to recross the river in order to obtain a safer harbor at "Il Luxor." We were greeted on landing by the boats which had started with us at Assuan, and laid up that night under the wall of the old Roman quay in company with the boats of our English friends.

VISIT TO EL KOORNEH.

"Hal writes a book, t' acquaint posterity
With 's birthplace, name, and Bachelor's degree;
The book is read, forgot,—so sinks Hal's fame,
He lives unknown, and dies without a name.
Not so the Egyptian *Tyro:* he preferred
His *cartouche* with his bones should be interred;
Let silence speak his praise,—the shrewd old Mum.ny,
And won the honors all by playing *Dummy*."

On a delightful morning in the month of the Egyptian February, we found ourselves, for the second time, on the west side of the Nile. , After an early breakfast, (our dragoman having laid in a good stock of provisions for the journey,) we started in the direction of the village of Kasr é Rubayk, to visit the ruins of the temple of Old Koorneh. It was quite hot even before we reached the base of these ruins, and after having stumbled over a few broken sphinxes which are scattered about the neighborhood, we were happy to secure the shelter of the walls, and to rest ourselves under the roof of the interior. Although completely in ruins, we

still found much to interest us in the inner chambers, where the hieroglyphics were traced in very delicate outlines, and depicted scenes which were somewhat illustrative of the honors paid by the kings to the gods, as well as the reciprocal favors conferred by the immortals on their favorites. As far as these sculptures are concerned, we must confess ignorance as to their meanings, and we relied confidently on our guide's statement, that this temple had been built by Osiris, who is generally known as Remeses II., in honor of Amunre (Jupiter), and was completed by Sesostris. These intaglios were ocularly more pleasing than others which we had seen, and either represented offerings to the gods, or treated of the most remarkable events in the king's reign. By these sculptures alone, we are enabled to obtain a better knowledge of the earliest periods of Egyptian history, embracing dates long prior to the records of any other nation—than has been gathered of the early histories of France and England, previous to Charlemagne and Alfred.

A few lotus columns, and some immense blocks of stone, together with the relics of a few chambers, were all that now remained of the temple of Goorneh, which was originally dedicated by the greatest of kings, Remeses, to the greatest of deities, Jove. We passed thence to

THE TOMBS OF THE ASSASEETS.

The entire range of the Libyan mountains, which run about two miles back from the river, and maintain a course parallel to the Nile, is full of excavations in tombs, and is occupied by the Necropolis of Thebes. The abrupt face of the mountain is dug out in galleries and chambers, and these receptacles for the dead, which are many of them ornamented with highly interesting scenes of the occupations and trades of their day, whether originally intended as habitations, or subsequently occupied as sepulchres, afford to the Arabs—the fellahs of the present—a lodge and a dwelling, which are now as completely adapted to the living, as the paintings, intaglios, and hieroglyphics of their interiors are faithful to depict an epitome of ancient human life. What a fearful mixture have we here of the living and the dead! That dead city offers a contrast as mournfully striking, as that strong antithesis which Egypt herself presents of desolate ruins and desert plains, encroached upon by the luxuriant fields and the fertilizing waters of the Nile.

These catacombs, which are generally highly ornamented with representations of all the manners and customs of their age, and contain depictions of all the arts and sciences of the nation, cause one to wonder at the glory and importance of a people, whose written

histories, if such ever existed, have perished from the earth, and whose memories can alone be traced in the magnificence and luxury of their tombs.

Those of the Assaseef, to which we next directed our attention, surpassed the royal sepulchres in the elaboration of their sculptures and details. We jumped down into the hollow of a square pit, which had been excavated by the Turkish soldiers in order to obtain lime at the expense of antiquity, and approaching towards the entrance of what seemed a part temple and part tomb, passed under a peristyle of columns, in order to descend into the tomb of Petamunap. This individual, from the fact that his name occurs also on the main granite gateway, which stood before the temple of Medeenet Haboo, must have been a person of great wealth and of considerable influence. Now we know to what a state of elegance and luxury the Egyptians had attained at this period, both by the paintings in the royal tombs, and also by the state of the arts and sciences, as they are represented in the smaller private tombs. We also learn from Herodotus, that in the reign of Remeses, the glory and prosperity of the people had attained its greatest height. Petamunap, it seems, was a priest of the highest rank; and of course, he who possessed authority from prescription, could never have failed to have accumulated that amount of wealth, which was ever sanctioned by cus-

tom as the divine *right* of these ancient hierophants. We were not surprised, therefore, to see so great a display in the tomb of one whose ambition was honorable in his lifetime, when it was extremely fashionable to contemplate the horoscope of one's tomb. His whole life was devoted to the decoration of his grave, and as other people paid the principal expense, we must thank him sincerely for the interest which he left posthumous, to accumulate for our enjoyment. This tomb was far more extensive than those in the Gates of the Kings. We found the sepulchre of one who had fulfilled such important functions, extremely rich and interesting. We were bewildered in its lengthy labyrinths, and astonished at the sight of so much detail of sculpture and so confused a medley of painted designs, minute intaglios, cleverly cut cartouches, and mysterious symbols. Indeed, we were wearied by the excessive minutiæ of the ornaments. By our faint candle-light, we had little satisfaction in wandering through 800 feet of demi-obscurity, and *far* from understanding any thing more than the colors of the walls and ceilings, we had not even the pleasure of an intelligent chiara-oscuro. In these 2300 superficial feet of sepulchre and mummy dust, we could barely decipher some grotesque little manikin divinities which stood in the niches of the wall, among which was a very appropriate image of Justice, blindfold. We like to have

lost our way among the three deviations, or passages, which occur in this tomb, where we saw very little but darkness, and were enlivened only by *bats;* for the barbarian Arabs had destroyed and mutilated both intaglios and statues, and the smoking torches of previous travellers had so obscured most of the paintings, that it was difficult to distinguish black from blue. So we retired hastily from that pit, almost suffocated by the abominable fetor of the tomb, and were glad to escape once more into sunlight and sand; in the recovery from our stultification and surprise to find that we had merely broken a hole in the wall, as it were, had looked in and beheld the abominations, and had now come out to adopt the conclusion of Matthews over Vesuvius—that he had looked down in the crater, and found "that there was nothing in it after all!"

After peering cautiously into the mouths of several others of these porticoed caverns, to admire the beauty of their buff, red, and blue colors, we rode on over the sand-hills and sepulchres, until we reached the extreme northern limit of the Necropolis, and dismounted, to sit down beside the solitary granite gateway, which alone remains of the once magnificent temple of the "Dayr el Bahree." It was also called the "Northern Convent," from its former occupation by Christians, who fled to these ruins and to the caves of the mountains for refuge and the secret exercise of their wor-

ship. A granite wall, some interesting tablets, the remains of an avenue of sphinxes, an obelisk, and some vaulted chambers, are the only remains of this celebrated temple, which now slumbers under mounds of brick, pottery, and rock. The hard and polished surface of the granite pillars which stood before us, became an object of admiration, as the powerful sun of noon threw the clear sharp angles of the hieroglyphics and cartouches in high relief. A short distance from the gateway we crawled over the ruins, in order to enter under the archway, which is still preserved. We were struck with the excellent state of the colored stucco, which covered the walls and ceilings. This domed passage formerly possessed considerable interest from its supposed connection, underground, with the tombs of the Valley of the Kings; a theory which subsequent discoveries have overthrown. We returned to the gateway to find our dinner prepared by the servants. There, seated with our table spread over blocks of sculptured ciphers, with the remains of temples for our thrones, and the names of kings for our footstool, we remained to dine. The column-cast shadows of the postern, thrown over fallen blocks and fragments, shaded us from the sultry heats of the sun, and sheltered our seclusion while we consumed our viands, and ruminated in solemn thought from that headland of venerable antiquity, whence we could

overlook the wrecks of ruined temples and survey the whole Necropolis at our feet.

PRIVATE TOMBS.

Following the direction of Achmet, our guide, whose experience as the disciple of Casteleari placed his ability to perform the duty beyond the suspicion of a doubt, we continued our wanderings towards the private tombs. We entered several of these catacombs, which are still occupied by the inhabitants of the Thebaid, but confined our attention to two only, which are known and designated as Nos. 35 and 16. These tombs contain many representations of scenes of domestic life and manners, are especially valuable in making us more intimate with the usages of the ancients, and display an elegance of decoration and a perfection of painting which has caused them to be singled out from among all the other excavations in the mountain. Their use by the people, and their abuse by barbarous antiquity and mummy-mongers, cause the traveller to lament over the injury and spoliation they have sustained, and induce one to leave with a feeling of dissatisfaction and disappointment; which is sure to be kindled into an ebullition of wrath by the cries of the fellahs for *backsheesh* to pay for the visit, when one is strongly tempted to a discharge of fire-

arms on the impudent, beggarly race. We hurried out to terminate our wanderings among the dead, and sought relief and restoration in the mansions of the living.

All honor be to Mustaphia, the Coptic lady of the valley of Assaseef; and all comely praise for her d'hourra white bread, and for the solid comforts which she provides for her fellow Christians' wants. With what keenness of appetite the mummy virtuoso escapes from the infected air of a concentrated putrefaction, to enjoy an *olla* of scrambled eggs over the kitchen of this Theban spinster. Such are the easy steps from the sublime to the ridiculous in travel.

We were kindly received by this genial old Arab, and entertained with milk and a fine wheat loaf, while our dragoman made purchases of eggs and chickens. The good-natured old soul had an obesity of body which was the very antipodes of the usual lankness of her compatriot Thebans; and her portly dimensions spoke well of the happy influence of Christianity and good living in this land of abundance and fine climates. We inspected every department of her household, and were led by her into the poultry and stable yards. The house was better kept than those of the

common fellahs, was surrounded by a high wall of unbaked brick, and had, besides a second story, certain mud-vessels of extraordinary size in the court-yard, which served for granaries and deposits for her manufactured bread. Having ordered one hundred fresh loaves, and twice as many eggs, we took leave of our hostess, and bid adieu for ever to the renowned Mustaphia, the clever and well-known *bakeress* of Thebes. Passing out from her residence, we paid a visit to a Greek who lived near, and exercised the trade of merchant of antiques and mummies. As it was quite late in the winter and hot for the season, his stock of scarabæi and fresh mummies had been nearly exhausted, and only three of the latter remained, to be displayed in all the beauty of the ancient art of embalming. Perfect as these were, and doubtless genuine, we could never get over our distrust about the authenticity of these picturesque *graveries;* for ever since the hoax of the manufactured mummy, which was gotten up at Syene, I never could look upon this article without thinking of the Johnny, who, having purchased a specimen from an Arab, travelled in its company until it bred a pestilence in his vessel. He then found to his sorrow, that he had freighted a corpse, which had been swaddled in pitch, and painted with emblems so exactly in imitation of an ancient Egyptian, that he never discovered the vile trick

which had been played upon him, until the casing was opened, and the hoax was disclosed. Our suspicions were by no means lulled when we passed outside of the door, for against the house there stood twenty or more shrivelled-up effigies ready for embalming, or for the illustration of science and art.

This had been the occupation of the Greek for years, yet by no means exclusive; uninteresting as it appeared, he had found a rival in an Arab, who was very clever in constructing sphinxes, or images, and could imitate any animal from a mummy to a beetle.

Having finished our purchases we rode off again, and descending into the valley, crossed the plain in the direction of the Remesium. We drew up awhile, once more to admire the grand ruins of the Memnonium, and to study out its plan and proportions. Again we observed the battle scenes on the towers, and revived those wonderful depictions, so elaborate, so truly *Homeric*, that they would have served alone to recall the events of the Trojan war; then looking again upon the colossal fragments of the king, we hastened from the spot in order to get a good view of the "Colossi" before sunset.

THE SITTING STATUES.

"Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi memnone chordæ."—*Juv. Sat.* xv. v. 5.

We salute thee, Shama and Tama, ye mighty shades of Amunoph; and thou in chief, oh! Salamat, of the Arabs, whom the Greeks called the "Vocal Memnon." Thirty-two centuries have rolled over your heads, and the course of empire has swept about your base, and ye still remain motionless and composed, like giant oaks, the growth of centuries, unshaken by the tempest, to establish the ancient landmarks of the renowned and splendid "Thebes." No one can look upon these two "Colossi" of the plain without emotions of intense wonder and feelings of profoundest awe. They are the grandest monuments of the glory of their reign, and their sitting posture is a happy emblem of the repose which that kingdom enjoyed, when, after a series of unrivalled conquests and the termination of successful wars, the monarch occupied the succeeding years of a

peaceful reign, in the paternal care of his extensive empire, embellishing his capital with monuments of art and grandeur, which remain the witnesses of the luxury and magnificence of that city, when "Thebes with her hundred gates" was exalted with her temples of all the gods, into the nobler title of the great Diospolis;—they have survived the epoch of the world's enlightenment, and are now the corroborating testimonies of the truth of that sacred volume which predicted the desolation, in the midst of which they now stand in naked solitude. How fearfully wonderful to have outlived the fiat and fall of prophecy! As they sit there yet in the same calm and peaceful repose, placed amid the wars of the elements and the ruins of empires which have vortexed around them, they are still grand and wonderful monsters of man's creation; and while they remain in solitary glory amid these frightful wrecks of time, they seem not unfit types of the Arch-demon and the Dragon who will be left alone in the desolation of eternity.

These two statues, which are sixty feet in height in their sitting posture, by eighteen feet in breadth across their backs, and about forty feet apart, impressed us more the longer we continued to observe. They are prominent objects from every point of the plain, and the high pinnacles for the sublimest thoughts

which can occupy the mind in every retrospect of Thebes.

They are extremely interesting from the aid which they lend in tracing out the line of the royal street, which extended from them as they stood in the direction of the propyla of the Memnonium, and reached by the connection of a ferry, or bridge of boats, to the temples of Karnac, which were on the opposite side of the Nile.

The fable of the mysterious sounds which issued from the Vocal Memnon, has been satisfactorily explained by the peculiar brazen tones which are emitted when the lap-stone is struck by a hammer. The discovery of similar statues in India, with cavities in which to secrete the priests, accounts clearly for the tricks of these impostors, and for the legendary voice which was reported to have issued from the statue at sunrise, when the first ray of the morning sun fell upon the lips of the Colossus Memnon.

We soon left the statues behind us, and having escaped from the shepherds, and their flocks which were feeding on the plain, we made our way on board the cangiah, and crossed over the Nile that evening, to lay up at the port of "Il Luxor."

RIDE TO KARNAC BY MOONLIGHT.

How gloriously the moon poured down her richest beams to illuminate the massive columns, towers, obelisks and statues of the palacial temple of Sesostris, on the night of our return to Luxor. Halting awhile before the figures of the colossal kings, whose sculptured faces shone almost with intelligence beneath that lamp of beauty, after a brief survey we spurred our donkeys, and were off for Karnac. Away we rode over the silvered plains of waving halfeh grass, and urged our animals at topmost speed, so eager were we to revel among the shades of departed grandeur.

Now dashed we down through the ranks of colossal sphinxes, whose proportions appeared grandly enlarged under that magic moonlight, and seemed like mighty couching lions, with silver manes, guarding the approach of the noblest avenue in the world. Suddenly we stopped under the lofty gateway of the Ptolemaic towers, and as we stood beneath, shielded from fair Diana's potent ray, these portals loomed majestically up like flood-gates for the streaming moonlight; and the pylæ themselves, bearing their forms like the gnomon of a dial, cast the broad shadows of the past upon the face of the sleeping earth.

How vividly that lunar glory animates the forms of a second row of sphinxes beyond, while the light

from the ethereal gushing fountain falls upon the massive corridors behind, whose majestic columns glow beneath it like the golden tubes of a cathedral organ. What high enthusiasm is kindled at this sight! How eagerly we sought the temples of Karnac beyond, and what emotions seized the soul as the obelisk was first discovered, projecting its airy form towards heaven, like an illumined watchtower in that immense sea of desolation and ruins, stretching far away in front. Who is not spell-bound by the mysterious influence of such a scene of departed greatness and fallen power; and at such an hour? The imagination is appalled by the overwhelming reality,—astonished to find its grandest conceptions outdone. The conflict of rapid and mingled feelings, which were too great for utterance, compelled our lips to silence. We were confounded by the apparition of such stupendous and unlooked-for monuments. Wonder sat supreme over all the mind, concentrating thought to a single point—even as that bright moon ruled the widespread concave of the sky, attracting upward to her silver zone all the waking eyes of earth. All was grand, supernatural, and glorious, at that hour, among the ruins of prostrate Karnac! * * * *

There was a spell—a fascination of the sight—a charm of thought—a chain of woven fantasies and deep reflection—mingled with the melancholy of

contemplating that scene, which won us to the spot, and made it difficult to remove away. That influence was as mysterious as the mystic power of those pompous rituals of a forgotten hierarchy, that had enslaved the souls of millions within those temple walls, and whose strong arm had bound the victims of their superstition in the hopeless chains of their own sensual and abominable iniquity.

Intoxicated with delight, we returned from the scene, and taking our course along the plain, within the hour were again on board our cangiah, and in the arms of sleep, to refresh ourselves for an early ride in the morning.

RUINS OF KARNAC BY DAY.

Long before breakfast, we were off again to Karnac, and most of the second day was spent in a closer examination of the ruins of the temple, and in studying out the details of the palace and sanctuaries. We commenced from the tower of the propylon at the termination of the avenue of sphinxes. These images of couchant lions, which were about eighteen feet in length and twelve feet apart, studded the road with their mutilated forms, and fronted on each side of the bed of a canal about sixty feet wide. The gateway by which we entered through the ranks of these

sphinxes was built by Ptolemy Evergetes. It is on the sides of this tower that there is a depiction of the Jewish "Candlestick," and a procession of Hebrew prisoners, which evidently relate to the captivity of that nation, and their conquest under the reign of Shishak. Behind this pylon another dromos of Cryosphinxes led to the towers of the propylon of the temple of Remeses IV, which were subsequently completed by a succeeding Remeses VIII.

The principal entrance to the grand temple of No-Ammon, lies to the northwest, where, in the direction of the river, and in a direct line with the temples of the northern Dayr on the opposite bank of the Nile, a noble avenue of sphinxes indicated the course of the famous "royal street." Broken fragments of these monsters were strewn about the approach to the ruins, and led to the immense towers of the main propylon, before which were the relics of two enormous granite statues of a Pharaoh. An open court or area, 275 feet by 329, with covered corridors on each side, and a double line of columns in the middle, was closed by the walls of succeeding towers, and the remains of a small vestibule which adjoined the gates. Through this we passed into the Hypostyle Hall of the magnificent palace of Osiris. That splendid saloon, which was 170 feet by 329, was supported by twelve massive columns which stood sixty-six feet in height, (without including

pedestal or abacus,) with diameters of twelve feet; and these were accompanied by 122 pillars of less imposing dimensions, about forty feet in height and twenty-seven in circumference, which were distributed in rows of seven deep on each side of the centre aisle. Two large towers closed the inner extremity of this hall, and beyond these gates were formerly two obelisks of granite, one of which has fallen. Smaller propylæ succeed in the adjoining court; and in the area beyond were two huge obelisks, monoliths of over ninety feet in elevation, which were surrounded by a peristyle of Osiride pillars. Then passing between the ruins of two fallen pylæ into a smaller area, we came to the vestibule before the granite gateway of those towers which formed the façade of the "Court of the Sanctuary." The granite blocks of this "sacred edifice" were covered with some curious hieroglyphics; and by the side of some polygonal pillars in front, were two bases of granite, which are supposed to have been the supports of other obelisks. After this, the columnar edifice of Thothmes III. displays a singular architectural freak of reversed capitals and inverted cornices —an order of fancy which was akin to that symmetrophobia of the Egyptians, who sometimes disposed their columns by odd and even numbers, to prevent the effect of too great similarity in their peristylic edifices.

A small chamber, which is called the "Chamber of

the Kings," and a number of lesser halls and rooms, terminate the extent of these magnificent ruins. The wrecks of these masses of pylæ, chambers, halls, vestibules, obelisks, and statues, are inclosed within the circuit of a ruined wall, and the length of the line of desolation from the front of the first tower to the last hall in the rear, marks 1180 feet. The circumference of these ruins extends over one mile and a half, round a wall of twenty-five feet, which incloses within it a forest of majestic columns, an avalanche of stupendous masses, and an accumulation of extraordinary ruins, too venerably majestic in their destruction not to awaken sentiments of deepest sorrow, and too powerful in warning, not to arouse the mind to the solemn and mysterious lesson which they speak forth of the vanity of human greatness, or of the certain and immutable decrees of a jealous and avenging Providence.

Such are the relics of renowned Karnac. The whole mass in ruins presented many effective groups of architectural beauty; and as we looked down from the tops of the inner halls, we obtained the most striking views of the structure, proportion, and plan of the temple. Several monarchs contributed to the erection of this palace and temple. Osirtasen built the original sanctuary in sandstone; Amunoph I., the small chambers; Thothmes I. laid the small obelisks; Amuneitgori added the greater monoliths and the cham-

bers near the sanctuary; Thothmes II. the corresponding rooms of the sanctuary; Thothmes III. presents on the walls offerings of obelisks and staffs; and Osiris, the father of Remeses II., erected the "Great Hall" about 1380, B. C. Each succeeding monarch vied with his predecessor in improvement; and, to gratify their vanity, increased the magnificence of the temple by the luxury and magnitude of their gifts. Thus, each surpassed the other, until one, in the exultation of his pride, stamped the fiat of his supremacy in offerings, and wrote in deep letters on the wall: "I am Osymandias, King of Kings! If you wish to know how great I am, and where I lie—surpass my works!"

The temple of Jupiter, which was the most ancient of all the temples in this district, and which presents in its present destruction the most stupendous ruins in the world, was the principal and central edifice among all the sacred constructions of the city of No-Ammon. The minor temples were connected by avenues of sphinxes with this *chef d'œuvre*. The effect of this union of magnificent edifices of worship by these royal roads which led from their several propylæ, and swept from court to court, while obelisks rose before the sanctuaries, and intercolumnar halls for sacrifice filled up the succession of tower and intagliated wall, which were varied with tablets of rich bas-reliefs, must have been superlatively grand. We were occupied during

the entire day in the inspection of this temple, and just before sunset sat down to dine upon the western tower of the front propylon, and afterwards remained to watch the effects of sunset over the landscape before us and the scene beneath. The vast remains of the ruined Karnac formed the centre of our vision, and before us in that panorama were the extensive plains of the Ammonian nome, over which the sinking orb of day had cast a mantle of subdued but refreshing green. That verdant surface was broken only by the abrupt forms of massive blocks, which seemed like drift-wrecks on an emerald sea. On the opposite shore we viewed the Nile as it pursued its serpentine course through the whole district of the Theban nome, and beyond its banks, caught the last warm beams of sunlight as they touched the Libyan chain with golden tints. Along that expanse we marked the diminished forms of the Memnonium, and the ruins of Haboo; and between them both, the huge colossi of the plain, still prominent in the surrounding view.

While gazing with admiration on the rosy shadows of the departing day, tinging the landscape, and quivering on the surrounding lakes, as the light breeze rippled the surface of the waters, we had almost forgot to notice the approaching moon, as she ascended the horizon in oriental beauty, dispelled the twilight, and broke our reveries with bright and mystical effect

She lighted up again the tall majestic columns of the Banquet Hall of Osiris, and flooded the crumbling piles of the fallen walls with lucid sheen, that forced the shadows from the prostrate masses; while she threw her silver mantle over these mementoes of the ravages of time. How glorious is the moonlight at Karnac! Thrice beauteous is this gift of heaven, when Phœbus has driven his coursers to the sea, and Dian follows in his wake, to leave her silver tresses in the balmy dews that descend to fertilize the Thebaïd.

After we had descended from our elevated table, we were attracted by the lights of a strolling party to visit again the obelisks on the east. We found the company of Lady Cavanagh scattered in front of the Hall of Osiris, and while they moved about in admiration of the superb effects of the moonlight down the majestic corridor of the Banquet Hall within, the group presented a striking point, as their guides ran about us with their torches, and cast broad shadows from the stately forms of the Sheik of the district and their tall Nubian Reis, who had accompanied them to Karnac, and were then engaged in the care of the donkeys. Among them stood the animal of the crippled boy, and as he sat tied upon the back of his mule, he conversed animatedly with us respecting the foxes which had been seen about the ruins, and held his gun ready to discharge at the first sight of a stray Reynard. There

could scarcely be presented a more effective study for the painter, than that moonlight group of those straggling wanderers among the ruins of Karnac. Leaving this party to enjoy their visit, we took the direction of the avenue to Luxor, and hurried homeward to our bark on the Nile, to terminate at midnight our third gallop to the ruins.

Again by early day we started forth in search of game, for we had been attracted, yesterday, by the sight of some ducks on the ponds in the neighborhood of No-Ammon. We obtained a distant sight of a few stragglers on the water, and had crawled wearily up through the grass, and were aiming—to shoot, when, confound him, the tall form of the *Baron* bolted upright over the bank, while the ducks flew swiftly away; and no wonder they did, for he was frightful in aspect as an Ogre. We tried again to get shots at other birds, but the apparition of this Italian scarecrow always interfered with our sport; so we gave it up as a bad job, to hunt with a professor who had a propensity to examine his birds ornithologically before he was prepared to shoot; and whose short sight was so defective, that we have actually known him to shoot a tom-tit for an ibis, and fire at a pigeon with a rest almost on his tail.

Finding ourselves for the fourth time in the vicinity of Karnac, we stopped to examine a second avenue of

sphinxes, which I accidentally met with here. These were still more striking than those which guard the approach to the gates of Sihor. About the borders of the small horse-shoe lake or pond which is farthest from the temples, we observed many other interesting relics of antiquity; and near its banks some finely-shaped cryo-sphinxes in black granite. These statues, with the ram's head and lion's body, were in better preservation than any we had seen. As we passed beyond, we came across two huge colossi in limestone, and thence walked to the obelisk of Thothmes, to meet our *dèjeuner à là fourchet*, which had been forwarded to us from the cangiah by Achmet. Whilst at breakfast, we were surprised to find ourselves preceded by our English society, as our Reis informed us that Lady Cavanagh was far off from us, and was at that moment engaged in drawing the view of the palace Banquet Hall of Osiris, from the obelisk of Thothmes; which point affords the best idea of the magnificent and picturesque of these ruins. We were also visited by an Arab antiquity-monger, a fellow who is famous at Thebes for his imitation of scarabæi, images, cartouches, and sphinxes. In spite of his reputation, we found them to be gross deceptions, and so far from being clever copies of truth, they were bad caricatures. His sphinxes *sèjeant*, looked to us like toady bull-frogs; and his scarabæi were very like barn-yard tumble-

dugs. However, they were worth purchasing, if for no other reason than to show that the talent of imitation, among the common fellahs of the country, was no further advanced than was the state of art, in the depictions or echings of the human form among their ancestors in the tombs of the Assaseef; and they further proved, that there is as much *humbug* practised in antiquities and ruins abroad, as in pills and politics with us at home.

After breakfast, we occupied the forenoon in a close inspection of the sculptures on the *granite* sanctuary, where the hardness of the material rendered the stone susceptible of a more perfect polish, and the intaglios less obnoxious to injury from damage or time. Many of the profiles were extremely well cut, and the expression happy and well defined. The hieroglyphics were of an interesting character, and detailed much useful information respecting the history of the priests. The cartouches besides, gave a complete table of the succession of the royal families who were connected with the administration of this kingdom.

The high state of preservation of the colors, both on the sculptures and ceilings, as well as in *cavo* or relievo, was an object of our especial remark; and peculiarly interesting were the painted roofs in the intercolumnar edifice near the termination of this mass

of ruins, where the figures of birds and animals were very cleverly drawn and beautifully tinted.

That afternoon we took leave of Karnac, Il Lugsour, and Thebes. We were soon borne away by the rapid current of the Nile, beyond the site of the most interesting ruins in the world. In Medeenet Haboo, El Goorneh, Il Luxor, and Karnac—the four grand districts of the "Hundred-Gated Thebes"—are the mouldering relics of a city, the most splendid that was ever shone upon by the sun, and most worthy of the praises of Homeric verse. Those hundred gates have been traced in the prostrate towers of a few ruined propylæ. The Libyan chain encircled with its belt the cavern mouths of her vast Necropolis. Those tapering obelisks, which were monarchs' swords to cut their histories in fields of blood, are now the heavenward-towering tombstones over the grave of a dead empire. Those caves in the mountain which had been abandoned as dwellings, when the course of conquest and the increase of wealth and luxury caused them to be used as tombs, have now become again, in the strange workings of human destiny, alike the habitations of the wanderer, the reptile, and the beast. Luxury, pride, idolatry, and superstition, entailed ruin on the capital of Thebes, and invited the rapacious and warlike Persian Cambyses to revenge the injuries, and the stain left on his country in the conquests of Sesostris.

That ruin came like a desolating wind over the voluptuous and enervated citizens of Tapé; and war, with the fury of a demon charged with the vengeance of insulted majesty, swept over the temples, palaces, gates, monarchs, and priests of the haughty metropolis, and buried its name and memory in one huge, vast, dreary waste of oblivion and desolation.

What a magnificent requiem over the burial of an ancient world! Difficult indeed is it to tear one's self away from these sepulchres of human greatness, and wonderful is that fascination of ruins, which almost craze the intellect at their sight, whilst they must for ever humble the pride of man!

VOYAGE FROM THEBES.

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
* * * * * *
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back."

We had left the landing of Il Luxor without the Reis, who had failed to return as he had promised, and about midnight we stopped, as we had covenanted on our way up the Nile, three weeks previous, at the convent of Negadah, to take any letters which Father Samuel might wish to send to his mother. He had not heard from his family for ten years, and as we walked up the path leading to the wicket-gate of his dwelling in front, we could not but sympathize with the solitude of this recluse, who was so far removed from civilization and his home.

The household was disturbed by our approach.

The fierce dog on watch growled angrily as we knocked, and was only quieted by the steps of the servant, who opened and led our way to the upper apartments of the sleepers. We obtained our letters and a good cup of cogniac from this amiable friar, and snatching up the "New World," which was lying in the window, felt as if we had recognized a familiar friend, as we bore away in its contents Gliddon's Lectures on Egypt, to ornament the shelves of our library. All this was done while the Baron was fast asleep, and we conveyed to his surprise the news and felicitations of Samuel to his friend at breakfast the next morning, as we were passing Gôft.

We had a delightful Sunday to float from this port towards Keneh; the weather was exceedingly mild, and we amused our leisure by occasional walks on the banks, when we often scared up partridges from the bushes, and disturbed a hare, as we passed under the delightful shade-trees of the doum-palm. Quite late in the afternoon, we were forced by the opposing winds to moor our boat at the wharf of Torrah. We availed ourselves of the delay to pay a visit to the Howardgee Eizah, who lived here at his country-seat, where he exercised the vocations of the Arabic French Consul. This old Arab, though blind, was the finest specimen of the native gentleman we had met in Egypt. His courteous and amiable manners had won

for him the respect of all travellers, and the additional powers which he held, as the English Consul, obtained for him a feeling of reverence and affection almost tantamount to devotion with the fellahs. He also lived in a superior style to most of the inhabitants, and cultivated a farm which was extensive enough to be called a plantation. His house was far better planned than those in the city, and he entertained us with a conversation, carried on by our interpreters, which showed him to be a very intelligent person, and somewhat Christian in his ideas. We were quite glad to meet with so urbane and agreeable a man, after our seclusion among the boors of the river, and left that household sensibly impressed with the universality of good manners, where the civility is the enunciation of the virtues of the heart, as we passed down to

KENEH AND DENDERAH.

The town of Keneh, which is the entrepôt of the trade from Kosseir on the Dead Sea to Cairo, presented the usual bustling activity and gay life of a caravan depôt. Shortly after breakfast, Mr. L—— was dispatched on a donkey as a special messenger, to inform the apothecary of our arrival, as he had promised to accompany us on our return to the ruins of Denderah. He soon came back with the pharmacien, whom he

had found in his garden, occupied in planting cabbages, like another Cincinnatus.

Whilst at breakfast we were surprised to learn that the King of Naples had been forced to fly to Austria, and that his noble Swiss guards had refused to fire upon the citizens, stating, "that they were hired by the King to fight only against the *enemies* of the country." How eagerly we received these items of information, after so long an absence from Europe, and entire estrangement from journals! We could scarcely credit our informant upon the recital of such glorious news. How completely one feels the advantages of civilization and the value of intelligence, who has long been deprived of both letters and newspapers! How vast is the separation between the wanderer and the busy world, when he is suddenly transported by the advices of a nation's freedom, or gladdened at the report of a tyrant's overthrow! What would not a man dispense with, rather than *news*—that word, which in its component letters, N, E, W, S, embraces the agenda of a world, and sums up in the cardinal points the four quarters of the universe—the Alpha and Omega of all literary intelligence—and embraces the life, hopes, fears, loves, destiny, and death of mankind.

We were sorry to learn that Dr. Cuni, the resident physician of the government, was then absent with the Governor-General of the Indies on a visit to Thebes.

and had an additional item of regret in learning the sudden illness of Mehemet Ali, whom we had nearly begun to consider as our liege ruler, so long had we been sojourners in his realms.

Our friend, the apothecary, rendered us very opportune assistance in quelling an insubordination resulting from some misunderstanding of our newly appointed skipper, Hadji-Bab. The crew began to show signs of uneasiness under the responsibility of the new command, and the consequent ill-humor of a faction threatened a disturbance on board. By the aid of the apothecary, who acted as mediator, the difficulty was soon calmed, and Hadji-Bab was quieted by assuming the entire responsibility of the contemplated loss of the vessel, with an assurance that we would protect him both from the Reis, whose authority he had replaced, and from the vengeance of the Pacha, for his audacity, as a common sailor, in assuming a rank superior to his condition. It was now settled that even if the rascally Suleiman did not return, Hadji was to be chief mate of the cangiah. A quiet fee to the master, and *backsheesh* and mutton all round, satisfied the crew, and changed the grim features of a row into the cheerful aspect of a feast.

This matter was no sooner adjusted, than we were again called upon to treat the case of our cook. Mohammoud, the "*ship's doctor*," came to us with a most woful countenance, holding his hands tightly over the

region of his abdomen, as much as to signify that he had a terrible *gripe* in his stomach, and uttering a most plaintive whine as he doubled his body into a *bow* or *salaam,* crying out—"Howardgee! *ana me showish, moosh-ty-eb; wugga keteer, wugga mussareen,*" in the vulgar Arabic—"Master, me very sick in the stomach; I have much pain in the bowels." "Very well," said I, "another dose of castor oil." Then calling a consultation over the old man, we concluded that the symptoms were premonitory home-fever, and asked the apothecary to aid us in treating this new disease of the country. Having prescribed a strong dose of the *kharwah* oil, it suddenly struck us that the old fox was playing the 'possum; and that all the previous attacks of the cook were only preparatory practices in the comedy of his ills, which should enable him to get up an awful case of cholera when he should have returned back to Keneh, his home. Not wishing to be overreached by him in tactics, we prescribed, and saw him swallow another potion of the recinus; and sympathizing with the natural desire of the Arab to return to his family, we settled his account, and gave him an additional gratuity, as *backsheesh,* for his clever performance. Achmet, the dragoman, was immediately installed as cook, with an increase of wages. Mahmoud took an affectionate leave of his compeers, and

after having very reverently kissed our hands, departed to his city and his wigwam.

Shortly after having settled these matters, we crossed the Nile to Tentyra, or Denderah, leaving the boat in charge of the mate, with instructions to return again for us in the afternoon; the cangiah crossed to Keneh, and we mounted our donkeys, which had been sent over to meet us in the morning.

After riding about an hour through a jungle of halfeh grass, and by the beaten track of previous travellers, we came in sight of the main propylæ, which were detached at some distance from the ruins. On arriving at the entrance of the main temple, which was dedicated to Athor, the Egyptian Venus, we found that the dromos had been inclosed by a tall fence, and the entire form of this edifice so cleared from rubbish and mounds of sand, as to leave every part of the building exposed. We were struck by the sight of what seemed to us the most elegant and interesting of the temples on the Nile, and entered to examine the interior of a structure which gave us the best idea of the plan and general aspect of an ancient Egytian sanctuary.

Great credit is due to the persevering efforts of the French physicians of this district, for their endeavors to second the orders of Mehemet Ali respecting the ruins. The influence which they exerted on the Pa-

cha, together with the solicitations of several intelligent and devoted European savans, had induced the Viceroy to issue that decree, which ordered the employment of all the necessary aid that was requisite to free this temple from obstructions.

On the middle of the cornice over the granite gateway, were the usual symbols of the *winged* globe and serpent, which were emblematic of the *sun*, as it was regulated in its course and suspension in space, by the power of "eternal *wisdom*," the *serpent*. The whole external and internal walls were profusely covered with hieroglyphics. Under the doorway, we also noticed the sign of the *sacred tau*, the Key of the Nile, as it is termed, from its shape of the *ring* over a *cross*, which was indicative of the gift of life and immortality to those who received it, or, concisely, the mark of "Divinity." The pronaos itself was very beautiful, and in front was supported by graceful pillars of the Isis quadrifrons, while the columns on both sides of the aisle, which led into the adytum, were covered with richly cut devices, and ornamented with figures of the globe, serpent, and hawk-winged monsters. Three rows of profusely decorated Isis-formed pillars supported the roof, which was divided by the ranks of the collateral sides into six compartments. On the ceiling of this pronaos the Zodiacal signs are depicted, which gave rise to so much discussion about the astronomical

knowledge of the Egyptians. Recent discoveries have proved these temples to have been of a later period; and the signets of the Roman Cæsars which have been found upon the walls, show that these Zodiacs, far from being an evidence of the early philosophical researches of the most ancient of people, were merely ornaments from the Greek and Roman mythology.

The generally prevailing sculptures of this temple refer chiefly to Athor, the procreative principle, as the Mother of all the World, and every thing alive. Other intaglios narrate the loves of Isis and Osiris; and in many instances the imagination of the artist ranges beyond the limits of becoming delicacy. The main principles exhibited are those of motherly love, birth, creative power, and beauty. In one apartment there is a representation of the Evil Principle, under the form of Typhon, a most disgusting monster. But every where the smiling features of the benevolent and loving Isis prevail; and Athor, the type of feminine beauty, rules with Love over the interior of the temple, to show that these two attributes were ever worshipped from the earliest infancy of mankind.

There were also the remains of three other temples in the vicinity, all of which were visited; but they offer little which is attractive, save to the archæologist and ruin-monger.

From the prevalence of the names of the Roman

Emperors, these temples probably belong to the declining period of the Ptolemies. In this age Egyptian architecture had lost much of the massive proportions and noble simplicity of its ancient early structures, and an excess of meretricious ornament, the introduction of mixed principles, or orders of architecture, and the adoption of profuse elaboration, gave to the edifices of the Roman Emperors all the defects and false affectation of a corrupted style.

As they remain, the ruins of Tentyra present an effective picture of the entire plan of an ancient temple, and from its form, we can easily trace out the construction of more ancient buildings; and one derives unmingled pleasure and much valuable information from viewing these in their present state.

Denderah is best known among travellers for its chamber of the sacred ox, before which the Sepoys of Hindoostan prostrated themselves on the return from India. It is also noted for the presence of the zodiacal emblems on the roof of the main temple, and is recollected in the traditions of the country, as the seat of the ancient wars of the Tentyrites, whose enmity of the crocodile brought upon them the implacable hatred of the inhabitants of the Ombic nome, who worshipped these amphibii, and led to such atrocities in the course of these feuds, that in Juvenal's time, it is recorded of them, that, like cannibals, they celebrated

their respective victories by horrid banquets, in which were served up the quivering flesh of their butchered prisoners; for he writes in the Fifteenth Satire,

> "Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus
> Ardet adhuc Coptos et Tentyra.
>
> Immortal hatred and a deadly feud
> Consume the Ombic and Tentyric brood."

Even in the present beautiful restoration of these ruins, those of Denderah do not present those effective points of the picturesque, nor awaken such sublime emotions as are to be had among the fallen remains of Thebes.

We returned to the river very much pleased with this excursion, and having found our cangiah ready to sail, embarked, and crossed again to Keneh.

We immediately rode from the landing to the house of the apothecary, for dinner. Fernani, for that was the name of our friend, introduced us to his wife, who was a Greek of the "Isles," and in a few moments we were in the midst of his family, cosily chatting with Madame, and playing with their children. While we awaited the dinner, which we could watch in its preparation, from our window over the court, the ascending fumes of the ragouts, roasted in the open air over beds of burning charcoal, sharpened the appetite and

excited anticipations which the table did not disappoint. In a few moments we were sitting down intensely engaged in the discussion of pilaus, soups, roasted meats, confectioned dishes, kabots of minces, stewed dates and mutton, chiamacs and sweets—all which were agreeably relieved by foreign wines and native liqueurs. After the cloth had been removed, chiboucs and narguillées were brought in with the coffee; and then, in the spirit of the occasion, as we warmed with wine and the enthusiastic welcome of our host, conversation naturally taking a turn from the recital of the recent and stormy revolutions of Europe, our Italian fired with indignation at the name of "king," and both Baron and apothecary exploded in a feeling burst of national and patriotic songs. The Marseillais was sung with vehement and violent gesticulation; the old Baron struck his cane; the host drew an old rusty sword from the fireplace, as if to cut off the head of the King of Naples; the little children shouted in chorus; Madame herself became red republican in her face; the water-goolehs tumbled over in the weakness of their element; and one universal jumble of knives, forks, dishes, choruses, patriotism and smoke, emphasized the utterance of a dismal, awful, and long-seated hatred in, "*Al morti, il tyranno! il tyranno di Napoli!*" Night was made still more hideous by our commingled songs and mirth, until the climax of the enter-

tainment and the hour was summed up by a most brilliant fandango by Mr. L——. We then took leave of our hospitable Fernani, and descending down stairs into the court, stole out by the gate, where we were met by our donkeys and drivers, who guided us back to the river by the light of their lanterns.

That night we bid adieu to Keneh, and as we fell asleep, the cangiah floated out on the broad bosom of the Nile, and dropped down the stream with a motion of enchantment.

DOWN THE NILE FROM KENEH.

——— Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc. *Juv. Sat.*, xv. v. 2.

Our party rather fancied crocodiles.
Free Translation.

"His back with scaly coat confined,
Like mailéd knight of yore,
And such a length of tail behind
The slimy monster bore:—
With this he used to thresh his foes
And dust his jacket o'er."

THE anniversary of the birthday of Washington found us in the vicinity of Vishné. The coolness of the morning and evening airs reminded us of our approach to a more northern latitude. We now found *fewer* crocodiles. These animals have been much misrepresented as to their savage ferocity. We never had occasion to dread them on the Nile, and frequently bathed in the vicinity of the places where they resorted; and our boatmen daily jumped into the same spots whence

we had previously scared them up from their noonday siesta. Our sailors often raised a hue and cry about crocodiles, and while warning us of the "timpsah," they would treat it as a joke, and tumble into the stream to prove it so. Herodotus and other historians have spoken of the blindness of this animal in the water, and have related many tales about their attacks on the natives; but as far as we could learn from the resident physicians and our dragoman, we had reason to believe that the aborigines treated them very cavalierly, and were in the habit of approaching them when they were asleep, to catch the monster, whose flesh they esteemed a delicate article of food. Their chief force lies in the tail, which they use with sudden dexterity and great effect, and by which *tour de queue*, they have been known to jerk small animals into the stream.

In the evening of the 22d, we passed the ruins of ancient How, and about sunset stopped at the sugar manufactory of Farshoot.

We here visited Mr. Fox, the manager, and spent a delightful eventide with the families of the superintendent and the overseer, under the porch of the house which was occupied by the latter. This French and English family lived together in perfect harmony at the factory. Having conversed away the twilight, Mr. and Mrs. Fox joined us at dinner on board of our cangiah. It was amusing to witness the dinner scene

which was presented under the awning in the cabin, and to know the artful economy which we had to exercise in this entertainment of the Foxes and their little whelps. The Baron could do little of the honors, for they did not speak *French*. The dragoman had not the remotest idea, beyond his pilau, and was nonplussed by a course of soups, roast, omelets, and fruit. We alternated in the discharge of the duties and ceremony of the occasion; Mr. L—— assisted a moment, while his friend cooked a dish. Thus between cooking, serving, conversation and babies, the dinner passed off without any serious blunder or *faux pas*. Fortunately the babies were well-behaved, and for a happy and melodious termination of the feast, the littlest Fox began his evening cry at that moment when further delays might have caused an awkward pause. We put ourselves *out* to return the civilities which had been paid us on our voyage up, yet we have the most lively sentiments of regard for the Foxes whom we met at Farshoot.

At this point the news from Naples was confirmed. We left that evening, after having seen our guests cleverly home, and as the moon rose over the water, we passed by the tall chimney of the factory and continued to drift during the whole of the night.

Thus we floated downward, day by day, and even all night on our way back to Girgéh. Now we shot

at flocks of geese, and again amused ourselves with ball cartridges on crocodiles. The weather continued delightful, and the winds were rather from the south.

The next day we were passed by the cangiah of the English Consul General, Mr. Murray. This magnificent bark, which belonged to Ibrahim Pacha, was one of the grandest boats on the Nile, and flew past us like a bird, while we glanced rapidly at her huge lateen sail, and the stroke of her blue oars which fell over her azure side, as we stopped at the port of Bellanieh. Here we ranged through the market, which was held in an open lot under the shade of a palm grove. The usual animation of life was presented, amid a display of men and women who were trafficking in grains and breadstuffs, sugar-cane, onions, and trinkets. We left Bellanieh and would have passed Girgéh, but for a violent gale which overtook us, threatening shipwreck against the side of the Mount of Girgéh; so we put back and moored at the quay of the village proper, where we laid all night awaiting the subsiding of the hurricane. Soon after breakfast we visited the town, where after we had walked to the bazaars, we met Hassan, the dragoman of an English party, with whom we went to the Frank convent.

We spent some time listening to a conversation, which was chiefly interesting to the Baron, between

the Italian and Father Egidio. The old padre showed us the church which he had built, which adjoined his dwelling, and was painted in a good style of Arabesque. Afterwards we walked to the market-place outside the walls, where, as we were peering through the crowds of vehicles, camels, people, and cattle, which were assembled on the ground, we lighted upon the dragoman of Napoleon, who had caused us so much trouble on our way up at Tahta. Hadji Mahomet was a person of small stature, with long gray hair, and small gray eyes, which sparkled with vivacity and expression. He was then engaged in the exhibition of a puppet-show, at one para, or a pittance the sight; and in order to gratify our sense of the ridiculous, we took a look at what was supposed to represent the Chateau of Versailles. He gave us some information about the country; spoke in glorious terms of the Emperor, and confirmed all the former reports about him, that he was a poor, garrulous, and drunken sot.

Padre Egidio came down to the cangiah in the afternoon; and while at dinner, he observed that the course of the Nile had changed its direction very often during his residence at Girgéh; so much so, that he had been obliged to remove his church from the vicinity of the river, and reconstruct it at some point in the middle of the town. The whole shore evidenced the fearful destruction of its current, where

the ruins of houses which had been washed from their foundation, strewed the entire bank of the stream.

A boat-load of criminals, which was anchored at our stern, caused us to inquire as to their destination. He informed us that they were not all victims of the law, but that among them were four Secretaries, who had been pressed into the service of State. These scribes, from their ability to write, had become the especial object of the Pacha's jealousy, and they were seized by his officers, forced on board in common with villains of every grade and character, and, chained together by twos, were thus conveyed into the departments of the Government. Thus education, instead of becoming a protection, only led to impressment and a deprivation of liberty; and we were not surprised to learn that many intelligent youths would cut off their thumbs or feign ignorance, rather than be forced into a dreaded condition of miserable servitude. Such was one of the many despotic evidences of the tyrannical temper of the present iron-hearted monster, who ruled over the Egyptians.

Girgéh is also a good point for an excursion to Abydos. These ruins, which rank next to Thebes in interest, lie about four miles from this town. The palace-temple of Osiris, and a few minor relics, in ruins, still attest the fact of its former greatness, when

the claims to the body of Osiris were disputed between Abydos and Thebes.

The prevalence of a stern and furious norther obliged us to stop during the entire day following, at the village of "El Serratt." We amused ourselves on shore shooting at pigeons, whilst Achmet prepared a present of fine fat chickens.

This collection of huts presented nothing to interests us but a few desolated and white-walled sheik and maraboo tombs, and its beautiful site on a rich plain, which extended in front of the chain of Gebel Girgéh. As we had apprehensions about the character of the wild fellahs of this district, we crossed over for the night to the island opposite. While we were engaged in looking out for the cave of the Crocodile Mummies, the Reis Suleiman fell into an altercation with the ferocious Hadji-Bab, in his attempt to enforce strict guard. This having led to a quarrel, threatened much disturbance to our domestic peace, but the timely mediation of Mr. L—— dispelled the rising storm of battle, and the belligerent elements subsided to a calm. A pest on this stormy wind, which kept us another day in sight of "Serratt" and the crocodile pits of Mount Girgéh—for it was not until late in the day that we came into the district of Ehkmin. That afternoon we met a slave-boat, which was crowded with Nubians on their way to the Cairo market.

We overtook some of these blacks in our afternoon walk, who were detailed to drag their vessel along the banks. Some of the negroes having stolen a few stalks of d'hourra corn, were set upon by the inhabitants of the farm, and chased over the plain. The blacks in return, charged upon their pursuers, and having sent for fresh recruits from the barge, pressed in hot chase upon the native aggressors. A general melée ensued between the parties belligerent, and the crisis of the conflict became imminent under a shower of stones and dirt. Prisoners were taken by the chiefs of the village, and the leaders of the Moors. The discharge of a brickbat, flung by one of the villagers, caused a general dodging, and both parties then plunged pell-mell into the combat.

The overwhelming forces of the Ehkminites which were raised from the neighboring huts, together with the assistance of their amazon women, led to the capture of the captain of the slaver. Fortunately, however, at this moment, while he was held in inglorious captivity, surrounded by the Sheiks of the *bellet* in consultation, gazed upon by groups of women with flashing eyes and threatening visage, and the object of the contumacy of their little naked *raggouls;* the sudden apparition of a *Yankee* in pantaloons, with a hat, uttering on high the august name of *Ibrahim Pacha*, with the flourish of the Firman, caused a tu-

multuous scamper in the camp, and a complete rout of the warriors; of course, a cessation of all further hostilities followed, except the wrathful volleys of abuse which burst from the ladies, quite drowning the warm thanks of the liberated blackey.

This difficulty adjusted, we continued our promenade to the town.

Ehkmin, a place of about fifteen thousand inhabitants, contains a fine bazaar and a convent of the Propaganda. This place had been recently disturbed, and the faith of the church had been greatly shaken, by the imprudent conduct of the Father of the "Monks' Mission." In his excessive zeal to propagand the Copts, our missionary had forgotten the first precepts of his religion; and over eager to indulge that militant spirit, which better became the crusading bishops of the middle ages, he had gone so far, in the heat of controversy, as to open his wicket, and discharge a pistol at the crowd of his persecutors who were insulting him in his yard. Strange to state, no further notice was taken of the matter. The Arabs looked silently on, thinking it no concern of theirs, and the missionary still lives, admired for his spirit, and envied by his brothers, for the reason that he had got the advantage of them in pointing the first *canon* against the strongholds of Infidelity. Of course, the affair reached Rome, and the bold prophet was saved from the bow-strings of the

Mussulmen, to be more spiritually suspended under the gallows of the Inquisition.

Having obtained a correct statement of the transaction from the missionary, and finished our purchases at the bazaars, we rejoined our boat only to settle a difficulty with the Reis, who had of late been waxing insolent and fat, and was disposed to question our right as to the performance of certain of his duties. The tone of the captain had so materially changed after our last payment, that we were unwilling to await any longer the jurisdiction of the Kaschef. So, having decided to give him a "taste of our quality," and make him an example for the future, we pitched immediately into his majesty, and taking him by the collar of his robe, jerked him with a violent motion in the direction of the river, where he would inevitably have remained at the mercy of the crocodiles, had not the timely interposition of my companion's arm saved the rascal for a more respectable post obit.

One such lesson had a happy effect upon the Reis. He behaved much better for twenty-four hours; but he never complained of the injustice of the treatment in our hearing, excepting only a solitary remark, that it was very mortifying to his personal dignity to be *chastised* in the presence of his crew.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOOHAG.

"He that hath the most gold, hath the most justice;
Like the earth—the Cadi requires 'Rishweh,'" (gifts.)

Persian Proverbs.

Two stubborn things, a furious wind which opposed our progress, and an impudent captain who ruffled our temper, created in us all a longing desire for shore, and any relief which nature or man might offer at Soohag.

Suleiman, our Reis, had now lorded his Arabianism beyond the virtues of our most amiable endurance, and this village presented fit occasion and place for the arraignment of the Nubian before the high dignitaries of its court. We had no sooner left the bank of the river, than the sight of a cavalier, or rather a cavalry officer, before the gates of this picturesque town, caused us to hail him, in the hopes that we might find redress on the spot. Finding, after a few words, that our French was but imperfectly understood by the

horseman, we returned for the aid of Achmet and a sailor, by whose evidence we hoped to have satisfied the blindest of judges, however venal he might be. Our Firman became the letter introductory to the head-quarters of the barracks, and soon procured from its ominous display to the rabble, an admission into the lodgings of the surgeon of the camp. This doctor, whom we found at the barracks of the regiment, was singularly pleased to see us, and rising to receive us as we entered, offered us the best seat on his deewan, and ordered coffee and pipes to be brought, while we laid before him the purpose of our visit. We briefly stated, that our captain was exceedingly insolent; that we had endured his ill-nature until his conduct had become intolerable; that we had sought the tribunals of Soohag in order to obtain that redress which could alone ease us of our grievances, and to demand, reverently, that justice which was the smile of his highness, the Pacha, who never lent an unwilling ear to his petitioners when they loaded their asses with gold. Having heard the case, our worthy physician gave intimation to the commander-in-chief, that an audience was sought; and while we awaited the return of the messenger, he amused us with a sight of the officers' quarters, and a peep at the cuirassiers, the Pacha's body-guard, as he termed them, who appeared well in their fatigue-dress, and struck us as a body of able, and ex-

cellent troops. This fine regiment of cavalry numbered eight hundred strong. They looked to be all picked men, and in their Nizam undress, presented a very effective appearance. Pipes and coffee having been concluded, and our messenger returned, we were led across the court of their quarters to the apartments of the Colonel. Having ascended a narrow stairway at the end of an oblong building within the yard, we passed the entrance of a wide hall, at the extreme end of which sat the commander of the Third Regiment of the Egyptian Horse. He had his divan on a low platform, which was raised to the level of the three rear windows of this room. As we approached his seat, he received us courteously without rising from his couch, and we were allotted the seats of honor on his right, between his aids and secretary. Before the tribunal, and in front of the chief officers, stood the culprit Reis, and by his side our dragoman Achmet and our witnesses; all at a respectable remove from the judge, and standing upright upon a lower level.

Achmet, after a few preliminary side remarks from the doctor, interpreted our case, and the charge before the court was that of disobedience to legitimate authority, and impertinence to a superior. Interrogatories were put to both parties, as a matter of course, while only one party was believed. The testimony was as summarily concluded as the case. The Reis was

reprimanded for his misconduct, but recommended to the mercy of the court by the Baron. He was therefore dismissed after full conviction of his guilt, with a lecture, and an assurance that if he did not amend his ways, he should be lashed with the *koorbag* and handed over to the authorities of Sioot, for condign punishment at the hands of the governor of that district, from whose tribunal there is no appeal for disobedient captains, rebellious mutineers, or unfaithful sailors. This formula of justice had the desired effect upon Captain Suleiman, and having been thus assured that we were in earnest, he remained apparently satisfied with one trial, and inclined to treat us all with due respect for the future. The governor having questioned us generally as to the climate and people of America, we arose and took our leave, while he remained occupied in the discharge of a routine of duties, and proceeded to give audience to less distinguished persons in attendance.

Accompanied by the Doctor we went to examine the market, which we found unusually active and well-supplied, both with cattle and vegetables. Hurrying from stall to stall, we watched the movements of a wild and half nude player on the tambourine, who beat his instrument for the gratification of these simple folks, who, either pleased with his music, or from charity, or a desire of riddance, allowed him to take his compensation in the shape of onions and salads. The im-

perfect French of the Doctor prevented us from obtaining as much information from him as he seemed willing to impart. We took our farewell of him from the cangiah, and having thanked him for his really hearty services, we left Soohag with a pleasing recollection of the audience had before the Colonel of the Cuirassiers.

All the day long, while the trial lasted, our crew had slept; and lustily they pulled at their oars during the succeeding night, as they cheered their labors by wild ditties and wilder choruses of the songs of the Nile. That night's work told well in our progress, and brought us about dawn to Tahta's port—Sahel—just under the shelter of "Gebel Heredee;" that mountain which was famous of yore for its wonder-working serpent, who ruled, a monster Æsculapius, over the healing arts of this region. So far-famed were the miraculous powers of this *snake*, that his virtues embraced even the gift of fecundity; and the barren women of the Nile here sought relief, and bore away charmed amulets and the consecrated emblem "*tau*," as even now they wear snake-skins and other talismans, believing them equally efficacious in producing that desirable condition so essential to the happiness of ladies who "love their lords."

After passing Heredee, we sported all day along the sand-banks which run out from the edge of this chain, and were very fortunate in bagging wild fowl. We found large flocks of geese asleep; and one wild duck was shot in his dreams, which resembled our canvas-back in plumage. The head was shaded with a golden green, the wings tipped with a very dark blue, and we found him very delicious eating.

On that afternoon, having walked far beyond the cangiah, which lagged lazily behind, owing to the prevailing norther, I hailed a fisherman's boat from the bank, and was soon sailing up in return. I could not but be pleased with the hospitality of the owner; coffee was handed even in this miserable scow; and pipes, with the cocoanut narguillée, varied this short passage with an agreeable view of their customs and habits.

The weather continued exceedingly warm during our drift from Abooteeg to Sioot. Below this point crocodiles are seldom seen, and the face of the country partakes of that mixture of vegetation and neutral tones, which is slightly relieved from the rich and fertile plains which extend from Tahta even below the environs of Osioot.

Before passing by Sioot, we stopped awhile at the port of El Hamra; and while waiting the return of the Baron, who had ridden into the town in order to deliver a letter which had been entrusted to him by the

missionaries, we had occasion to remark that the entire bank, near which we had landed on our way up, had been swept away by the force of the current. Here was ocular evidence of the process in which whole villages have been washed from their foundations by that stream, which, ever held sacred by the ancients, for its beneficial agency in fertilizing the land, still in the course of its blessings and rich gifts to this country, may be likened to the tempestuous thundergusts of other climes, which, while they purify the atmosphere and refresh the thirsty earth, full often leave the traces of the destroyer, in the prostration of trees and the inundation of valleys.

The quantity of land which had fallen into the Nile must have embraced an extent of several acres. Still I found our old market-women at their stands in the background, and the old caffeegée's tent only a little further removed; and although we recognized old faces in the crowd, the spot where, on our upward voyage, we had sat to drink coffee and to watch the Nile, had passed away from Sioot, and was probably by this time adding its tribute of accumulation to the delta near its mouth.

The night after we had left El Hamra, we were awakened by the cries of our sailors, which were addressed rather indiscriminately, and without definite aim, to some spot where Hadji-Bab might be supposed

to have reached by land. He had left us at the port, with permission to visit his sister, and we were not a little surprised early in the morning, to see him sitting quietly on the bank of the river, in close conversation with a young woman, the daughter of a market gardener, whom he most lovingly embraced, as he saw us, exclaiming: "Howardgee! me abibi! my sweetheart!" thus introducing us to his particular friend, as he termed the market girl, who herself appeared not over-anxious of too great intimacy with the sailor, and rather disposed to make a trade with the Inglees, than to be courted in public by a boatman.

This sort of cousinship and sisterhood impressed us often in Egypt, and caused us to infer that the kith and kin of the modern Egyptians was either quite as universal as those of a Scotch clan, or that the number of their poor relations in Egypt extended from Cairo as far up as the Cataracts. The boatmen on the Nile, no less than sailors of the ocean, are allowed the courtesy of a wife in every port.

MANFALOOT.

Twenty-five miles from Osioot, the fine tapering spires of Manfaloot's mosques rose clearly out against the cold blue of the sky of March. During the whole morning we were surrounded by flocks of geese and

ducks, and as we moored along the landing-place of this town, we were cheered by the sight of its active and bustling crowds.

A short walk over the raised causeway which leads to the lower gates, soon brought us within the limits of the bazaars. While engaged in a purchase of oranges, we met Baptista Terrasconi, the Swiss merchant, whom we had previously seen at Abooteeg. He informed us that he had pushed a successful trade since we passed above, and that he was inhabiting Manfaloot as his head-quarters.

In company with the government apothecary, we returned on board our bark to breakfast, and while discussing our cups and pipes, he informed us that the bazaars had been built by a rich and powerful Nazir, a man of great authority in the village; that his estates had grown so large as to call the attention of the Pacha to the accumulation of so much private wealth, and in order to gain him to his interest, he had found it expedient to purchase him out. In consideration of this lien on his possessions and influence, the Pacha dubbed him *Knight* of Manfaloot, under the title of Nazir. Thus tickled with a straw, the Kaschef of this town parted with the substance of his wealth for the shadow of authority, as many greater and no less noble men before him, who have been bought up by a king at the paltry price of a "star and garter."

The revolt at Naples was confirmed by our friends, who stated that Metternich, Austria's "*perpetual minister*," was dead. Conversation turned on the usual brusqueness of Nilotic travellers; on snobby milords, who seemed to think that apothecaries and Swiss merchants were nothings in the presence of titled jockeys, whose

> ——— "ignoble blood
> Had crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;"

and on the fact of the pertinacious hostility of Englishmen to Yankees, whom they had, previously to the Mexican war, affected to despise; but whom, since the conclusion of that affair, they now condescend to rank next to the "*noble islanders*"—*superbas-ses!*

> "Quam quod ridiculos."—*Juv. Sat.* iii, 125.
>
> "How *very* ridiculous such snobs!"—*Free translation.*

A fearful night was passed after we left Manfaloot, to be almost shipwrecked against the rocky sides of Aboofeyda. The wild winds howled like the insatiate Furies to dash our frail vessel against the protruding ribs of the mountain, and nothing but constant watchfulness and the intrepid tact of the Arabs, kept the cangiah from inevitable destruction. The stern of a lost d'germ standing out of the water in the morning, told

us of the danger we had escaped; and whilst it reminded us of our own cause of gratitude, served as a warning to the upward traveller.

Rapidly we slipped past the ruined grotto of "Tel el Amara," where there are some interesting scenes dedepicted, which illustrate the ancient mode of drawing or moving heavy weights and masses.

We passed many flocks of the horned plover—that bird which, according to Herodotus, was (and is still) known as the crocodile's guard, for he stands always sentinel to warn the monster of the approach of his enemies—the ichneumon and man—and also renders him the delicate servic of entering his mouth to pick out the leeches which torment him by their perpetual gnawings. The historian was confirmed by our dragoman Achmet. This fact is therefore conclusive—and when "he opes his mouth, let no [*Christian*] dog bark."

The distant smoke which veils the sky for miles with its darkening volume, ascends from the sugar factory of the Pacha; and while it notifies us of our return to Daroot il Sheriff, reminds us most painfully of that rash attempt of our friend, who essayed to curtail his life by breaking his neck on a mud-bank!

How keenly the site of accidents recalls the sense of injury! Poor L—— actually got up a toothache on the strength of the association, in common with the

rest of the crew. I, in my endeavors to escape from the recollection of scenes so distressing, seized the rudder, and by my awkward steering, bore away part of the right bank, and like to have run foul of the irrigating fellahs, who were at work near a Persian water-wheel. Such a scamper! Such steering! were, indeed, *par nobile fratrum*, as alike as two peas!

MELAWEE TO BEN HASSAN.

"So strides the tyrant o'er th' ensanguin'd plain,
While conflagration follows in his train;
Alike the guiltless with the guilty fall,
And one dread ruin overwhelmes them all."

We left the bold mountains of Sheik Säid, at whose base we had laid up during the preceding night, at early day, and glided swiftly down, borne by the rapid current, past Melawee, where we recalled the scene of our conjugated Dragoman, Achmet Ben Hamet. Before nightfall we again came in sight of the Pacha's rum and sugar factory at Radamoon, whose tall brick chimney told of the distillation of a liquid fire within, which threatens the same destruction to the miserable fellahs of the Nile, as the "fire-water," which has raged as a pestilence among our Indian aborigines. We continued to float down, passing, without visiting the interesting grottoes in the hill behind the Dayr-Nakhl—the Convent of the Palm-trees—where there

are some very valuable depictions of the mode of drawing colossal statues on a sledge; and, besides, other curious representations, particularly of offerings to the deceased after his mummification. Nor did we stop to ramble among the Roman ruins of the ancient and glorious Antinopolis, which Trojan founded in honor of his favorite son, on that spot which is now known to the Arabs as Sheik-Abaded. Hotly blazed over our heads the fierce flames of the noonday sun, where the rugged walls of the Shekh Timay reflected from its limestone quarries the glaring whiteness of its rich material. How curiously the floods of the spring had wrought the surface of this chain of hills, leaving the excoriated rocks in honey-comb segments, as if the mountain had been bored by the auger of a giant, or the upheaved masses had bouldered into conglomerate, and left these openings for the escape of the pent-up fires. Bold Timay's front rested on the water's edge, and at its side were the huge pits of the opened quarries which had been worked by the Turkish miners for lime.

About three o'clock we came to the landing-place for the "Grottoes of Ben Hassan."

The Speos Artemidos, or the "Cave of Diana," attracted my companions from its striking name, and the boat stopped in order to land them, while I proceeded onward, not wishing again to be bored with

the fatigue of looking into caverns where there was nothing to be seen. I often found in our visits to the caves, that he acquired the most satisfactory knowledge of their contents, who staid in his vessel, and read of what they formerly were. My companions, it seems, afterwards came to the same conclusion; for when they rejoined me at the caverns of Ben Hassan, they acknowledged that they had not been repaid for the difficult ascent over the detritus of the mountain. They had discovered, however, in an excavation, the figure of an animal, which savans have shown conclusively indicated that Diana, the Bubastis of the ancients, was a great *lioness* with the Egyptians, and not a cat, as many malicious antiquarians have perversely represented her. While my friends passed from the cave of the "Lady of the Speos," I dropped down with the boat to the proper landing of Ben Hassan, thus escaping the scourge of a clamorous band of wild fellahs, who beset them from the village, and insisted either upon *bachsheesh* or their services.

As we came to an island, which was opposite to the foot of the ridge, I was obliged, on account of the low state of the river, to mount on the shoulders of Hadji-Bab, and thus *pig-back*, to be conveyed to the firm land of the continent. Having landed in the vicinity of the grottoes, after a tedious and painful ascent over masses of rubbish and broken stone, which

strewed the side of the mountain, I joined my companions beyond the deserted village of Ben Hassan. Here we witnessed the fearful evidences of the vengeance of Ibrahim Pacha. The entire village was then a mass of roofless walls and mounds of smouldering blackness. This complete destruction was the consequence of a petty theft, which had been committed on some of the government boats; (in fact all the vessels of the Nile, besides all Egypt, belongs to the Pacha). The Viceroy's son demanded reparation for the loss, and the delivery of the perpetrators. These requisitions not having been complied with, the troops of the Prince entered the country, which they ravaged and devastated with fire, murder, and rapine, till every vestige of village, people, inhabitant or beast, was annihilated. Truly, this was a fearful penalty to be mulcted upon the hundred. The innocent fell alike with the guilty. Theft and violence are said since to be the characteristics of the Hassanites. Who would wonder if the whole country should turn assassins after this deed of vandalism, or that the wild fellahs of Ben Hassan would thirst like hell-hounds for the blood of the cruel and merciless Ibrahim.

Followed by a troop of wild men, and harassed by their continual attempts to interfere with our visit, without having first purchased a privilege which they had no right to extort; we had no sooner cleared the

limits of the burnt district, than we took a deliberate stand, and faced the enemy. The Baron drew out his trusty sword and flourished it in mid air. Our dragoman, the Reis, and Hadji-Bab, were each furnished with a gun, and the remaining members of our party had each a brace of pistols. Fearful as were the odds in numbers, we dreaded little the approaching conflict with the Arabs. At a given word we formed in battle array; the line was the American phalanx,—our army of three privates, and three in command, was led on by the cook; the charge was made blank; the attack nobly followed up, and the enemy fled in confusion at the first discharge of a brickbat at the Sheik, and a few frightened villagers having fallen—prisoners, as they stumbled over the pottery, we were left entire masters of the field, and free to pursue our way to the Grottoes of Ben Hassan.

The caves are cut out in the face of the rock on the Arabian side of the Nile, and open upon a narrow terrace in front. Difficult as they were of access, we were fully repaid for our trouble. We had to regret their mutilation by the hands of fanatic Christians, as well as the destructive influences of time and the elements. Many of them were very beautifully painted, and some supported by columns of the palm-tree gracefully combined. In their original state, and until a few years past, they must have presented the most

interesting series of archæological studies in the grottoes of Egypt. Their paintings have contributed greatly to the elucidation of the manners and customs of the early Egyptians, as well as to a clear and satisfactory illustration of the succession of the line of Kings, by their cartouches, or royal signets in sculpture. They are placed among the most ancient of the Catacombs of Egypt.

In the earliest period of their use, these caves were evidently intended for habitations, as their general contour and architectural finish and grace, indicate that they must have been thus designed before they were subsequently converted into tombs. The introduction of sculpture and fluted columns, and the combined triplet or Gothic original, with an abacus between the capitals and the architrave—which would have been superfluous if designed for mere sepulchral excavations,—evidence that they were originally constructed for the abodes of the luxurious and refined. We must confess that we were not fully enabled to make out all the interesting depictions on their walls. The imperfect daylight under which we entered, and the ruinous state of these frescoes, prevented our seeing more than a few isolated figures, and with the exception of a fishing and hunting scene, we could only make out a few subjects, which, however, were well drawn, and painted in colors of a wonderful freshness.

As our chief design is to relate only what we saw, we refer the reader to the excellent works of Wilkinson, Clot Bey, and Sonini, for a clearer and more full elucidation of the interesting frescoes in the caves of Ben Hassan. By the last rays of sunset we stole out of the chiara obscurity of these grottoes, and taking a straight line in the direction of our boat, which had been brought to the foot of the hill, descended by rapid strides over the round bouloir which straggled over the mountain's side, steadying ourselves by the aid of our long poles, by which—using them as the Swiss do their Alpine-stocks—we slid by a rapid and precipitate motion, and a very direct course, to the base of the declivity. In spite of our quick return, we found the natives no less nimble a-foot, and already in advance at the river bank. So, in order to rid ourselves of their importunity, we yielded to their solicitations, and as the cangiah moved from the landing, pitched a few coppers done up in a roll of paper, towards the shore; which, however, having fallen into the stream, had the effect of withdrawing the attention of the mob from ourselves to an earnest but disappointed gaze at the wild current, which *covered* their backsheesh and our escape toward Minieh.

MUSIC AND SONGS OF THE NILE.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotty oak;
But when the savage is himself possess'd,
The vocal symphony becomes no joke:—
The rocks grow rigid, bristle up the trees,
Owls screech, wolves howl, and jackals tear the breeze."

MERRILY and cheerily bounded the bark as we continued down to this village; for yesterday our home was enlivened by the full notes of our wild Arabs' music, and our sailors rejoiced to the top of their shrill voices, which were joined in chorus with the clatter of the drum, the reedy fife, and tambourine. To-day is a day of gala among the crew, and they seem to have run mad with our purchase of these instruments. The *darabukkeh* (drum) is held under the arm of the Reis, who deems himself, *par excellence*, master of this instrument, which was a long, hollow earthen jar, with a thick fish skin stretched over the mouth, upon which the

performer played with the fingers of both hands, alternately striking, one stroke of the left, with two of his right—tr-r-r-r-ub a-dub—dub, tr-r-r-r-ub a-dub—dub. This, together with the shrill bagpipe shrieks of their long cane *zummârah*, increased to a frightful discord with the shakings of their *sâgât* or tambourine, and commmingled all together, produced a concert of inhuman sounds, for which earth offers no parallel, except it be in the position of a yelping cur with a tin kettle tied to his tail, and rendered perfectly furious by an imprisonment inside of a bass-drum, which was beaten upon at both ends. Our crew became perfectly frantic with joy at the introduction of these articles, and he who knows the excessive fondness of the Egyptian for music, can easily account for their intoxication of delight in the agony of this diabolic caterwaul, after six weeks of painful deprivation.

We were the passive victims of their madness and music, and for two days and nights were bored by the most insufferable noise and curious songs of the vulgar Nilotic. This was endured until we had learned the philosophy of these sounds, and had taken the trouble to have a few verses translated through our dragoman Achmet.

These songs and their music varied the labors of all occupations; and not only the fellah at his water-bucket, the boatmen at the oar, and the slave at his

bricks, but the common porter and donkey-boys in the street solaced their toil by most plaintive airs and ditties, which were addressed either to their sweethearts and *abibis*, or spoke of their disappointments, loves, sorrows, and despairs. We subjoin a few verses as a specimen of these rhymes of the Nile in a *minor* key.

These chants or songs were always shouted at the highest pitch, and uttered with a distinctness which was ornamented with a flourish of quavers and trills. Among their favorites was,

"Doos yá lellee, Doos yá lellee, [*Thrice.*]
Eshké mah boobee fetennee.

Strut, Oh my joy! Tread, Oh my sweet! [*Thrice.*]
The desires of my fond one, are not quite discreet."

Or again, we select from Lane's Modern Egyptians,

"Yá benát Iskendereeyeh,
Meshyukum á-l-farshi gheeyeh;
Telbishic-l-Kashmeer bi-tellee,
Wa-sh-shefáif suk kareeyeh."

TRANSLATION.

"O, ye ladies of Iscandriah,
You walk the carpet like little deer;

Ye wear the Cachmere shawl with goût,
Your lips are sweet as sugar too."

And again, as a specimen of the amatory ditties, the following, which is equally incoherent:

"Má marr wa-sakánee habeebee sukkar,
Nusf el-láyálee 'a-l-mudámeh neskar;
Nedren áleiya wa-n ata mahboobee,
La-amal 'amáyil má 'amilhash 'antar."

which runs, Anglicé:

"My love fled not, but gave me sugar of sherbet to drink,
So half the night, we'll intoxicate o'er the goblet's brink;
I vow by the wine if my beloved yields,
I'll do deeds to put 'Antar out of the fields."

And still more desperate becomes the chant, with

"Tool el-layálee lem yenkatá noohee,
Ala ghazál mufrad wa khad roohee,
Nedren 'aleiya wa-n ata maboobee;
La-amal 'amayil má 'amilhásh 'Antar.

which means,

"All the night long, till morning do I dole,
For a solitary gazelle hath taken away my soul;
I vow by my angel, and bright particular star,
If my beloved meets me, I'll whip the big 'Antar."

Such are some of the choice melodies which greet the ear of the traveller in his wanderings on the banks of the Nile, often varying the monotony of the hours, and breaking in upon his musings both day and night; and he may thank his stars if his reveries are not disturbed by any thing more indelicate, or offensive to ears polite, which, however, he may indulge in thankfulness if he escape. And he may be particularly grateful if, during his journey, he has neither occasion nor inclination to furnish his crew of Calibans with drums or fifes for the fabrication of such infernal and unearthly noises.

For three long days we were afflicted with this doleful music, and were heartily glad when the excessive fondness of the amateurs had at length become exhausted, from the sheer exhaustion of the instruments themselves, that sunk under the force of a natural, though accelerated mortality. The exercise was too much for them.

We were not sorry to part with them as the fragments were thrown into the river; for so long as zummarah, darabukkeh, or tambour existed, there was no work performed on board, either by our dandy Reis or his enchanted sailors. Happy to be released from these harmonics of the Nile, we were content to return to the less discordant moans of the fellahs at the water-

buckets, or patiently to abide the wheezing, creaking sound of the ungreased Persian water-wheel.

We could never listen to the voices of these songsters without thinking of the apparent inconsistency which existed between their fondness for music, and the low estimation in which music is held by the "*Darweeshes*;" and the injunctions of the Koran, in which it is prohibited, as an art which takes too strong hold of the passions, exciting an unnatural mirth, and leading to dissipation; and was deemed unworthy the attention of a man of sense. This discrepancy was particularly observed in the general proneness of all classes to musical excitement; but for the precepts of the Alcoran, our captain and boatmen had little regard. If they were Infidels, they had nevertheless a religious and patriotic attachment to the songs of the land.

By dint of laborious toil and renewed exertion after this vacation in our musical term, we succeeded in getting into the port of Minieh, about six o'clock in the morning. While one of our friends was occupied in the bath near the landing, we walked through the bazaars, which were as miserably supplied as they were defective in appearance. We here received confirmation of the Neapolitan news, and were entertained by the movements of three boys seated within the cupboard closet of a sook in the market-place, who

seemed occupied in singing, or half chanting some words or sentences that were written on a tablet, over which they knelt in reading, whilst they kept their bodies pendulating backwards and forwards in a perpetual rock. This, we were informed, was the popular mode of instruction in the schools of their pedagogical Imauns. A capital system it seemed; for while it kneaded the stomach, by a proper action on their digestive organs, the stimulated will was well checked from exercising too great a control of the mind to the derogation of the animal functions. Minieh was formerly the residence of Abdee Kaschef, who was well known for his courtesy and urbanity of manners to all Europeans who visited this district. Having excited the jealousy of the Pacha by his extreme popularity, he was civilly banished, by an honorary appointment to a command in Dongola, where he was afterwards killed in a mutiny which had been excited by a party of unpaid soldiers. Having returned for our friend, we had an opportunity of visiting one of the public baths of the town. As we have already before described in Turkey the process of shampooing, and the delightful effects of the horse-hair scrub-brush in purifying the body, or in restoring health and animation to the limbs, we stop only to state that this was equal to any in the capital, and was one of the few to be found in the villages on the Nile. In fact, a good bath

is a peculiar mark of the distinction betwen a *bender* and a *bellet*, i. e. a market-town and a town proper. These baths may be hired by a party, and on certain days of the week they are set apart for females; on which occasion they become a sort of Exchange, where all the news of the day is related, and scandal and gossip are retailed; nor is a little innocent fun supposed to be wanting, when the bathing beauties assemble in common, out of the sight of their liege lords; when sherbets or sweetmeats are introduced, and these nymphs, in Eve-like simplicity, display forms as beautiful as the Venus de Medici, under the rich domed tribunes of marble and alabaster.

GISR EL AGOOS TO BOOSH.

"Hold fast! the tempest winds for ages pent
In earth's dark womb, have found at last a vent,
And bursting from their prison house below,
Howl through the woods, and *stamp* it as they go!"

Between Tehneh, (where there remain still some interesting ruins of the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes, in the grottoes of Acoris,) and Gebel é Tayr, the traces of the old "*Gisr el Agoos*," or Dike of the Old Woman, are discoverable in the ravine of the "Waddee el Agoos." This wall was originally intended to protect the fellahs or cultivators of the soil from any approach to the valley of the Nile by the way of the desert, and in order to keep off the encroachments of the Nomadic tribes of the wilderness, who, from their dependence upon the peasants for their supplies, were sometimes disposed to obtain by robbery that which it was their privilege to procure by barter. We passed closely under the frowning cliffs of the Gebel é Tayr, or the Bird Mountain, but no swimming mendicant of a monk

approached our boat from the convent of Sitteh Mariam el Adra—"Our Lady Mary, the Virgin"—which was perched aloft on the brow of the impending palisades. Numerous wild fowls, which were nestled among the crevices of the rocks, were startled at our approach, and several pigeons, which we shot on their shelving sides, lodged in the crags: so precipitate and perforated were the faces of these abrupt and bold causeways. The whole front of the cliffs was peopled with wild ducks and geese, and during the entire day we sported along the banks of this district. As we passed within sight of the graceful towers of Samelood in the afternoon, we turned from the innumerable flocks of geese and swans which inhabited the islands around us, to admire the majestic sweep of the steeple of that mosque—which is deemed the most graceful and imposing chef-d'œuvre of the fellah architecture on the Nile—as the last faint touches of sunset lit up its tapering minaret with a smile of beauty.

It was intensely hot on the next morning, when we passed in sight of Aboo Girgéh. The sultry south wind blew over the land with the well-known symptoms of the "khampsin," and told of the dreadful breathings of pestilential disease which sometimes ravage this land like fire. Gladly did we hail the sight of Sharonah and the cheerful side of Meragha, where the welcomed rock of the Hágar é Salam, or the "Stone

of Welfare," beaconed us safety for our continued journey, and was greeted by our sailors with maschallahs and inschallahs, for they well knew that the dangers of the Nile were passed. Now all our downward progress is divested of further anxiety, and ominous of prosperity. All hail to thee, "Rock of Safety!" Hagar él Salam! We do thee the honors of the East—obeisance; we add to thee, the Aleikoum Salaam; and parting with thee, wish thee no fault geological. as we waft to thee our salaams.

La-la! Illāh! lāh! la-la!
Hameyleesha! la-la!
La!-illah! illah! la-la!
Ham'sha, haluyah, Hagar!

Boat Song of the Nile.

FREE TRANSLATION.

Row! my merrie boys! for the Prophet!
Play the oars lustily, for profit,
Hurrah! now! for the Hagar dries sorrow,
Backhseesh to-day! and mutton to-morrow."

Away we flew past the base of the "Gebel é Sheik Embarak, whose lofty table mountains ran with their

chain of rocky ribs in mid river at this point; and away we sailed a little while with the wind before the mounds of Melatéeh, whose position on a raised barren hillock shows the economy of the Egyptian builders, who husbanded every inch of cultivable land, as preciously as if dirt were *divinity;* and why not? it is a part of man—ergo—"divinely gifted."

But alas! our buoyant spirits were to be crushed. The wild winds whistle furiously, and our sails flap roisterously out in fierce contest with the opposing gale. The sky in the north becomes suddenly obscured with clouds of impalpable dust. The hot blast of the khampsin bronzes the whole atmosphere, to blind our eyes, stifle our breath, and almost choke us with the boilings of a whirlwind.

Violent is now the struggle between human energy and the disturbed elements. Our crew jump overboard to haul the vessel ashore. She is hoisted a jot; she moves a pace. Back the storm sends her, and she jolts up and down, only to settle more firmly in the sands, and be threatened by the falling bank. It is useless to try, in vain is the struggle; the storm triumphs, and we laid up all night at "No-zoo;" for we never could find the spot on the map. We can always set it down as a fact on the Nile, that almost immediately after a "sweet south" has prevailed, it is sure to blow a furious norther in return. This phenomenon is almost as

certain as the customary prognostics of wiseacres, who promise a fine day after a shower, or a change of wind when the moon walks from *Apogee* into *Perigee*. Alas! that mad whirlpool enveloped us in a vortex of suspense and vacuum for three entire days, and we must be excused for noticing the signs of the times and weather; for during that hard penance of delay, we lived in a desert, like chameleons, and fed upon air and *musquitoes*, or other "small deer."

There, somewhat between Feshn and Melatéeh, for three long days we were moored to the soft side of a sand bank. To be sure, our monotony was somewhat relieved by examining the face of the country, or the geological features; but we always found the first very sore and the last very flat, and full of *faults*. Many were the attempts that we made to move our vessel, but not an inch would she budge. However, our position was by no means unpicturesque, for the whole landscape was left blank to the imagination, as if the canvas were always held in neutral tint or chrome blanc, upon which one might forever exercise the tropes of his most fertile and restless fancies. To be sure, we got up a hunting party, and shot three ducks in a small pond; and I have the most grateful recollections of a few pages of Gliddon which varied our noondays upon this isle of desolation, with alternate letters to imaginary friends in the Oasis.

Sometimes at sunset the winds would abate; but this deceitful calm would continue only until the moon arose, when it would recommence with fresh vigor and renewed force, and blow a hurricane all night. Sometimes an opening in the clouds would discover the blue sky above us, and fitful sunbeams would animate for a moment the face of nature, when we could perceive about us large flocks of wild turkeys, and herds of domestic buffaloes. Then again, we observed that the shores were composed of rocks, which ran in shelves of slaty formation into the rushing river.

Thus we were again suspended longitudinally in space, and in despair we would cry—Oh, earth, swallow us up! oh ye mountains, cover us! and ye nymphs and demigods of the Nile, either embrace us with the arms of consolation, or haul us overboard and drown us! But all in vain. We felt worse off, even in our position of isolation, than a party bound to the Pacific in a balloon, and conditioned to furnish their own gas. We made another trial at sunrise one morning, which being fruitless, we solaced ourselves by a visit to the village of Feshn, which was not far off, in order to recruit our empty larder. That morning was unusually cold, owing to the prevailing norther which wings his way charged with the humidity of the distant ocean,

towards which we are daily striving to wend our course.

At noon, however, a more desperately hearty effort brought us to the landing-place of Feshn, and we left the picturesque banks of the river opposite, swelling with the forms of its finely undulating hills, covered with verdure, young wheat, d'houra corn and waving palms. The town of Feshn was situated about a mile and a quarter to the west, in the interior, and on our way we were struck by the imposing features of its mosque and mariboo tombs, which presented a fine appearance on the outskirts of the main or principal centre. It was market-day when we entered, and although the stalls were thinly attended at that hour of noon, the groups of people who were engaged at the various trades under the shelter of their covered and tent-like booths, offered the pleasing spectacle of variety, costume, nonchalance, and repose. While making our purchases at the bazaars, we were attracted by the heavy thumping sound which came from a coffee mill opposite our caffeegees, and approaching to look in, discovered that their coffee was prepared by the pestle and mortar, and thus pulverized, was freer from grains or sediment, and more palatable than that which is milled with the hand among the Europeans.

The succeeding morning, wind and weather befriending, we were indeed happy to get away from a

Wm Purnell del. Bloch sculp. Lith of Sarony & Mayer

ORANGE GIRL.

spot to which we had been so provokingly chained, and were soon on our way to Benisoef by way of Bibbeh.

We passed along the outskirts of this village in search of game, and afterwards entered within its walls while it was market-fair. We were amused to observe the busy trafficking of the natives, and the awkward simplicity of the country-folks, as they stumbled about among the trays and carpets of the merchants, who sat cross-legged before the various gewgaws and trinkets which were spread out upon the ground. We saw very few useful or necessary articles, either of wear or food, among the congregated crowd, for their wares and merchandise consisted chiefly of the odds and ends of an auction room, or the contents of an old junk, or old clothes' shop. Pistols, bullets, rags, ribbons, beans, sugar-cane, cattle, donkeys, beggars, musical instruments, cocoanuts, narguillées, pipes, tobacco, rice, women, ragged and naked children, Arnaut soldiers, Turks, fakirs, sakas, water-jugs, sherbets, Arabs and ghawazees, were mingled up in the most promiscuous assembly of that market-place of Bibbeh.

We passed from this busy and curious scene, bewildered by the kaleidoscopic changes and somersets of the animated and ever-moving mass, and were only enabled to restore the calmness and equilibrium of our

partially crazed senses, by a broad, clear, and earnest view over the rich plains of d'houra and lupins, which were just springing into all the verdant freshness of a youthful vegetation.

While we rested under the walls of a large inclosure which guarded the palace of the presiding Bey, we enjoyed the fine outlines of the hills of Sheik Aboo on the opposite bank of the Nile. Their varied undulations, luxuriant in bloom and vegetation, offered a most pleasing contrast to that arid and barren sand which closed around their base.

Bibbeh was noted for the Bibbawee Saint, which was manfactured out of a Coptic image, by the early Christians who dwelt here; who in times of persecution put their church under the seal of a Moslem Sheik, and in order to save their sanctuary from the destruction which visited all the other members of their common faith, devised this truly pious fraud to protect their chapel and their order.

This trick of these and similar devotional Jesuitical recluses, gave rise to that dogma in pseudo ethics, that "one may lie for the interests of his religion," and like all bad companies, entails in its suit, the correlative, as a complement correction, that "those who seem nearest the church, are oftentimes nearer the devil."

That day at two o'clock, P. M., we reached Beni-

soef. We found the town very much improved since our first sight, which was rather unsatisfactory, from our having viewed it by twilight. By this time we had become quite familiar with the plan of an Arab village, from our frequent visits in search of eggs, poultry, and bread.

Dr. Castelli, the village medico, came on board of our cangiah as she lay at the landing, and from his conversation with the Baron in Italian, we gathered much and varied information relative to the country. He drew a very animated picture of a journey which he had previously made to the equator; and while he discoursed with eloquence about the temples of Nubia, and especially upon the magnificent structures of Ipsamboul or Aboo-Simbel, we stifled our poignant regrets that we had not ascended to the second Cataract, at Waddy Halfa.

This physician had shown the best evidence of his admiration of the Nubians, by the purchase of a Berber girl, who first lived with him as a slave, and was subsequently united to him in the bonds of wedlock, after the manner of the country.

The marriage of these medicos with their slaves is no unusual thing in Egypt. Indeed, it is rather fashionable for Europeans to marry the Nubian slaves whom they have purchased; as it is generally found that they make useful, contented, and tractable wives.

Nor should it be a matter of surprise that they are obtained at a price, for it often happens, both in Europe and America, that many a pretty girl is sold by her parents to the highest bidder.

After having received some interesting items of news about the state of Naples, and that of the Pacha's health, who was reported to be on his way to Paris, we took advantage of a favorable state of the wind to bid adieu to Castelli, and to drop down in the cool of the evening to Boosh.

TO THE PYRAMIDS.

"Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from beneath, down topples she;
And Tailor cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there."

Those mounds which appear to the traveller in his descent between Boosh and Shenowesh, indicate the sites of ancient cities; and there are few of these heaps of rubbish which do not offer some curious traces of the existence of a ruined capital.

The morning after we had passed these mounds was varied with little interest on board. The loss of two of our chickens overboard caused quite an excitement among our sailors, and a general plunge into the Nile for their rescue. Hadji-Bab, of course, went on shore after he had delivered the hens, and found it

necessary to dry himself under the burning zones of one of his *abibi's* eyes. At mid-day, we had a *matinée dansante* by the crew, and found no little amusement in witnessing the exhibition of the novel and extraordinary dances of the country. To-day, also, we had exemplification or amplification of two kinds—the Wasp Dance, by Hadji-Bab, and the Hunting Gallop, by old Ossan Hassein Mohammed, a venerable sexagenarian, who saw fit to revive the gayety of his boyhood for our especial gratification.

The old man performed some curious gyrations and evolutions, which were evidently in imitation of some of the dances of the Ghazee of Cairo—men who are often substituted for women at the nuptial celebrations of the rich. The "hunting gallop" was the one selected for the day, and here our oldest sailor became quite juvenile in the display of his airs and graces. In this dance he was armed with a stick, and ran about the deck as if in search of a wild animal, stopping at times to perform a movement, which was expressive of "*beating the bush;*" while the Reis joined in, with heavy thumps on the drum-head of the darabukkeh, and his other companions cheered him on with their wild songs and bursts of laughter. There was something extremely ridiculous in the activity of this veteran, as he played his part through

all the various scenes of a hunt, and with a spirit which was worthy of his more youthful days.

Hadji-Bab, in his turn, was emulous of the displays of his Nestorian boatmate, and gave us some most extraordinary exhibitions of his powers in the dances of the country. He added some curious points and pirouettes, which would have even astonished the dancing girls of Esneh; and after a series of feats, in which he varied his multitudinous motions with several supernatural and convulsive leaps, the scamp suddenly dashed off his nether garments, and disappeared with a plunge into the Nile.

With such varied amusements we passed this day, and continued on towards evening, when we were again diverted by an attempt of the Baron's at a bath in the Nile. My friend and I had been constantly in the habit of taking a cold plunge in the morning—our first act after rising; when, after having swam around the boat, and before we made our start for the day, we could enjoy the delights of the morning and the pleasures of a swim without danger, or interfering with the progress of the voyage. We would then return to our deewans, and with the fresh glow of renewed animation still on us, wrap our cloaks about us, and remain at our ease to sleep out the second nap before breakfast.

The Baron in his timidity could not be prevailed

upon to rush so precipitously into the cold embraces of the river, but was in the habit of taking a douche bath on the side of the vessel, where he was powerfully ducked by pails of water, which were dashed over his trembling statue, as he stood out in prominent relief with the landscape, and with his body *rubric* not only with the coolness of the air, but also highly reflective with the lambent rays of the morning sun.

After long persuasion, and a repetition of our praises of the virtues and pleasures of the plunge proper, and of the delights experienced from a "siesta" of morning dreams, we at length prevailed upon the Baron to join us. But he would never risk the headlong dive. That evening he made his first attempt. Having crawled with great solicitation, and an anxiety bordering on fear, to the side of the cangiah, the boat was stopped, and sailors held in readiness to assist his lordship overboard. The long oar was extended outside the railing; Reis stood by with a rope, and Hadji-Bab, with a slight wink to the boys, aided him with a delicate push under the arm, and the Baron tumbled suddenly into the Nile, much like the descent of a drowsy turtle from a log. The fall of 200 pounds avordupois on the bosom of the river, caused it to shrink from such a weighty responsibility, and the startled waters were wrought into frightful undulations and emotions as the swimmer tumbled about in his

spasmodic efforts; and, thrusting the waves lustily aside with the water-mill action of his arms, paddled about with much foam, as he floated and flaunted, somerseted and full-moon'd, and filled our ears with his puffings and blowings, which were more like a frisky porpoise in sport than that nageant repose of dignity, which would have been more becoming to a philosopher in his tub. All these sportive gambols of the big Professor were very well, so long as the element contained his person; and he indulged longer than we deemed prudent, or necessary, to gain the proper after glow on the couch. But it was his return to the vessel which amused us the most, and afforded general sport to the sailors and the party. Every one who has ever tried it, knows the difficulty of getting into a boat from the water, especially when the guards are somewhat high, and there is a rapid current adding to the natural obstacles of a heavy person and an uneasy position. The Baron on this occasion presented the very picture of the ridiculous in despair, as he in vain endeavored to ascend over the side of the boat; and after repeated but ineffectual efforts to mount by the blade of the long oar, which was thrust out for a support to him. While we were contriving some means for his relief, he held convulsively on by the guard, imploringly looking upward to the crew; where, as his head just rose above the rowlocks, he exhibited

the tangled meshes of his long ringlet curls, which now floated off his face, and converted his turtle similitude into the dripping foreshortening of a shaggy water spaniel. Poor fellow! he puffed, and grunted, and blowed quite piteously; and, although his misfortunes were diverting, we at length interposed, and commanded the interference of the Reis, who, with three of the sailors, came immediately to his aid; and having caught hold of one hand, gave him a purchase with the other, so as to throw his right leg within reach of Hadji-Bab. Thus, having seized him *in extremis*, the Baron was pulled on board with the same lubric slides, and heavy weight of tug, with which a Cape-codman lands a halibut on deck.

TOWARD RIGGA.

Now all are on board again, and the word for start is given. The Arabs ply heartily at the rowlocks, and away we fly under the full energy of their strength and in time with their merry chorus, as they shout:

Aléikoom salaam! salaam Aléikoom!
Il Hawagee tyeeb! bel khayr saba
Il Hawagee Baron! sabal bel koom!
Hay-lay 6essah! Hay-la lu-jah! akbar

All honor to ye, gentlemen,
With a very good day,
And good morning to the Baron!
Il hay-la é-es say.

Each morning our welcomes
Salute ye noble three,
With our salaam Aleikoums,
And Halalujah glee.

We now pass the mounds of the once famous Aphroditopolis, or the city of Athor—the Egyptian Venus, where the white cow without blemish was worshipped under a type of purity and goodness, as Strabo states; and as we rounded a bend in the river, just west-southwest from Rigga, says the guide, we came in sight of "Haram el Kedab," or the "False Pyramid," which the Arabs suppose was based upon a rock which formed no part of the superstructure. This edifice is remarkable only for the position of the stones, which are placed in the complement of the exterior angle of the surface, and not horizontally disposed, as with the other pyramids of this region.

From Rigga we induced the Reis to work at the oars all night, so that by the morning we had made such progress as to pass Kafre el Iyat; on approaching which we had imagined it the supposed site of the Dike of Menes. From this point of the Nile, your

view becomes bristling with pyramids, and in the successive windings of this river, we are repeatedly cheered by the abrupt outlines of the two distant ruined Pyramids of Lisht. Here the Nile assumed the aspect of a lake-like expanse, and the landscape stretched over an extent of country which gave to the river the apparent vastness of a lagoon, as the valley now widens with the expanded widths of the mountain barriers. This increased breadth corresponds fitly to the commensurate ideas of magnitude which seize and fill the mind upon a renewed *vision* of the pyramids, and those thoughts which are re-awakened as you approach from the monuments of the Upper Nile. We had these pyramids for three entire days in anticipation, for the winds opposed our progress towards the north, and held us in anxious suspense before the distant images of their cubes, as if to tantalize our longing, and to sharpen our desire and curiosity for philosophical or archæological research.

For three long and wearisome days, these conic images danced before us like visions in a vast mirage; and ours was the thirst of the desert, as we anxiously waited to be released from this state of abeyance, and allowed an entrance into the future of these wonderful mysteries.

On the 10th of February we landed at the usual port for Dashoor. Having left directions with the

Reis to drop down with the boat to the landing-place of Badreshayn, in order to meet us in the afternoon at that point of our detour, we started off with our dragoman and Hassein as guides, and our ghooleh-carriers as the bearers of our provisions. Our walk soon brough us to the embankment of a raised dike, which ran along the sides of the Bahr Youssouff, or Joseph's Canal, which was now almost emptied of water. From the top of this causeway, which was used as the common highway for the travel of the country, we enjoyed refreshing views over the richly cultivated plantations of indigo, and fields of verdant grain, which skirted the edge of the canal, and indicated the fertilizing effects of its waters, as it wound in pleasing meanderings through the rich extent of vegetation. Having crossed the main arm of this canal, we halted awhile upon the piers of a fine stone bridge, under which we watched the occupations and successes of a number of half-stripped fellahs, who were fishing in the stream. We observed that they worked by the aid of a novel kind of net, which was hung around the rim of a huge elliptical hoop, and this scoop having been attached to a very long pole, was lowered and raised at the fulcrum of a lever, in the same way that our country folks employ the bucket and loaded pole at their wells. With such clumsy apparatus, we waited to mark the compensating fruits of their laborious efforts; and were

sorry to discover, after long and patient investigation, that what was true with the Yankees, was truer with the Arabs, viz., that fishing was well defined to be "a pole and line, with a worm at one end and a foolish '*fellah*' at the other." We passed on quite disappointed to find things thus in Egypt, and were equally surprised to observe the tameness of the ducks, which lighted upon the same pond in which these men were fishing for gudgeons and tadpoles. In fact their composure seemed the result of long familiarity; and both fishermen and ducks appeared to use the pond as a common, in which both parties seemed to enjoy the most favorable privileges by prescription in their rights of occupation, without jealousy, or disturbing the piscatory employment of each other.

We passed several ponds upon our right, on which many other ducks were floating at ease; but we saw proper to disturb the order of their quietude, and bagged a brace, which we shot for the more bountiful supply of our basket of lunch. In a short time, however, we passed off from the canal, and having left the dike on our left, soon found a beaten track of the earth, which assured us that we were now on the trail of previous travellers. Following this bridle-path over clumps of earth and masses of stunted jungle, where scarcely any traces of vegetation were left, and with but a small, scattered growth of the shrubby

acanthus to relieve the dreariness of the prospect, we trudged sluggishly and wearily on over the yielding sand, with our eyes intensely fixed upon the shadowing wings of the gigantic solids on the plain, and with our minds concentrated upon the object of our visit.

THE PYRAMIDS OF DASHOOR.

"These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic felt; and, from the world retired,
Conversed with angels and immortal forms."

They seemed ever to recede, the nearer we approached. That which we had first espied in the morning, appearing like the outspread tent of a mighty giant in the wilderness, had seemed tangible almost at our port on the Nile; and now as we overcame each unstable wave of the desert, which traversed the plain in tall ridges of yielding sand, the intervention of each succeeding mound only brought with it despair at ever attaining our end. Often when we had thought we had overcome the last bank of sand, we had only sunk into a valley, to find our horizon recede further before us. The hollows of these drifting sand-beds were filled with debris of agatic stone, round flinty sections of rock, and broken pieces of boulder, which rendered

our march still more fatiguing and distressing. Even when we arrived at the foot of the cube of Mensheesh, or Dashoor, we still found ourselves deceived as to the height of the pyramid; and it was not until I had climbed to the summit, that I could obtain any just idea of the elevation and enormous masses of that truncated pyramid cone which extended itself at my feet. On its top there was a platform of about twenty feet square, which level had been made by the removal of the superior layers of stone; and on that point, three hundred and twenty feet higher than the level of the desert, I stood to gaze awhile, and muse upon the prospect of desolation and desertion which was swallowing up the rich landscape of the verdant country beyond; and again, on the other hand, viewed the triumph of assiduous labor, where the toil of the slave, and the well-ordered irrigation of the land, had overcome the dearth, and made the barren wilderness to blossom as the rose.

The prospect of this vast panorama was of a more interesting than pleasing character. That immense plain of sand presented some very singular formations in the foreground, created by the whirling and reckless courses of the wild, free winds. That scene could scarcely be termed picturesque, from its bold outlines and magnificent distances; but it called up in the soul emotions of the most powerful cast—thoughts which

filled the intellect with grand conceptions, and disabused our fancies, by the stubbornness of such enormous facts. The fantastic shapes of the fluted and scolloped sand-drifts beneath us, told of the fury of the hurricanes which had swept from time immemorial the face of the desert. The withering blasts of prophecy had ploughed up that plain with the harrows of destruction. The radiant outlines of the distant pyramids of Sakkarah, of Abooseer, and Geezeh, swelled in perspective into isolated mountains; and the lurid masses of light which gleamed over that waste of wilderness, scorched the arid surface with a fervid heat; while the contrast between the parched and silent desert, with the animated aspect and verdant culture which smiled around the glebes of adjoining villages, moulded so gracefully together, as to work up the surface of the scene into a conflict for supremacy, over which it was difficult to discern where vegetation ceased to flourish, or the desert had yielded its oozing sands. It was this singular anomaly of a convertible desert and oases of verdure, which meets no parallel but in the sublime thoughts that relieve the barren shadows of the land. The desert encroached at times like a devouring monster, ingulfing and eating up the green pastures of the plain; then the soft genial courses of the streams won back from the wilderness its loss; and as these joined at times, and, without mingling, ran together in con-

current but unyielding contact, they appeared like the clear bright green waters of Geneva, as they flow into commune with the stream of the turbid Aar. I was only startled from my reveries by the shrill piercing shrieks of the eagles, who had poised in mid air above my head. That bird of freedom recalled the images of my early home among the isles, and I thought how like an island in the sea of desolation, is the isolated majesty of a pyramid in its desert habitation.

That bird which emblems now the image of untrammelled Liberty, seemed fit sentinel of these case-treasured mansions in stone, from whence a liberated soul had flown to its account in heaven. No wonder that that bird of lofty flight, and dweller on the peaks of rocks, should have chosen these elevated points in space for the eyries of his mountain home.

We remained long on this elevated platform to enjoy the vision of that wondrous plain. On that pinnacle of thought, the mind is wrapped in the magnificent contemplation of sublime and simple forms. All nature seems reduced to the single elements of her origin, and the soul, seized by the absorbing developments of the Trinity of the universe, is elevated to adoration, under the vaulted purity of that spotless and transparent ether which canopies the heaven above; and dwells with wonder upon the boundless expanse of a desert which finds no limit in the horizon, to re-

pose among the luxuriant pastures of the permeating Nile, which moves along in bright sereneness, as a principle of life, to animate the apathetic waste, and revivify, with conquering energy, that weary empire of interminable sand.

In an attempt to descend more directly to the plain, I was arrested by the abrupt termination of the broken surface on that side, and was obliged to turn back. Then starting again, I returned to my companions by the path of my ascent.

THE DESERT.

Again our party was on its march. How wearily the foot drags through the yielding sands, and how forcibly the heavy tread of travel reminds one of the sufferings and agonies of the wandering tribes of Israel. Now stand we awhile before the front of some solitary pyramid, to muse for a time upon its secret history. Again we move onward to mount upon the crumbling walls of another, and thence enjoy a view of more striking interest, because it was relieved by the groves of acanthus which ran along the edge of the desert, and intervened before the distant villages of Dashoor and Sakkarah. That glance afforded a more pleasing picture than that from the top of Dashoor's mound. The lively green of the Nilotic belt of vegeta-

tion was watched, as if the active principle did eat out the corroding blight of the encroaching desert, and the whole range of the far-off towers of Abooseer and Geezeh loomed up in their distant perspective with more beautiful effect. Again the shadows cast by the fleet clouds which veiled the fires of the sun, threw bright canopies of precious shelter in their high chiara-oscuro shades; and as their pillared darkness glided over the burning plain, the alternate lights and shadows relieved the monotony of the scene, and soothed the irritated eye. Far in the distance, the towers and spires of Cairo were bathed in the effulgence of the scorching globe, and the yellow outlines of the Mokattum ridge rose like an amber cloud over the outskirts of the capital and the Nile.

We sat down to breakfast under the shelter of a ruined pyramid, in the midst of other ruins; and having finished our hasty repast, continued our slow progress until we reached the mummy pits of Sakkarah. These cavities, or wells, have been dug out to the depth of ninety feet, and from their recesses mummies of sheep, bulls, cats, dogs, serpents, and other animals have been taken. At the hour of noon, when we visited them, there was no one at work among the pits. The ibises which are here found are preserved with unusual attention, being bandaged up in embalmed cases, and placed inside of covered cylin-

drical jars. Hot as it was, we felt no inconvenience, as there was always a refreshing breeze cooling the air; and we should have gone away without any incident to relate, but for the sudden appearance of a maniac among these tombs, who ran after us uttering piercing cries to the winds, and to which, we must confess, we did not listen without some unpleasant feelings, very nearly allied to fear. His wild looks and direful moans sent a trepidation to the very heart; and we should have fled from his approach had not the sight of Achmet, a countryman, diverted the maniac from his threatened attack upon us. What a terror was that idiot's first shriek among these mummy pits! It seemed almost from its unwelcome, unlooked-for sound, as if some mummied spirit had burst the swathing bandages of his embalmed covering of centuries, and walked forth to avenge the robberies of the graves, which Time himself had respected. This cause of alarm was soon dispelled by a more pleasant sight. After we had descended from the mounds of sand, which concealed at once the desert and the pits, we came to the banks of a canal, where the eye was recompensed by a refreshing landscape of cultivation, which contrasted most agreeably with the mournful, wasting desert, from which we had just escaped. At the side of the stream, upon the bank of luxuriant green-sward, a fellah shepherd re-

clined in the repose of noon; and while his flock of sheep and lambs were roaming within sight, cropping the herbage or ruminating in calm security, he played his pipe to while away the sleepy hours. That peasant and his flock afforded a truly Virgilian scene; and while we watched him, as he sat beneath the sheltering palms, and listened to the notes of his simple instrument, we could not but feel the full power of that poetic image which then awoke in our memory, recalling those lines of the Bucolics—

> "Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,
> Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avenâ;"

which solaced our wearied minds, and composed us, by its refreshing influence, as effectually as if the body had renewed its vigor by the restorative of a perfumed tepid bath.

While resting from our fatigues at the village of Sakkarah, we were offered several curious articles of antiquity, and a tablet, which had been just taken from the pits by the fellahs; and purchased a few stone effigies of mummies, a collyrium, and a few trifles of a blue stone cast, which appeared very much as if they had been recently manufactured at the forge: so rude were they, that not even the creases of the mould were filed away; and the hieroglyphical

inscriptions on their reverse were very roughly cut. Having again assembled our party, we left the refreshing shelter of the palm-groves of this village, and crossed over the broken furrows of an uncultivated field, in the direction of Mitrahenny. Somewhat to the north of the huts of Sakkarah are the mounds of ancient Memphis. Before we came to these ruins, we had to cross a shallow lagoon, which spread itself over a surface which was formerly occupied by the Acherontic lake of the ferriage, which separated the wonderful city of Memphis from the sepulchres of the dead, which were excavated on the opposite shore in the sides of the hills of Sakkarah and Dashoor.

We were ferried over this slough upon the backs of our guides; and having landed on the other side of the pond, soon came to a smaller lake, which was quite picturesque in its situation among the encircling groves of palms, acanthus, and sycamore. Here we observed the tops of two stone figures of colossi, which rose above the level of the water; and beyond, within a deep cavity in the earth, we stopped to wonder at and admire the beautiful colossal of the conqueror Sesostris. This giant statue was lying on its side, and the sculptured features of the monarch wore an expression of great sweetness, and benevolent repose. This image, which was originally forty-five feet in the length of the body, was finished with the utmost skill

and nicety of art, and displayed all the perfection of which its highly polished flinty limestone was susceptible. The utmost delicacy of outline was happily preserved, and so ably had the artist done his work, that not even had the lips lost that sweet smile, which played about the mouth of this "conqueror of the world."

Memphis, which was called Menofre—"the place of good," was not so named on account of the excellent qualities of the inhabitants, whose vices contradicted in terms the reputation of its virtues as the "abode of the good divinities," but from the existence of its numerous temples; among which, that of Pthath was the most celebrated in this "land of pyramids."

The canal which now runs between the villages of Sakkarah and Mitrahenny, and pours its waters even to the confines of the great pyramids, during the freshets of the spring, is doubtless a successor to that which formerly washed the sides of the renowned Memphis, and supplied with its waters the greater lake at the north, which in its turn was connected with the famous Dike of Menes. The presence of this lake, which separated the edifices of the cities from the caverns, or tombs, which were located in every instance toward the west, gave rise to the classical allusion to the dividing gulf, between the abodes of the good and the dead; and suggested to the poets the

originals of the Acherusian Lake, and the ferry-boat of Charon. It was this stream over which the dead were conveyed in boats to the western sepulchres. The gates of the tombs, or the openings of the pyramids, afforded no unapt illustration to the gates of Hades, or the portals of the infernal regions. Orpheus, it is said, learnt from the Egyptians their mystical arts, orgies, and mythology of the shades; and Homer has borrowed much of the imagery of the Elysian Fields, and his description of the blessed abodes, from the traditions which were afloat respecting these regions, in the land of Greece.

Many are the traces of magnificent edifices, and numerous the classic memories which hallow the site of this ancient capital. Here Menes founded the beautiful temple of Vulcan, which was enlarged and embellished by the gifts and presentive offerings of succeeding monarchs. Within these sacred groves, which still shelter the marginal belts of the lake, was the richly ornamented shrine of Proteus. Here Herodotus saw the relics of the Tyrian camp, and with confused imagery, mistook the sculptures of the temple of Venus for the evidences of the presence of the beautiful Helen in the court of the Egyptian King. There, in the neighborhood of the Pyramids, Strabo saw the Sacred Bull of Apis, which was entertained among the verdant pastures of the Memphitic nome.

There are now few witnesses of its ancient wonders. All that famous city is now ruined and deserted. The bittern moans beside the pool in the sacred groves of the temples. The owl hoots at night from its station in the palm-trees, and there is nought but a sleeping colossal and a broken wall left of that city, which, before its sack by Cambyses, was second only to Thebes.

Wending our way over the mounds of these interesting sites, and across the palm-groves which skirt the edge of the cultivated lands, we soon came to the village of Bedreyshayn. We found the village sealed with a mysterious silence, which was soon accounted for by the fact that the Pacha had ordered a census to be taken; and at that time, when the officers of the Nizam Dégeebeh were going their rounds, the whole place was put in a state of military siege, and not a single inhabitant permitted to move, until the business of the enumeration was over. We were amused in noticing the contrivances which were employed to evade the poll, for the fellahs well knew that "a storm was brewing for no good to them," and that the horrors of impressment, or the more dreadful tortures of the extortionate taxgatherer, would follow in the official wake of that searching inquisition.

As soon as we were permitted to pass out—for not a mouse stirred during the appointed ordeal—we

walked to the banks of the Nile, where we found our cangiah drifting on a sand-bank, and after having been carried on board by the aid of our sailors, we loosed our anchor from the mud, and dropped down during the twilight to a landing which was nearly opposite the Pyramids.

THE PYRAMIDS OF GEEZEH.

"'Tis a gala day for pleasure, we are mounted for the ride,
The bridegroom backs a donkey, and behind him sits the bride,—
Away, away, my merry boys! let's go it while we're young;
The girls cry out, the boys huzzah, the yelping curs give tongue,
The ragamuffins join the rout, the frighten'd asses bray,
And Beelzebub brings up the rear of the bedlamite array."

WHAT an animated scene was presented on the morning of our visit to the Pyramids of Geezeh! With what eager expectation we awoke long before daylight, and how we burned with desire to rush forward to these venerable monuments! It was a glorious morning. The day opened with a clear and spotless sky. The atmosphere was pervaded by the rosy ashes of the consumed fires of night; and every object in nature was touched with the most delicate hues of light, such as alone are rarely seen at evening, at the margin of the sea-shore, as if the ocean of light had undulated with a smile, and broke into a glow of happiness with ten thousand Irises upon the bosom of the delighted earth. What a diapason of tone swells with the opening of

the morning hymn, as the day springs into life in all the transcendant beauty of the Egyptian clime; and how gloriously sublime is the gushing fountain of creation, when the desert and the wilderness bloom with the morning blushes of the rose! Again, the day expands as if the universe were roused to its full sense of being, and flashes of warm light break through the faint bars of golden clouds, as if creation would veil the awakening of a startled giant, and wave on wave of gorgeous light is broadcast from the mounting car of Orion, until the morning psalm is sung, and the world of life is active under its refreshing influence.

Now the surface of the Nile is animated by the cheering notes of the boatman's song; d'germs fly by us with their precious freight; the ferries of the opposite shore are tracked along the coasting bank, and troops of buffalo, half up to their heads in water, gambol with the waves as they snuff up the exhilarating breeze. The shores are animated by the presence of busy people, and the slumbering eddies of the river are disturbed by the graceful forms of bathing girls, who have left their jars at the brink of the stream, while they frolic amid the waters in the glee of a happy heart.

Our own mules stand wheezing on shore as impatient as ourselves to start. Now we are landed;

the saddle-girths are tightened, the water-ghoolehs are made ready, the boys are attached to bear our provisioned stores, and we start with a troop of six satellites at our heels. Away we rush, with kick and spur, to the astonishment of our Arabs in the boat; and onward we continued to shuffle over the flats, until we came to the winning groves of the palms of Mahadi el Kebeer. Thence we rode on through many straggling hamlets, of which El Kafr was the last; and broke at last through the pillared shades of a new forest of palm-trees, to be suddenly arrested on the verge of the desert by the tall shadowing wings of the greater pyramids of Cheops. Having stopped awhile to enchant our eyes with the perspective beauty of these distant solids, from which we had been screened in the shelter of the intervening woods, we started again, only to be followed by the fierce barkings of the mangy, hungry dogs of the desert; and, as we progressed over ditch and dike, thought we should never reach the end of our ride. Various and perplexing were the fortunes of the road; now we were harassed by hounds, and now beset by hungry fellahs for *backsheesh*. Again, our jackasses evinced a mulish temper, and became excessively fidgety and uneasy; the saddles turned; the guides grew sulky; the air grew hot. The mud now becomes an obstacle; the mules more obstinate in the mud; and we alight at

last in utter desperation, and wreak our vengeance and vexation upon the panting sides of our poor asses. Thrice we were thrown; once the Baron was kicked. Heavily swore the West Indian—"Our army swore terribly in Flanders!" Allah! Maschallah! thought the dragoman. Several bridges were crossed, some streams and ditches waded, and at last we were somewhat nearer to the objects of our pursuit. At times we dismount; again we ride a little; now we change donkeys all round. Thinking the guide had got the best ass, we called him the cub of an unsainted beast. Now the dragoman rides—we walk; at one moment we beat the jackasses, the next, we almost propose carrying them on our backs. Thus we proceeded, wearied and heartsick, overcome with fatigue, choked with dust, eaten up with gnats, burnt by the heat, and blinded by the glaring sand: but still we seemed no nearer to the cubes. Again we move on. The same variety ensues; and now we think we are getting a trifle nearer. A mound interposes—we flatter ourselves it is the last. It is surmounted, and we discover hills peeping o'er hills; and further opposing mounds. At last we get to the village which was nearest the pyramids:—Busiris its name. Here we were beset by the fellahs, who flocked from their labors in the fields, and gathered around us like birds of prey, apparently eager to devour us bodily. "Stand

off, ye hungry dogs of the desert!" They still ran lagging on like hounds on the scent. "I'll blow your brains out, ye vagabond Bedouins!" Not one cur of a dog moves away. But on they follow, pestering us with their cries, and hanging on to our skirts, like the scullions and suttlers of an army. "Il Bindoukeeh! Il Bindoukeeh! Achmet! I'll fire on these whelps!" says one. And still they pursue. "Backsheesh!" they howl. "Very good English; give me five dollars," cries the Skeik. "Englishmen very good," yells another. "Begone, ye beggarly devils!" shouts the Baron, "or I'll blow your brains out!" But no one budges. I drew my pistol, and presented, to show that we were in earnest. "Ocho, out! ocho, out!" a flash, and a report. The ball whistled over the head of the tall leader, but he never winked his eye, or flinched a nerve. "It is useless," we exclaimed; "we are victims!' Thus, with the whole gang at our heels, we came to the base of the pyramids.

Here we made a dead halt. Calling Achmet to my side, I ordered him to translate aloud the Firman, which was flourished aloft in the air with the august name of the Sultan, and Ibrahim Pacha added.

In the name of Allah! Great is Allah and Mahomet his Prophet, and there is nobody else so great as Allah, but Mahomet, excepting always our august self, Ach-

moud, Sultan of Constantinople. Zullilah! the star in the forehead of Allah—his vicegerent on earth. By the eternals! we command that all our subjects greet us. This, our voice on paper and handwriting on the walls of authority, demands that all our slaves give security of person and safety to this party of Yenkées in travel; which nation in the Occident has our most sublime consideration. We are brother Celestials, and stand in each other's light, as sunrise and sunset on earth. See ye, that you give them food, lodging, horses, khans, and every thing else they may want, without money and without price. Grant them soldiers, guards, and caravans without limit. Especially it is ordered that this party visit all the monuments of our forefathers and the Pyramids of Cheops without molestation, cries for *backsheesh*, offers of services, or any of your *dog's* company. The jackasses even of these Yenkées are to be respected!

Do this under the faith of the Prophet's seal. If ye fail, may your fathers burn! If ye disobey this our royal hand and seal, your towns shall be consumed about your ears, and your carcasses shall rot in the noonday's sun. I, the Sultan, have written; what I have written, never altereth one jot. I, Achmoud of Stamboul, prince of the sun, and uncle to the moon, have spoken; therefore let no dog bark. Allah il allah, Abdillah! Great is Zullilah, vicegerent of Allah, and

Mahomet is his greatest Prophet! Maschallah! Inschallah! Illah, illah, la! Akbar!

No one dog stirs! The Pacha does not affect them a whit. "Hand me the [Escrow] instrument," shrieked I! "who will follow to the assault?" "Allah and maschallah," I roar, at the top of my voice; "El Firman and Ibrahim Pacha!" raising the paper high in the air. "Go ahead with the donkeys, Achmet, and put the Baron under cover, like an ostrich! Hadji-Bab, range the donkey boys in close order; and now, stand!—and advance!" Facing directly about, we seized our guns resolutely by the barrels, made a desperate lunge, and charged in the very teeth of the enemy, swinging our firearms with the flourish of a Scythian scythe. There was frenzy in my eye, and determination in my grasp! The Bedouins saw it!—they cowered at the fury of the enraged Yenkées! The Sheik faltered—he yielded a foot before the threatening gaze—I saw submission in his eye. The whole herd fled, and away they scampered over the plain. No living creature, save our asses, was left by us in five minutes, and we remained complete masters of the field—that camp where Napoleon had battled before us—and at liberty to proceed as we pleased.

The first thing to be done after you have arrived at the foot of Cheops, is to ascend. As we had now

full possession of the field, and were probably one of the few parties who had ever succeeded in ridding themselves of the superfluous aid of the Bedouins, we enjoyed the pleasure of a calm and dispassionate visit. There are few things more annoying than to be disturbed in one's philosophical seclusions, by the whining solicitations of beggars, or the impertinent remarks of a gang of hungry Arabs, who prowl about only to change their attitudes of petition to one of defiance, if they find they can work upon the fears of the parties among whom they are.

We made short and easy work of the Pyramid of Cheops; but not thus facile was the progress of the Baron. His mortal obesity claimed assistance from the dragoman and the donkey drivers, and still, not without much labor and vast perspiration, was he enabled to accomplish the difficult ascent. To be sure, you have to make a few unwieldy straddles, and strain your joints, as you climb from one step to another, up that stony ladder in the wilderness; but it requires no struggle for a man of nerve to gain its summit with comparative ease. The Baron weighed about two hundred pounds, and a few lifts were becoming his dignity and age; but we could take little credit upon ourselves for the accomplishment of a feat, which a jackass was once forced to perform to win a bet for some crazy or enthusiastic Frenchman.

In fifteen minutes by our watches, we reached the top of the greatest Pyramid, and selected seats among the pile of stones which are scattered on the platform, to rest awhile, until the arrival of the Baron. He followed shortly after; when we all sat down together, to recover breath, and inhale the fresh pure airs of that exalted region; and amused ourselves in deciphering the hieroglyphics of savans who had formally written their names on the stones upon which we sat. These blocks were covered with the scrawls and daubs of previous travellers. The Baron added his cabalistic double triangle to the number of the wise who had preceded us. For ourselves, we were content to spell out the immortal names of some few cosmopolites, who had possibly got a stage nearer heaven in that visit, than—if the thought be not presumptuous—they will ever reach again. To us it seemed to mark a vacuum of wit, and to smack more of sorry vanity than dignified sentiment, in leaving a card for the defunct founder of this pyramid; and we have ever dreaded that species of immortality, which beats so high to ingratiate itself in the breast of man,

> ——————"that e'en a few,
> Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd,
> Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
> And even to a clown."

Upon that dizzy height,

> "Where the brain reels, and the deficient sight
> Topples down headlong,"

it becomes not man to prefer himself, but to be startled in the presence of these "Chronicles of the World." From this elevated Pisgah of mountain-hewn stones, the solemn isolation, the whispering breeze, and the appalling stillness of all around, invoked the heartfelt prayer to the *Eternal God*, and to know ourselves, even, was to be heaven-descended.

The Baron rose in the *full* dignity of a Christian, and raising his hands in the attitude of prayer to heaven, uttered from the warmth of that pious sentiment which prevaded all—"Oh Dieu Eternel! nous vous remerçions pour tous tes bienfaits reçus. Nous vous prions guarder nos parens et nos amis, et de repandre l'influence du Saint Esprit dans tout le monde." We knelt in acquiescent, awful silence, and pronounced 'Amen!' The effect of these few words were electrical. They were the utterance of a grateful spirit; from that spot they touched the soul with the burning of a coal from heaven; they were the willing sacrifices of an overflowing heart, offered upon the grandest altar which was ever constructed by human hands. We turned from the reflection to gaze upon the beauties of the outspread landscape, and to wonder, with

praises, over the "promised land" which lay stretched at our feet, with the illimitable circle of wilderness and ruins girt about with bright belts of vegetation, and the wandering course of the Nile among its confining mountains. We stopped a moment to partake of our spread collation, and then, with renewed eagerness, turned to survey the mighty panorama, where Art and Nature contended for sublimity.

Here sat we upon the top of the highest monument in the world of wonder;—the first among the seven wonders of the ancients—the ancient of ancient sepulchres of the Kings—the loftiest mausoleum which was ever raised over the ashes of a son of Adam!

What a pinnacle of thought, from whence the imagination might wing its flight among the forms of things unknown! How expansive is the ken of mind, which seizes the objects which are here presented under the rare influences of a glorious climate, peculiar associations of the spot, and the ecstatic state of feeling, which are the natural offspring of each hour. No forest of immense extent, or darkening foliage, bends to the winds on yonder plain; no castle towers, no winning pictures of soft repose, or charming landscape, from which to frame seductive imagery or romantic scenes. But there is the stern power of a simple nature, the elements of a primitive chaos, where a strong restless antagonism is at work over the face of

the land, and the principles of life and death are ever struggling for ascendency.

The view from the summit is magnificent, and as extensive as that from the Apennines over the plains of Lombardy. Thence from the present height of four hundred and fifty feet, an altitude next to the cathedral of Strasburg, and with a more surprising vision, the eye looks out over the inscrutable expanse of the desert, until the horizon is bounded on all sides by the encircling syphons of the Libyan and Arabian mountains, whose yellow masses run in such close approximation to the banks of the Nile, as almost to flow into and lose themselves together. Within their range, the desert is covered by ruins and mounds of drifting sand, which furrow the plain into valleys where naked rocks break the surface of the arid waste; and to the north, the verge of the desert conceals the scene of the famous battle of the Pyramids. In front the distant outlines of the Mokattum ridge relieve the clear perspective of the citadel and spires of Cairo, and before this range of rocks, the expansive waters of the wandering Nile course with its many meanderings through the belts and valleys, which are highly cultivated and checkered with numerous plantations and refreshing palms, which charmingly relieve the lurid barrenness of the desert. Further to the south are the quarries of Massarah, from which (it is probable) the stones of the Pyramids

were taken; and along its course are the remains of the causeway to be traced. To the south, again, the graceful forms of the pyramids of Abooseer, Sakkarah, and Dashoor, loom like the tents of the wandering tribes, and are lit up in various perspective by the glances of fugitive light. Nearer we observed the animated landscape of the green belts of vegetation—the life on the plain, troops of shepherds, and wandering caravans; beyond, the lengthy ports of Foscat and Boolak, the stretching point of the delta, and the villages on the canals. Below us, we looked down upon the Sphinx, the checkered forms of the sepulchres under our feet, and the two other pyramids of Geezeh. Whilst peering fearfully down over the inclined precipice, we beheld the figures of our donkeys and drivers, dwindled into dwarfs and pigmy forms, and almost invisible. The far-off pyramids of *Aboorash* sunk at the extremest horizon, and all about us was a dreary, death-like desertion, which mournfully wasted into desert without shadows, and a mirage of vacuum.

We descended in a shorter time than ten minutes to about three-fourths of the distance down, and mounted again, by another angle on this front, to the entrance of the Pyramid. On the sixteenth step from the base of this quadrangular monument of Cheops, and about midway on that side, you meet with an opening towards the *north*. This approach, like the

platform on the top, betokens the mania of scribblers for immortality, and shows also a hieroglyphical tablet which was left there by Leipsius in honor of the discoveries of the Prussian expedition, which were made under the auspices of the present king. Two immense blocks of granite, crossed against each other, rest in support under the embrace of their pointed arch, and oppose their solid strength to the superincumbent weighty pressure of the enormous blocks above. This narrow passage, which runs for ninety feet, with a descent at an angle of 26°, (which is the same in all the other pyramids,) is lined with a surface of red granite, and plunges into an abyss of obscurity from the portals, behind which we lighted our candles to assist our further progress. At the extremity of this gangway you are opposed by the granite gate, which originally closed the passage in this direction; and you turn at an abrupt angle at one side, to mount by the aid of your hands and knees, through an entrance which has been forced by explorers. Through this new constructed opening you ascend to reach a second passage above, up which you are still obliged to crawl on your hands and feet, pursuing the same direction and angle of inclination in mounting, by which you had proceeded at first. This corridor terminates at one hundred feet, at the end of a well, whose zig-zag shaft is sunk through the solid rock to the bottom of the edifice, and has been

discovered by survey to be exactly in the middle of the Pyramid. This mysterious pit was supposed to have connected by an under-ground communication with the Sphinx,—an idea which has been since partially confirmed, by the discovery of a paved pathway leading from the Sphinx to the base of the former pile. From this point of the ascending gallery, a narrow horizontal passage leads to the "Chamber of the Queen," which is usually first visited, as it is curiously situated under the very apex of the Pyramid. Here you are now seventy-two feet above the level of the ground. From this you return to continue your crawling exercise in the original gallery, which you overcome with great difficulty, and not without apprehensions of slipping down the smooth stones, or of losing your foothold among the grooves which have been cut midway of this granite railway. It is supposed that by these galleries the sarcophagi were hauled by ropes from above, and were let down, or drawn up, in the same manner that heavy hogsheads are taken in and out of cellars by skids with us. The upper end of these passages was once closed by a portcullis in granite, which was let into grooves of the same material, and gave an entrance to the apartments beyond. Following the horizontal corridor, at its end you enter in the large area of the "King's Chamber," which is thirty-four feet long, seventeen wide, and nineteen feet

high. The floor is laid in large single slabs of granite; the sides are sustained by upright blocks of the same stone, and the light is admitted diagonally through loops in the wall, which also contribute to ventilation, from their admission of the external air. A fine red granite sarcophagus at the western end of this hall, with its head fronting to the north, evidenced by its proportions that it must have been introduced through the galleries, which were something more than seven feet in width. When struck it emits the sound of a deep-toned bell. The flashes of our torches lighted up some singular hollow pits, which were left uncovered in the corner of the northwest wall, and were supposed to have been used either for mummy deposits, or as tanks for water. The glare of our torches painted the walls of this gloomy chamber with flashes of supernatural light, and helped the imagination to picture forth the forms of ghouls and flickering ghosts, on the semi-transparent clouds of its own thick darkness. We had to regret, on reviewing the mutilated tomb, that virtuosos and pseudo antiquarians had contributed as much as the Turks, to the barbarous desecration of these monuments, of which they hypocritically complain.

In returning through the passage of the galleries we omitted a visit to the other chambers, and amused ourselves by practice in the acoustics of this mammoth

cavern. The sound of our Arabs' shrieks rose like the yells of demoniacs, and raised our hair as if the Witch of Endor had risen from her tomb. The report of a small pocket pistol reverberated through the hollow cavities like the bellowings of the rattling thunder; and a blast through the fingers—a goose whistle—made by one of the party, harrowed our nerves as if the devil himself had written on a slate with the sardonic screech of his iron prongs. We descended by the same grooved passages by which we had entered, and returned to the gate with our lungs inflated with mummy dust, and our noses well salted with the nitric gases of the earth. We cannot say that we were made much wiser by the visit; and if we were asked what it was best calculated to image forth to the mind, we should say, that if the great pyramid were reversed upside down, and Cheops stood on his head under its apex, with its room for 3700 chambers, its vaults and pits, corridors and galleries, abysses and wells, caverns of darkness and mysterious lights, unearthly smells and mouldering bones, it would have furnished Dante with the most perfect programme of his skeleton amphitheatre for Hades, and the happiest model for his Inferno, with a Lucifer in the centre; and where he first wrote—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate,"

"Leave every hope behind who enter here;"

he could have triumphantly planted his standard after his return with its fit motto—

"Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni,"

"The escutcheon of a tyrant fits the infernal sphere."

We passed out to look upon the lesser forms of the second pyramid of Cephrenes, which is seldom visited by travellers, and is only remarkable for its ascent by the Arabs to gain your *backsheesh;* and from the fact, that a sarcophagus, containing the mummy of the Sacred Bull, was found in its interior. The smaller edifice by its side, and the two former, constituted in some minds the type of the Egyptian Trinity. We did not stop long in the vicinity of these monuments after our descent from the colossal pile of Suphis, or Cheops. Nor did we find much to interest us in looking down into those hollow cavities in the ground, which lie scattered in the vicinity of the Pyramids. We were rather interested in examining the sculptured surfaces of one or two broken sarcophagi, which were still exposed on the sand; beside which, including what has already been noticed, very little else offered to enlarge our sphere of information, or excite curiosity, except the forcible conclusion resulting from a personal survey, that the entire range of these hills must have formed part of the vast cemetery of On.

It does not become us to inquire into the antiquity of these monuments, or to settle the question of their use, and the design of their founders, when the wisest of historians were in doubt in their day, and while these points are still unsettled by the most patient and learned archæologists of our own age.

For ourselves, it is of little import whether they were originally constructed by kings, in the pride and despotism of power, to immortalize their reigns, at the sacrifice of millions of their subjects; or that, when thus constructed by such monarchs, they were subsequently converted, through the influence of designing and cunning priests, into the mysterious temples of a grovelling and enslaving superstition. We think that the discovery of the Bull in the sarcophagus, and the later deciphering of the seal of Suphis, on an inner block, sufficiently prove the one and the other of these conclusions. In fact, we see little to be gained from the unravelled secrets of these mounds, unless the opening of further chambers should bring to light evidences of more conclusive proof. So long as the contemporaneous lives of Shishak and Solomon are held to be true, and the correlative testimonies of the presence of the Jews on the walls of the Theban remains, and the paintings of other grottoes, are acknowledged to be correct, we have certain definite epochs for our starting point in profane and sacred

history. Beyond this, the existence of the pyramids of Geezeh, if relied upon to establish the tests of divine truths, only become stumbling-blocks for the pride of foolish scholars; and if they base their aspirations after a pure and undoubted faith by a reliance on these legendary stones, they will find that, to the perversion of their own blind judgments, these will be sure to prove a second Babel, to scatter and destroy the pillars of the human mind. The Pyramids are but the living mausoleums of dead monstrosities. They are the sublimest monuments of the truth of prophecy; and as they now stand, with their broken peaks raised aloft above that waste of desolation which sweeps about their base, they rise like the cones of extinguished volcanoes, from whose craters have poured the desolations of nations, and devastations of successive empires and centuries.

THE SPHINX.

"So stands the statue which enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

Just in front of the Pyramid of Cephrenes, and somewhat towards the east, we came upon the form of the mutilated Sphinx—that colossal statue, whose ancient mythological namesake awed the world by its mysterious riddles, and whose own sweet and amiable face even now wins the traveller by its smile, despite the fracture of its broken nose. Here is a mountain hewn into the shape of a monster Amazon; not a huge uncouth beast, but what had evidently prefigured a beautiful female face, with the body of a lioness, and whose paws alone reached some fifty feet in front of that paved dromos, which preceded it from the sanctuary.

The history of the Sphinx is involved in no less mystery than its neighbors. In the Œdipus Tyrannus, we read of the fame of other oracles, and that the

world was held in wonder by the report of some obscure responses; but we are taught to distinguish this Sphinx from the fabled monster of Thebes, in the capital of Beotia, who ravaged the whole of that district, and spread alarm throughout Greece—not that Sphinx which was to destroy itself upon the solution of an enigma which was to be resolved by man; and which, when it was proposed, "What animal is that which walks on four feet in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?" dashed its head in madness against a rock, when that riddle was solved, to gain a bride, by the happy suitor for Jocusta—but, the more obscure image which was dug up out of the sand by Cavaglia, and whose portrait has been so cleverly drawn by Arrian, and translated by Dr. Young:

"Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land;
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encumbered once with sand;
And near the Pyramids have bid thee stand:
Not that fierce Sphinx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant, mild and bland;
Watching that prince beloved who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own."

The allegorical figure of the Sphinx, like those images which ornamented the avenues to the Propylon of Karnac and Luxor, and differed from this in their

material of syenite, no doubt prefaced the entrance of an ancient temple. This myth in limestone rock, bears upon its breast a tablet of ensculptured stone, which it holds towards the east, and that proclaims its import. On its top the winged serpent and globe are yet to be seen, and between its feet, it holds an altar upon which the sacrifices were performed. The remains of several couchant lions which were found about its neighborhood, evidently indicate the course of the avenues by which the priests approached, and the burnt edges of the stone altar show plainly that they had used fire in their sacrifices.

The fact that no mention is made of this wonderful statue by Herodotus, and the casual notice of Pliny, who speaks fully of the pyramids, leave us somewhat in doubt as to its antiquity or design. He says the natives called it the "Tomb of King Amasis," which was a mistake of the Greeks in the conversion of their name of Thothmes

The presence of the altar, the inscriptions on the tablet in front, the ranks of the couchant lions which led to the sanctuary, and were painted with the color of the "holy red"—a pigment still held sacred in India—indicate most conclusively that the Sphinx was connected with the religious rites of the Egyptians. Its eastern aspect, and the concurrence of its position with the inundations of the Nile during the passage of

the sun from Leo into Virgo, shadow forth that in this, as with the Pyramids, there was some connection with astronomical science and the revolution of the seasons. It may have been, therefore, an attribute in the worship of the sun—a belief which we find strengthened by Nero's presence at the sacrifices which were offered to this orb, in which it is said that he officiated, and on which occasion these priestly flatterers acknowledged the honor of the Emperor's visit, by an inscription of his title, or proper prenomen, of "agatho-daimon," as verily, in the truth of history and translation he proved to be, "a *very* good devil."

The most reliable legend connected with this colossus, is that which associates it with the annual inundations of the Nile, and embodies in this shape the types of combined strength, feminine beauty, and prolific influence. It thus became a deification of the Nile itself, uniting the river and its attributes, fertility and abundance—the source of every good to Egypt—personified in the form of the sculptured Sphinx.

However considered, whether as the representation of kingly prerogative in the union of intellectual and physical power; or as a legend depicting the potency of nature, the type of the animal kingdom; or the embodiment of manly vigor, intellectual supremacy, female loveliness, or creative imagery, it is the most perfect allegory in existence. There is none other upon

which such a diversity of ideas can exercise the mind, or upon which

> "Opinion gilds with ever-varying rays,
> Those golden dreams which beautify our days."

No wonder that the traveller becomes enthusiastic, as he gazes upon its wonderful proportions. It still stands in the measurement of Pliny—163 feet along the body, 63 in length from base of body to the top-knot, and 102 feet in the circuit of its forehead. It stood perfect in the days of Abdálattif, but was since mutilated by a bigot of a Sheik, who was called the Faster. Its countenance in limestone has neither the expression of a stony heart nor of barren nature; it wears that same sweet smile which plays about the lips of the monster caryatides of Ipsamboul and Philœ, and the same lines of benignity light up its features as in the colossal figure of the recumbent Sesostris at Memphis. There is the same light and serene play of amiability, loveliness, gentleness, and intelligence, in one and all.

The wonder and astonishment of the traveller is great at the first sight of this lost beauty, and there is a thrill of ecstasy which fixes and fascinates in the contemplation of this image, which all partake, who have lived to love the genius of the East, and to share in that enthusiasm for beauty, which makes even the

presence of a Sphinx acceptable to him who has been for months deprived of the pleasures of living female society. Such is the Sphinx; truly beautiful, benign and tranquil—Nubian in countenance—stone stamped with expression, almost impressed with animation—admirable in conception and execution—and wanting but the fire of Prometheus to transform it to flesh and blood.

The lengthening shadows of the Sphinx, which were now thrown broadcast over the plains of sand, reminded us of the approach of sunset, and of the necessity of getting to Geezeh that night. Having assembled our party together, we took a long, last, lingering look at the mysterious triad of the pyramids in our rear; and casting a pleasing retrospect over the desert, and the shadowing outlines of Aboorash's wings, bid farewell to the pyramid of Cheops, and wafted an eternal adieu to the majestic Sphinx.

As we crossed the plain, we cast many a look behind, and paused at the edges of the palm-groves to wonder at the mysteries of this mournful land, till at last our view embraced only the mountain-like quadrangles of the pyramids; for the colossal head of the leonine figure had sunk almost like a solar orb behind the ridges of that drifting desert sea. Again, the triad of On loom majestically over that waste, and shadow forth their extended sides along the margin of the

yellow wilderness, and sink in perspective diminution, until their indented peaks close together like the cones of a triple-crowned mountain. How glorious that scene appeared as we emerged from the last forest of palms, when the setting sun had descended behind the distant mountains; when the deep red glare of his parting rays bathed that wilderness with the sombre embers of a thousand smouldering fires, and these monster tents threw their arched summits in bold relief against the extended drooping drapery of festooned golden clouds; and the solid figures of the Pyramids themselves, loomed up in that waste of desolation, like burning volcanoes in a troubled sea! Then, in that fading light, their solitude was complete! Then, when nought else around was to be seen, these lonely towers rose like the portals to the unknown land. They stood like the porches to eternity, and imaged the entrance to that illimitable space which stretched into infinity behind them.

Still more grand, and even picturesque, was our last view, when we stood at the outskirts of the town of Geezeh, and before we entered the breach of the crumbling Memlook walls, whence we framed a picture between the borders of the palm and mimosa trees, and the graceful muezzim towers of a solitary mosque in the suburbs. No one can fully appreciate the transcendant beauties of an Egyptian climate, or

the enchanting influences of that transparent air. Italians have acknowledged the superiority of its charms over the boasted skies of Italy, or the warm-toned tints of the Bay of Naples. That atmosphere of pellucid purity magnifies the objects of our vision, and ever as it enlarges into amazement the already gigantic proportions of the pyramids, also developes the highest power of enthusiasm to elevate the soul to heaven. In that magical atmosphere, all animated objects combine to increase the awe of the beholder, and make the silent majesty of the antiquities the scenic lenses on which all ages pass. That clime is best suited, of all others, to the most exalted dreams of the poet; it seizes the strongest hold on the imagination, and those skies present by night the most perfect fields for the intense scrutiny and sublime discoveries of the astronomer.

Hurrying on through the outskirts of Geezeh, now passing over patches of melons, by fig-gardens, under groves of mimosa, and over fragments of the broken walls, we soon came to the more animated centre of the mosques and bazaars. The main square presented an uncommon degree of bustle and excitement, which contrasted highly with the solitude and isolation which we had enjoyed for the three days past among the monuments. Having left the rest of our party at the boat, which had been previously dis-

patched in the morning to meet us at this port-landing, I dashed away from the shore, and taking the direction of the main street of the village, galloped through the town to the astonishment of the women and cobblers at the sooks, in order to get a sight of the *Eccaleobion* of Geezeh, or the process of artificial egg-hatching. Having found the house where the business was in operation, we knocked at the gate to obtain admission. After a little difficulty the request was complied with; the firman did it. The process was very simple. You enter into the oven—which is a dirty hovel composed of unburnt bricks—by its main passage hall in the centre; you then crawl through a hole in the side wall, and there you behold several small apartments, which are regulated at various degrees of heat; continuing to pass along on your hands and knees, for the oven is rather low, you have a vision of about 10,000 eggs, in different states of forwardness. First the white eggs, then the more yellow, then the cracked eggs, and lastly, the protruding chicks. These are all placed on layers of pulled flax, and the temperature of the various chambers is reduced according to the distance at which each chamber is placed from the furnace, which is heated by a fire of camel's dung. The eggs are turned five or six times a day. It occupies the same time as nature herself does to hatch the chicken, viz., twenty-two days. It is curious to

look at this hen labor-saving mode of incubation; but at the same time rather unpleasant to come out of this chicken vent with your ears full of fleas. This Eccaleobion is for public use, and any body can send eggs to be hatched. You pay two eggs to hatch one, and one-third per cent. is usually lost. The visitor is mulcted one cent for his curiosity.

That night we were in excellent condition to enjoy our bath in the Nile, and the next morning crossed over the river to the gardens of El Rhouddah.

EL RODA AND THE NILOMETER.

"So bloom'd 'neath orient skies, when Abbas reigned,
The Garden of the East.—A royal pair,
Its rich luxuriance prun'd, its flowrets train'd,
Rear'd its moss beds, and wove its arbors fair:—
Abdallah with Balsora wandered there,
Fetter'd with bliss—the silken chain of love."

THE first rosy tints of morning saluted us on our early stroll among the gardens of this beautiful island, and we hailed the coming day under the sparkling white walls of the Palace of Ibrahim Pacha, where its numerous abutments and projecting wings give a graceful and airy appearance to the massive piles of stone. Its situation in the midst of highly cultivated gardens, whence its wide terrace front sweeps down to the landing, and falls by easy access to the river, is peculiarly striking; and is the more interesting, from its being on the identical spot where Moses was discovered by the maidens of Thermuthis, as she walked of old amid the blooming shrubbery of the royal house of

Pharaoh, or right gracefully sauntered among the flowery parterres, glowing with beauty and redolent of perfume, on her way to the morning bath, in the silver wave of the lotus-crowned Nile. The mother of the future Lawgiver of Israel well knew the security of that secluded spot, where the princess moved amid her attendant Graces; and from her hiding-place among the rushes, on the sedgy bank, she could watch the frail ark which sustained the form of her helpless infant.

The flowering Isle of Rhoda is now no less gracious to behold, than in the days of its ancient renown; and with its hanging-parterres, its vine-clad trellises, its Persian water-wheels, moved by the patient oxen, its gay morning life, the crowds at the Pacha's court, the landscape gardenings of foreign taste, and the overhanging bridges which join the isle to Fostat, over the current of the interflowing Nile, still presents infinite charms which attract, and numberless images which recall with facile change, the glories of its former past.

Ibrahim, the favored son of the Pacha, owns the entire island, and he has displayed great taste in adorning it with the rarest arbustre of the world. The care and decoration of the garden was intrusted to Mr. Trail, a Scotch horticulturalist, who has made the most of the limited space allowed; and, in spite of several inundations which have destroyed some of the most valuable of the trees and plants, has triumphed

over the rebellious elements by the patient exercise of his skilful art. We had great pleasure in conversing with this artist, and in being shown by him around and through the treasures of his charming little realm; and as we strolled under groves of orange and citron, in that extensive collection of exotics and European plants, we could easily distinguish the presence of his taste and talent, amid the shades of lofty sycamores, figs, tamarisks and palms; the cedar and banana, the India cane and arbustre of China; and among the scented vales of unnumbered flowers, mimosas, rose-trees, cassia, and ten thousand shrubs of perfumed leaves.

Amid these pillared shades, we could easily recall the fountains and courts of the enchanting Arabian Tales; and as we listened to the birds among the branches, carolling their matin notes of praise, they awoke to perfection our early dreams of the realities of an Eastern paradise. We took leave of the Scotchman, and as we walked along the path of the canal, in the direction of the south, caught a good view of the aqueduct which supplies the citadel with water from Old Cairo, (*Fostât.*)

Having presented our firman to the Nizam guard who walked in front of the upper palace, we entered within the inclosures to view the Mekkéeas, or Nilometer of the ancient Egyptians, by which they measured

the height of the inundations. Situated at the extreme point of the island, it consisted of a hollow square, which had been formerly covered over by the roof of a ruined mosque; and from the centre of this hollow area, there arose the shaft of a graduated pillar, which was graded in twenty-four divisions of cubits, along which the rise or fall of the river indicated the high or low state of the Nile. In the season of the spring inundations, when the waters are let into the canals of the country, by the opening of the sluices, the state of the river is proclaimed in the city by regularly appointed criers, and the festival of the "Flowing of the Waters" is one of the most entertaining and gorgeous fêtes in the calendar of the Cairene feasts. We descended the stairs to view more closely the scales of the upright column, and were enabled to observe the state of the Nile by the entrance of the water through the meshes of a rich Tarkish net screen. This Nilometer is the relics of that which was built by Suleiman in the eighth century, and was left in its present dilapidated condition by the explosion of the Pacha's powder mill, a few years ago; an event which caused a watchful eye to be placed over all strangers, and led to the introduction of an imperative edict, that no foreigner be admitted without the special seal of the Pacha. The indices on the Nilometer of Roda, have led to several interesting inquiries as to the extent of subsoil which

had been deposited through many centuries by the annual spring inundations. The fact of the accumulations of land by the freshets on the island, and the daily observation of all dwellers on great rivers, must have satisfactorily established the fact, that deltas have been universally occasioned by the gradual accretion of vegetation and mud, which have been left to accumulate after the subsidence of each vernal flood.

The whole island of El Roda embraces an extent of about three hundred acres.

THE IMPERIAL CITY.

"Bright is the city with the glow of Art,
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself.
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay."

The sun was already up above the towers of the imperial city, and the morning vapors were lifting off the face of the river, when we again descended into our cangiah, and moved off through the Khâleeg in the direction of the port of the capital. The latticed windows of the verandahs, which hung over the running stream; the overhanging bridges and trellised vines, chequered with festoons of flowers, which decked the shrubbery of Roda; and the intermingling of stately palms and kiosks, palaces, and boats, which enlivened both margins with beauty and animation, formed a fit and glorious accompaniment to our return to Kâhira. The rapid current of the narrow canal bore us swiftly past the terraces of Roda, and once more by the

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crowded suburbs of Fôstat; and as we swept again out upon the broad surface of the Nile, we caught another glimpse over the palacial retreats of the old Memlook walls of Geezeh, as we were taking our last meal on the deck of the vessel. Again, the bosom of the Nile was in motion under the bustling activity of the approach to the metropolis. There were rafts of ghoolehs tied together with palm-ropes, floating down the watery highway, and the flaring white sails, of lateen form, fluttering like butterflies over the liquid field; rough-visaged men engaged with their boats, and blue calico-draped females filling their water-jars, lined the margin of the shore. Notes of music reached us from the bands of the Military School opposite. Now the flaring white walls of the houses on this side are relieved by the flowers and gardens of Fôstat. Behind us is the oblong palace of the Pacha Ibrahim; El Roda in the distant *aerial* perspective, and the village of Embabeh last. Rapidly we course by all; and now the tall minaret of Boulak appears high over the walls of its crumbling tenements, and the bustling scenes of the wharf. Full of joy our sailors pull cheerily at the oars, and in full song welcome their return to the imperial city; and while their choruses are still echoing over the stream with "Halay-e'-eesha, Hay-la-lu-jah, Hamay sha!" the boat touched at the

walls of the Custom House, and we leaped ashore at the quay of Boulak.

What a Babel of tongues and of occupations preoccupy our arrival, and almost distract us among that crowd of beggars, porters, donkeys and camels, which are moving about in all directions, jostling, hallooing, groaning, whining and braying, amid those piles of grain, crowds of ragged women, flocks of goats, and chatter of the cabaret, which strew in chaotic confusion the terrace in front of the Palace of Ismail. In a few moments, however, we were cleared from this crowd of fourth-jointed camels, screaming donkeys, and pestering beggars; and having taken an affectionate leave of the crew, and embracing both the Reis and Hadji-Bab in our arms, we mounted on separate donkeys, and dashed off through the streets, with our donkey boys running behind us, and shouting, "*Yemeenak, ya sabee!*" "To the right, my covey!" "*Shimálak, ya sitt!*" "To the left, ye ladies!" "*Raglak yá effendee!*" "Mind your eyes, you Turk!" and "*Dahrah, yá bint!*" "Take care of your back, my sweety!" as we hurried on over the plain, scaring the water girls, and frightening the sakas; and having startled into a scamper a drove of donkeys, which were returning with empty water-skins from the capital, we dashed forward, only to arrest our gallop under the portcullis of the outer tower gate.

Here we stopped awhile to receive the visit of the Nizam guard, and waved our reverence to the authority of the Pacha, and wafted our salaams, in honor of our return to the grateful protection of Kahira, "the victorious."

REPOSE IN CAIRO.

At noon we entered the yard of our caravanserai, and flinging our reins to the dragoman, we dismounted at the stairs of the inner court, and there leaving our donkeys in charge of the drivers, entered within the hospitable saloon of the Hotel d'Orient, and flung ourselves on the sofa of the library to enjoy one hour of undisturbed leisure and refreshment; and the first moment of quiet, after an absence of three months, during which the seasons had changed from winter to spring.

In an hour afterwards we again mounted our donkeys, and were off to the Consulate for letters and news. With what eager expectation we rode through the crowds of those hoodwinked women and solemn Orientals which filled the passage from the wooden gate, that throbbed with all the active life and bustle of the city, as we passed round the corner of the British Library, and emerged from the mouldering improvements of the Pacha into those narrow blind lanes, which run from the quarter of the sooks and ba-

zaars, into the precincts of the Consulates and the more respectable dwelling-houses. At length, by a very zig-zag course, we reached the office of the American Vice Consul. The Janissary at the gate admitted us within, and the cawass of the bureau handed us our papers.

What pleasurable sensations filled our hearts at the receipt of our letters from home; and how interesting and exciting were the numberless items of news from the world—"the Old World and the continent"—and from Paris, that pulse of empire! Is it possible? Louis Philippe has abdicated! A *French* republic? Belgium had revolted! Dalmatia in arms! Lombardy under martial law, and Naples in a row? Quæ tempora! Oh mores! Bismillah! Maschallah! It startled even the Grand Vizier, and frightened one of the three tails of the Pacha quite out of its original Q.

We sat awhile, conversing with the agreeable Mr. Müller, who acted as vice for Mr. Tod, in his absence; and after having discussed the important facts of the day, returned to the street, and remounted our donkeys for a ride before dinner, on our way back to the Uzbuqueeh.

The first meal after our return to the "Orient," was one of great sociability and of much animated conversation. At this advanced season the rush of travel had subsided, and our messmates were either men who

had domiciliated themselves in the Frank's quarter, officers from India, who had stopped to take a view of the Nile Pyramids on their way home, or educated travellers from Russia and Poland. We were, of course, eagerly solicited by the few who were about to ascend the Nile, and had to answer many pertinent questions about Thebes and its wonders. Among others, we were most interested in a young Polish nobleman, who was rather of a devotional or melancholy temperament; for we speak of him only from our recollection of his contemplative turn of mind, and his candor in judging most of those things to be humbugs in travel, which many others were wont to vaunt as wonderful, merely for fashion's sake. He was a thoroughly frank detester of mummy-mongers, sham scarrabees, desecraters of antiquity, and polluters of sanctuaries; and always spoke with a feeling of contempt of the ridiculous enthusiasm of certain archæologists, who readily found ibises on the backs of buffaloes, and classic beauty amid stercoraceous heaps, where common nostrils breathed only of offals. He was always highly devotional in his regard for nature and the Eastern beatitudes.

We were equally interested in an old Scotch General, who had just arrived from the African coast-service, and was then bent with two companions on a voyage up the Nile. General Harlan—I think we

called him—was an elderly man of sixty years, and in a pleasant way, as he expressed himself, dreamed of living to a hundred. He flattered himself that he had been of vast importance to the Queen, in his official capacity at the Cape of Good Hope, and initiated us into a new theory of his, viz., that government agents were not responsible to their principals at the Court, and that the officers at the Cape were better qualified to take care of the Queen's interest than the Cabinet in Lombard Street. He defied, therefore, all responsibility to the ministers at St. James; and, addressing his loyalty to the Queen, as a *prieux chevalier*, wrote letters of instruction to the India Board, advising them how to mind their own affairs. He was certainly a bold and independent man, and I felt great respect for one who approached in all his bearings to the genius of a true Yankee Anglo-Saxon. To be sure, he was a lonely bachelor—a solitary biped—

> "And he cared for nobody,
> And nobody cared for him;"

but he was always as loyal as port could make him, and boasted that his four cardinals were the virtues of a heroic age; and that as he never got drunk, had no wife, was no mason, and never used tobacco; he thought that he stood a better chance for a century than any man alive.

These and many other choice spirits made up the goodly company that entertained each other at that social meal. Our conversation turned on the Persian Gulf, and the influence of the Eastern moon on the face and sight of the people. Here the General spoke of the heavy dews at night in the vicinity of the Cape, as the cause of rheumatism, and in naming the west coast of Africa, he gave us an interesting account of Monsieur and Madame de Ville's voyage to the interior of Ethiopia—a journey which resulted in their death, as has, unfortunately, too often been the case with many others, who have essayed to contend against the fatal fevers of that region, and the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants of Western Africa.

We shall ever retain a most grateful recollection of that singular old General from motives of self-interest, for he relieved us of a weighty responsibility which rested with us after our descent, in that he took a whole cangiah off our shoulders; and although he *would* insist upon looking "at a gift-horse in the mouth," when we offered to throw our old crooked gun into the bargain, we bore him no ill will for refusing the offer of a musket which would have greatly assisted him in shooting round the corners of the Nile. He was too wide awake to risk his life with an injured carbine which now might literally be said to be of a double-twist barrel, for we had almost spoiled its line

by belaying our donkey with it at the Pyramids. He also showed that he was shrewd at a contract, for after he had taken the cangiah, he made it a condition precedent to the hire, that the Reis should take him and his two friends to the First Cataract at Assuan, within forty days, and for forty pounds sterling.

This sale terminated our voyage up the Nile—a journey to which we shall always refer with the most pleasurable satisfaction. Like a genuine Yankee, we cannot omit to express our appreciation in dollars and cents; and when we state that the whole expense of that trip up the Nile, which lasted seventy-two days, only cost three of us about $300, we take the liberty of adding, that while it is the most moderate priced, it is also the most agreeable "dolci far niente" barkarole in the world; and unlike most of our cockney travellers, we have the effrontery to conclude, "that the truly delectable pleasures of this life, are oftenest those wherein the consideration of price or money does not enter *at all*."

Thus, having settled about the boat, dismissed the Reis, and relieved our minds from any anxiety as to the sale of our furniture and "impedimenta," we found ourselves at ease, with ample leisure to enjoy a few days in the capital, and to revel amid the fair scenes and oriental pictures of Cairo.

ORIENTALA.

"*Now*, the Egyptians are *men*, and *not* gods; and their horses *flesh*, and not spirit."
ISAIAH XXXI. 3.

AMONG the highest pleasures which follow from the accomplishment of a voyage up the Nile, and a range among the antiquities, are those striking parallels which are exhibited in the streets of the capital between the manners and customs of the moderns, and those depictions of the same as to the ancient Egyptians, which were so pleasing among the tombs and temples of the Thebaid. Alike peculiar to the East is the Biblical interest which the most common daily occurrences awaken in the mind of the curious beholder; while not the least striking are many of the vivid contrasts which excite the attention, because at first sight they appear hard to be accounted for, although perfectly consistent with the truth of Christianity and Divine revelation, as found in the Scriptures.

The first object which we noticed after our return was the resemblance of the Arabs to their ancestral types in the caryatides and mummy images of the catacombs, and the sculptures on the temple walls. The sombre and proud Bedouin who struts about in his bornoos, which covers also his head and shoulders; or the common fellah girl, who steps the streets so gracefully under the weight of her cylindrical vase, recall at once their images and prototypes in the upper land of the ruins. The Coptic face displays peculiarly the characteristics of the ancient Egyptians—and as you view their fiercely piercing eyes, peeping out under the folds of the full hoods, which shade their broad facial angles, you easily recognize the same originals in stone, where the drapery is left uncut with flaring and solid flanges over the shoulders.

The most of that imagery which so beautifully illustrates the Parables of the New Testament, and persuades one in the East to almost abandon every other guide but the sublime pages of Holy Writ, is drawn from external nature, and the manners and observances of Oriental life. If we follow the letter of the Bible, we find constant reference to some familiar object of our experience; and we have only to wonder that any but the most bigoted infidel could call in question any of the truths of the sacred page. For our own part, we found no discrepancy between

the customs of the Egyptians, as related in the Bible, and those which prevail in the present social life of Egypt, save in the single exception of the covered, or veiled faces of the women, which we well know was introduced by one of the Saracen monarchs. The many curious characteristics which were given by Herodotus as peculiar to the life of the common people in his time, still exist among them, to show how little their nature, or customs, have altered since his day. The men were idlers, occupied in the feminine employment of spinning, or gossiping and loafing; so now the fellahs of the Nile throw all the cares of the household, and much of the drudgery, on the females. With the exception of the slaves at the water-buckets, we scarcely ever saw an Arab occupied with any other care than that of his pipe and victuals. The domestic life of the higher orders differs materially from the habits of the common people; and, although they are extremely interesting in themselves, can scarcely be said to be very dissimilar to the manners and customs of the Turks. By no means inexpressive become the terms of the Arabic when applied to the different grades of society. How fit is their word "*sitt*," to express a LADY of the harem; the title of "*hagg*," to denote an effeminate male idler; and that of "*fellah*," when applied to the fellows of a lower order. These curious appellatives are often the

proper titles of foreign languages, which need no conversion to understand their meaning. In their religious pride, their respect—which is almost idolatrous—for the Prophet; their enthusiastic piety, strict attention to all the forms of worship, proverbial regard for veracity, superstitious fears, humane treatment of animals, abhorrence of dogs, observance of hospitality, and in their sensuality, the Arabs are not distinct from other classes of Mussulmen.

They are of course a noticeable race, possessing a language of their own, with many peculiarities singularly amusing to strangers; and in their domestic life having many points of original interest, which are the antipodes of the customs of Europeans, and so numerous in detail, that I must beg leave to refer the reader to Lane's "Modern Egyptians," as the most accurate and interesting work which has ever been written about this people; and I shall therefore give only a brief description of three of the curiosities of the modern capital, to wit:

BARBERS, BEARDS, AND COSTUMES.

The ancient and very honorable custom of beards, and the shorn head, gives to the *barbers* of large Eastern cities a distinction which is only equal to the importance which the Orientals attach to the beards

themselves. As the full flowing chin appendage alone claims consideration and respect for its wearer, so the possession of a thin crop, the cultivation of a few sparse, straggling hairs, or the face with no beard at all, becomes a sign of reproach to the owner, and often entails the approbrious nickname of a "cow's beard"—a contemptible fellow, or indicates the disgrace of the person who is thus deficient.

With the honors of this appendage rises the dignity of the Eastern barber; for he is usually a fellow of wondrous parts, great importance, and much garrulousness; and his shop, which is generally near the coffee-house and the bath, becomes a resort for the fashionable idlers of the town, and therein all the gossip and news of the day is discussed. This man, who in the East is always an adept in his art, and who shears your pate with incredible velocity, entertains his customer with his loquacity, whom he holds confined within the yoke of his basin, which fits to the throat of the party; and whilst your head is lost in a cloud of soapsuds and foam, your mouth is at a level with a sea of white froth in the basin, which you hold with both hands. His tongue runs no less rapidly than he plies his razor on the exposed head, and even while he operates on you, he is capable of entertaining his shopful of customers; having a word for each, and a clever and apt question from the Koran, which, no less than the green turban which he

wears, shows him to be both a saint and a descendant of the Prophet. He is often a wandering professor, and carries his basin and implements along with him; and you frequently see him engaged with a customer in the street, whose naked baldness and bedaubed countenance, often presents one of the most ridiculous plasters that we ever saw in a niche.

We have little doubt that the Moors, when they conquered Spain, introduced this artist in the kingdom of Granada; and that the Oriental barber was the original of the true Figaro in the Barbière de Seville. No less certain, therefore, is the type of the proper helmet of Don Quixotte, which he stole from the travelling Figaro; and which Cervantes, with classic tact, converted into the ridiculous Yelmo de Mambrino.

To stroke your beard becomes a very great compliment; and an oath by the beard—especially if it is that of the Prophet—is most solemnly binding.

We would advise all our friends, therefore, to commence their Eastern travels by shaving their heads, and adopting the graceful and easy Nizam dress of the present day, with the tarboosh. For in proportion to the length and fulness of the beard, will be their estimation with the Arabs; and, if they become "no beards," in the language of the East, they will be very apt to be ridiculed for their hats, an article which even the Bedouins will kick away when they rob you in the

desert; and they may be laughed at in the bazaars, as "singed apes" or plucked pigeons, if they appear in the streets with those tight pantaloons and soft chins, which look so very thin and washy in the eyes and largesse of Eastern Costumers.

THE CADI'S COURT.

In speaking of the characters of the East, it would be unpardonable in us not to mention that important officer of the courts who is termed the Cadi; the administrator of the laws of the Empire, and the Judge of the highest tribunal in Cairo. This officer is appointed by the Sultan, at Constantinople; and he has cognizance of suits of the highest importance. The dispensation of justice in Egypt, is much the same as that of its practice under the Mosaic law. It is even now "an eye for an eye," and "a tooth for a tooth," among the Moors; but this is seldom carried into effect among the Arabs, except in extreme cases of murder; where the next relative is called upon to avenge, and which may even now be commuted by a ransom of fifty purses. The Cadi is annually appointed by the Sultan, and takes his seat in Cairo after he has performed a pilgrimage to Mecca, on the return of the caravan from the Caaba. It is not necessary that he should be a learned man, as the duties of the office are

performed by a Náib, who must be a lawyer; and as this office is obtained from the Porte by purchase, Cadis have been placed there, of great ignorance. Bribery is no less a peculiarity in an approach for justice in this court; and the Persians have a proverb to describe this venality, which reads, "that a Cadi who takes five cucumbers for a bribe, will admit any kind of evidence for fifteen water-melons." A present or douceur, no less than the payment of a fee with us, precedes the course of the law in the East; and according to the perfume of the Rishweh, or gift, is the delight of the mercenary Cadi.

Property disputes, family quarrels, and all cases which may be strictly termed law-suits, fall within the jurisdiction of the "Mehkemek," or Cadi's Court. Petty offences, street affrays, and small thefts, come within the province of the Bash-aga, the police officers, or watchmen, as with us. But, in either case, justice is summary, and the poor are always handled with little grace. The conduct of the presiding officers in some of the courts is often insolent, and their language obscenely abusive; but there are no quibbles of the law, and no pettifogging of the merits. All important business is transacted in writing, and before witnesses; there is no dodging, and no *courteous* retorts allowed, except when the Cadi chooses; but all is open, clear, straightforward, and direct. The

Judge sees intuitively through the most intricate point —if he pleases to; the decision is immediately come to, and no sooner is the judgment awarded than the culprit is thrown down, and the koorbasch applied to his naked feet, which are suspended under the infliction of the lash: and should he happen to be a baker, who has been tried for cheating in bread, he would be nailed up by the ears to his own door-post.

We like this prompt action of the Egyptian court; for literally in the East, "law is law," and "justice is justice." We earnestly believe that when the law came, *then came* sin; and have an idea that where there are most lawyers, *there* is the least godliness. We would glory in the open court of the desert, where the sky should re-echo our *Oyer*, and the ocean our *Terminer;* where we could refresh ourselves with a true pastoral age of ethics, while an old Bedouin Sheik might sit under the shade of a noble sycamore, and dispense justice to his tribe, like the patriarchs of old. Such simplicity and openness might commend itself to the attention of the judges and tribunals of this country. Such, however, is always the crowded state of the Cadi's court, that we inferred that the Arabs were very fond of litigation.

No one travels among the Egyptians, without gathering some curious particulars of their peculiar ideas of justice; and in this Court, which is looked

upon with *awe* by some, and with disgust by most, many amusing anecdotes might be gathered to illustrate this remark. The notion of satisfaction is so prevalent, that even the Sultan himself has been brought to account for the mal-practice of his officers; and a story is related, where Sultan Mahmoud was forced to appear by his deputy in the Court of the Mehkemek, to answer a charge of a common Turk, who had been deprived of his patrimony in Adalia through the false pretext of a Governor. The monarch, who was too just and wise a sovereign not to know that he who makes the laws should be the first to respect them, listened to his poor subject's complaint with patient condescension, who all the while held the monarch by the stirrups, and preferred his petition, as the Sultan rode to mosque. His Highness inquired minutely into his case, and learning that the complainant had been ousted of possession by the forged letters and lying statements of the official, he regarded the peasant with increased honor, complimented him on his upright and resolute character, and sent him home loaded with presents: telling him at the same time, "If any man wrong you, or the authorities fail to do you justice, remember that *I* am here."

Thus it happens sometimes that through a freak of royal caprice, offenders of long standing have been

brought to justice; and it always struck us that the Orientals took peculiar delight in bringing down the pride of some wealthy Nabob, or Mustapha, who, in the insolence of exaltation, or a prosperous change of circumstances, might have been led in his arrogance to forget the friendly assistance and acts of kindness afforded in his days of humble poverty, or the little foibles and peccadilloes of which he had been unconsciously guilty when his penury was urgent.

Opposed to these instances of generous retaliation, or cases where power and wealth have been brought to feel the influence of the law, are other suits, which have terminated like those in which the fox in the fable took part; where the rights of the adverse parties, not having been adjudged satisfactorily to themselves, the Cadi, either as Solomon or the monkey, played the part of umpire; and has either divided the subject of litigation between the parties, or taken the whole to himself, as security for a heavy bribe for its relinquishment.

But to descend from the grave to the ridiculous, we close this chapter on the Cadi and his Court, by that amusing scene which took place in Cairo, in which two tradespeople were concerned. Most of my readers have no doubt heard of the story of the barber and the jackass. Even at the risk of repetition, we give the anecdote to illustrate the farcical side of this august tribunal.

A barber made a contract with a faggot vender for all the wood which his donkey had on his back. The money was paid, and the faggots delivered; but the barber claimed also the panniers, which were of wood. Here issue was joined; the vender objecting. The dispute was referred, of course, to the Cadi. He decided that the baskets must be given into the bargain.

The barber went on his way rejoicing, and chuckling with delight at his own shrewdness, thinking how cleverly he had shaved the faggot-dealer; but the Cadi whispered something briefly into the ears of the wood-seller, which gave him a new idea, and restored him to his former good-humor, in spite of the *gouge*.

The next morning, careless of the jests and grimaces of the barber, he went to his shop to be shaved. He agreed with the knight of the razor, that he should shave him and a *friend* of his, for a certain sum.

After the barber had shaved the woodman, which he did with a truly oriental grace, he remarked to his customer, that he was glad to find that he bore him no ill will for the affair of yesterday. "Oh," said the faggot-dealer, opening his round eyes and looking at him full in the face, "The Cadi is a wise man; truth is truth—justice is justice—law is law. Have we not the Mufti, and the Mollahs, and the Koran? Blessed be God! Who shall dispute the words of the Prophet?

Maschallah!" "True! very true!" said the other, stroking his beard, and sagely nodding—"The Cadi *is* a wise man; and God is great!" "God is great," said his companion, "and Mahomet is his Prophet! But *don't* you think the Cadi is a wise man?" "Belli! belli!" (yes! yes!) was the reply, "The Cadi *is* a wise man—a *very* wise man!"

By this time the wood merchant had adjusted his turban; and then proceeded to introduce his *friend*, who had been waiting patiently at the door, and now thrust in his head, displaying to the confusion of the barber, a pair of long ears, a shaggy pole, and *rather* a rough chin, appertaining, as it seemed, to the identical gentleman who only a few hours before had carried the wood! "This is my friend," said the other, "and a capital fellow he is—certainly one of the best friends I ever had in my life; for he works hard every day for my support, and when I am tired, he carries me on his back. I want you to shave him!"

The barber's surprise and indignation may be conceived. "What! shave a donkey! Who ever heard of such a thing?" "No matter," said the woodman, "you agreed to shave him, and you *must;* or go before the Cadi!" "Wallah! Billah!—shave a donkey! By the beard of my father, and the heads of the Holy Imauns—never!" "The Cadi is a wise man," rejoined

the *man of wood*—"I *do* think the Cadi is a *very* wise man! Let us ask him about it!"

The barber walked up and down, tore his turban, appealed to his customers in the shop, talked loudly about abominations and curses, and his own pedigree, until he foamed and frothed at the mouth. His adversary, with a half-suppressed smile, laughed in his sleeve, and coolly reminded him of his *contract*. "Law is law," said he, "and truth is truth, and the Cadi is a *very wise* man!"

This made Figaro more furious than ever. He stalked out of the shop, and to the Cadi they went, followed by a crowd. "What now?" said the Judge. "Here again so soon? How is this? What's the matter?"

The barber made one of his profoundest salaams. "Oh! my Agah!" said he, "this fellow, whom your excellency yesterday confounded in his roguery, for his attempt to cheat an honest man, has been at his tricks again. Do you believe it possible, that he has had the assurance to ask me to shave his donkey?—the insolent, unsainted cur! Me! a Hadji too—a green turban of the race of the Prophet! But thanks to Mahommed, (blessed be his name!) we have wise judges to protect us—'a second Daniel come to judgment'—and they never will allow the sons of the Faithful to 'eat dirt' after this fashion, whilst such

scums of impurity swagger and talk, and wallow in their uncleanness! Oh! my Agah! let him taste the koorbasch, that he may learn how to behave himself in the company of ———"

Here the speaker was interrupted by the Furosh, the Cadi's officer, who, at a wink from the judge, struck him a flat blow on the mouth with his staff, which closed up his lips, and made the blood to flow profusely down his beard to his feet. Now there was an end of his eloquence; the Cadi read him a sharp lecture, which showed the barber that he had got in a scrape, from which he would give all his "old stand" to escape. A suspicious whisper from a Janissary at the same time increased his bewilderment and fear, and the poor barber shook at the knees as the sword of justice hung suspended over his trembling head. But the Cadi was merciful; the joke had succeeded better than he had anticipated. But as the barber had shown himself obstinate, oppressive, and perverse, it was decreed that he should restore the panniers to the woodman, be put in the stocks, and pay a fine, or be bastinadoed.

The culprit slunk out of the Court to get the money. As he passed along the street, he met the gibes and jests of the boys, with the question reiterated on either hand, and in every modulation of tone, "*Don't* you think the Cadi is a wise man?" On his

return, when he was exposed with his feet in the stocks, to the ridicule of the passers by, he never forgot that "law was law," and "truth was truth;" and ever afterwards his neighbors took delight in teazing him about the Cadi, while some of his more waggish customers would now and then ask, with a quiet leer, "How much he would charge to shave them and a *friend?*"

THE FESTIVALS AT CAIRO.

Like all the other great capitals, Cairo may be considered a world in miniature, and a stage on which each actor plays his part. If the stranger finds himself at a loss amid the intricacies and novelties of the Continent, how much greater must be his embarrassment in this city, where the "confusion is worse confounded;" as he wends his way amid the narrow lanes, tumultuous crowds, distracting noises, and unnamed streets of Cairo. Every day and every hour the European is introduced to new and singular scenes and objects, which arrest his attention, excite his curiosity, puzzle his acuteness, fascinate his eye, and distract his mind; and we know of no place in which the thousand-and-one nights of Arabian wonder could have been so cleverly described. Cairo has always seemed to us the type of Oriental life in all its singular

and picturesque phases; and we would prefer it to Damascus, to garner up from the profusion of the scenic display the treasures of our purely Eastern pictures. With the exception of the inner courts of the Damascene city, the charming fountains in the central squares, and the sacred interest of the holy land of Palestine and Syria, we give the preference pre-eminently to Cairo, as the great pulse of the Arabian life, and the bright gushing fount of Eastern existence.

The daily crowds of the bazaars, which are more varied and gorgeously clad than those in Stamboul; its classic and peculiar mosques, its dominating citadel, which, like an imperial pavilion, frowns over the flat roofs and tapering minarets of the crouched city; the festivals of the Ramazan, the feasts of the Bairam, and the processions of the Mooled E'Nebbee, or birthday of the Prophet; the holiday of the "Nile Opening," when the waters are welcomed to the city, even as Venice was wedded to the Adriatic; the exciting daily life of the capital, the cortéges of the nobles, and the outer observances of the forms and customs of various Oriental races,—attach an interest to the metropolis which is allied to no other place in the world.

We were not there at either of the great fêtes of the spring, to witness the departure of the caravans and pilgrims to Mecca nor their return from the

Caaba to Cairo, when the Ulemas ride in procession over a pavement of living heads, that bend prostrate to the Baal of their superstition, and renders this sacrifice as revolting to the heart as the well-known worship of Juggernaut in India; neither can we speak of the sports of the capital, the gay life at the sooks and cafés when the fasting period of the Ramazan is closed, and chat and gossip fill the ear of the dusky twilight, which is spent in repast and gala by the half famished people.

We saw a few of the officers of the Court, and glanced at some of the most prominent objects of interest in the bustling and active capital; but occupied our leisure more particularly in remarking the curiosities and wonders of a forgotten age, which are one by one deserting the capital for the vale of oblivion, and may ultimately pass entirely away.

In the embellishments of the Pacha many fine architectural remains have been obliterated, and much that was interesting to the traveller has been destroyed, or removed in the renovation of some of the antique parts of the old Saracenic town. We wandered often about the gates, and in the narrow quarters of the town, to admire choice models of Arabesque scrolls, open Turkish work, Mosaic patterns and filagree, and azulejos of network interstices; and have stopped often to wonder at the founts whence the most beautiful creations of art have sprung into life under

the finished touches of the enthusiastic artist. Among the mosques, and the inner walls of courts, we have traced the ruins of ancient cities and monuments, as one would gaze upon the dying embers of a grate, to people the ashes with beautiful creations of flowers, and lovely faces; and among the fountains and the court-yards, under the mandarus, or supported arched windows, amid the gardens, under the shade of acacias and palm-trees, we have lingered until fancy would reanimate the slumbering wastes of the ruins, and reproduce the scenes and loves of the Arabian Nights. What a spot for the reproduction of the Oriental drama; and how happily prolific of glorious images and concealed beauties are the exterior walls and latticed windows, which shut out the ten thousand mysteries of the life of the Arab women in the harems, and the private dwellings of the Caireens!

The few remaining days which we passed in Cairo were devoted to a visit to the Petrified Forest, in which there are no upright trees, but an accumulation of wonderful petrifactions, of enormous size, which indicate the conversion of a vast growth of palm-trees into cubes and trunks of stone. Heliopolis and its obelisk, the celebrated tree of the Madonna, under which Joseph and Mary are said to have reposed—for well they might under the boughs of that widely-spreading sycamore—and the beautiful tombs of the Memlooks, which

still show traces of their former splendor, in the richly-sculptured wreaths and garlands which ornament the sides, were the remaining objects which detained us, with increased pleasure, at our sojourn. We visited also a fine collection of antiquities which have been gathered by Dr. Abbott, and is the most curious and complete after that of Turin; and spent some time in examining its mummies and papyrus manuscripts. We particularly recall the signet ring of Suphis—the Cheops of the Pyramids—which was wonderfully preserved, and shows a cleverness of cut and a distinctness in its die, which would have immortalized any Scotch stone-engraver of our time. We were also enraptured with the workmanship which was displayed in Menie's bracelet. We looked, however, at these curiosities with a simple and unbiassed faith, for we believe that it was of little consequence whether they were antiques or not; and independent of the truth of the lines which say—

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat;"

we are fully convinced that disbelief creates suspicion, suspicion doubt, doubt makes skeptics, and the last leads to infidelity; and if we have to hang our faith on any peg, it might as well be the seal of Suphis as the toe-nail of Joyce Heath, or any other ancient-modern mummy.

Having settled this question, we left for the British Library, where we met Mr. Lieder, the present incumbent of the Episcopal church in Cairo. No one who has visited Cairo, goes away without giving his tribute of respect to the interesting family of this amiable and truly benevolent Christian. Through the instrumentality of the Bishop of Jerusalem, who is the head of the Prussian mission; and the aid of the English government, he has established a church at Cairo. Connected with the same, he has opened a school for the instruction of the native youth, and both Mr. and Mrs. Lieder are doing great good at the capital. Their courteous manners, ready aid to strangers of all nations, and generous hospitality, renders their mission the resort of all Europeans; and few strangers visit the upper country or continue their journey to the East, without bearing with them grateful recollections of the kind offices and judicious counsel of these old inhabitants of the country. We have so much reliance in their general experience and information, that we will venture an opinion that none should go up the Nile without first inquiring of them for a dragoman. Mr. Lieder showed us a very finely illustrated Koran, which was executed by an Arab who was under the protection of this excellent family. The ornamental parts were finished with all the delicacy of the ancient illuminated

missals, and their Arabesque captions and initial letters, exquisitvely painted with a crow-quill pen.

Through the kind offices of our Consul, we obtained an introduction to the Viceroy, and from that visit we are enabled to give a brief account of the "Two-edged Sword of Egypt."

MEHEMET ALI PACHA.

"Aloft in awful state,
The hoary Hero sat."

"When the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little Fifer hangs his head,
Still and mute
The Moorish flute
And nodding guards watch wearily:
Then shall we,
Right gallantly,
March out by moonlight cheerily."

It is somewhat remarkable that the most illustrious men of an age have been characterized by a lowness of birth, inversely corresponding to their elevation in their subsequent advancement. No less peculiar is that isolation of their majesty, which places them upon the narrow and brilliant pinnacle of their ambition, which sublimates their existence even to a banishment from the sympathy of their species, and leaves them, at times, the alternative of winning renown, either by

great virtues or by a tyrannous monopoly of the rights, liberties, and lives of their subjects.

What a brilliant constellation of meteors flashed through the cycles of the past century, and illumined the pathway of the age by those ominous prognostics, which portended wars, destruction, fury, and devastation to the coming century of 1900. Napoleon, the dominator of Europe, Wellington, Soult, Louis the Bourbon, and Mehemet Ali, the great Leviathan of the Nile, were the heroes of their own proper worlds of action, whose wondrous and eccentric careers are imaged in the coursing of comets, and whose trains of fiery vengeance have swept far and wide, and even penetrated and affected the destinies of the present age. That age may justly be termed the "Epoch of the Conquerors;" and these names of stupendous renown, no less than those of Cæsar, Alexander, Titus, and Nero, will recall the instruments of a jealous Providence, invoked to punish the wickedness of mankind in the sweeping torrents of the blood of human sacrifices! How awfully pregnant with the fate of nations, was the year 1769—that epoch which cardinalled four arch-ministers of hell, and baptized their infamy in the blood of an expiating world!

Mehemet Ali rather prided himself upon the coincidence of his birthday with Napoleon. Who can tell how great an influence that fact had over the working

of his ambitious thoughts, and how much they wrought upon the brain of this shrewd Egyptian, to foster his deep designs? for,

> "There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them as we will."

And now for the call on the Pacha.

OUR VISIT TO THE CITADEL.

It was quite dark when we set out, and nought broke the solemn silence of the streets of Cairo but the heavy tread of some *passawand*, with his glimmering lantern, or the rattle of the watchman on duty. Our appearance in so large a body created some stir in the streets; and as we moved along, with our attendants, preceded by the Janissary, the flashes of our blazing torches lit up the faces of many of the Caireen population, who ran to their doors to view the prancing cortége; and the movements of the figures in the inner apartments of the harems, behind the latticed verandahs of the Mushrabeehs, showed that the women were awake to the passing caravan of a body of Franks. Thus, heralded by the meteor glare of many links, the dragoman running before us to clear the path, and the boys moving about with their elevated lanterns, we soon reached the gates of the palace. The usual crowd of

donkey boys, richly caparisoned steeds, pawing the ground and champing their bits, while held by their grooms; the chatter of servants, and flicker of many dancing lights, warned us of the arrival of previous and important visitors. Having dismounted at the foot of the platform, we ascended by several stairs, and were immediately ushered into a spacious corridor, which was quite lofty, and well paved. Straggling about the ante-room, and in different postures, were the officers of state, with their scribes and interpreters, and all busily occupied with the duties of their respective stations. Every body looked solemn and grave; every thing wore an aspect of importance. Here *tés-kérehs* were filled out, there passports were granted; orders were issued from this side, and messengers dispatched from that. Some conversed apart, scribes were signing and sealing papers, with their ink-horns girded to their belts; while all at intervals drew a puff at their chibouques, or sipped at coffee and sherbet. Light clouds of tobacco smoke curled up around, and floated off in the atmosphere about the hall. The large and stately candlesticks were shedding gracefully masses of light on the happy groups of richly costumed courtiers or petitioners. Every action was conducted with strict decorum; no noise was heard above a gentle murmur, and there was that all-pervading silence of reserve which betokens the presence of mon-

archy: yet, with all this paraphernalia of office, there was really very little done, and much delay occasioned.

In a short time it was announced to our Consul that His Highness was ready to receive us; and after having advanced through a rank of armed officials, we were admitted into the royal presence.

The chamber of our reception was a large, and rather plainly furnished room, painted with a few scrolls of Arabesque; and in the centre was a magnificent candelabra, which was sent as a present from England. At the farthest corner, seated on the right of the divan, reclined a venerable old man, wearing a superb white beard, and a white turban. He was attended by a few officers of state, his Nubian servants, and an Armenian dragoman. His whole person was clad in a magnificent robe, lined with sable; his pipe, adorned with a richly jewelled amber mouthpiece, was lightly supported between his fingers, and its brilliant diamonds sparkled with an effulgence of the first water. That was the Pacha—MEHEMET ALI! We advanced towards him, and made the customary salutations of the country. Having been formally presented, we were requested by His Highness to be seated. Etiquette causing us to hesitate, the Pacha renewed his invitation with a right royal wave of the hand, when we of course sat down next to him on the *divan*.

Mehemet Ali conversed freely, and many unimportant questions and replies were exchanged through the interpreters. There was very little satisfaction in such translations of our ideas, and the remarks followed in the inflated and romantic strain of the hyperbolic language of Eastern compliments. The Viceroy himself was the *all-absorbing* object before us, and our curiosity betrayed itself in our fixed and earnest stare. Pipes and coffee were handed round. We were asked how long we had been in Egypt, and then a few questions followed about America. The Viceroy seemed pleased with the number of the representation, which amounted to ten. He showed himself well informed about our country, made some courteous inquiries respecting the President, Mr. Polk; and spoke of the Mexican war.

We talked about the antiquities, and complimented the Pacha on his reforms and improvements. Of course, we felt greatly exalted, even to the skies, in the august presence of this Sublime Despot—as our heads nearly touched the ceiling—and remarked, that we had heard much respecting His Highness in Europe, and that his fame had reached even the States of the Occident.

But little information could be gained from such a visit. The Viceroy may perhaps reach you his pipe, as he did to the Baron; but it is vain to attempt to pene-

trate the mysteries of his heart, or the haughty instigations of his ambition. The Pacha was too shrewd to let us into the secrets of his Cabinet, and he received all our praise about his institutions, our compliments to his son, Ibrahim, and our plaudits of his navy—which is his hobby—just for what they were worth.

Having prolonged our visit until it became irksome from a dearth of topics, no less than a want of mutual sympathy, we prepared to take our *temeñek*—give notice of intention to depart—previous to our salaams. Coffee was again handed round, and we withdrew, highly pleased with our interview.

The Pacha appeared to us, in his Palace, just as he had previously in the streets of Cairo, when he passed us in the thoroughfares of the bazaars. He was then seventy-nine years old, rather inclined to be stout; and this corpulence was somewhat heightened by the fulness of his Oriental mantle, and an inclination of the shoulders, caused by the stoop usually attending old age. His face was full, and well rounded; his cheek-bones prominent, and the general contour of visage displayed rather pleasant features, which, however, wore a slight aspect of severity and sternness. His eyes were the most expressive feature; they were of a deep gray color, somewhat softened by age, yet still in their glances lived their wonted fires, and showed that in his prime a look from him would

alone have spread terror, and commanded respect from their brilliant scintillations. As they were, few men could withstand his piercing, steady gaze; and it was the power of that eye that enabled him to penetrate with searching inquisition into the plots and secrets of his enemies. His brow was furrowed with the lines of thought and penetration, and revealed the distinguishing traits of a deep and profound thinker. His physiognomy bespeaks his character, for Mehemet Ali was a shrewd, intelligent, calculating, and discerning despot. His peculiar position, and his ascent from a humble origin, to rule the destinies of an empire, gave him a difficult task to perform, and made him jealous, wary, and suspicious of all with whom he dealt. The precarious tenure of his Government, and the means by which he had gained his eminence, induced him to treat all those by whom he was surrounded as rogues; made him cautious of the counsels of others, and disposed him to rely almost exclusively on the strength and penetration of his own judgment. He was heard to declare, after his defeat in Syria, that "had he six honest men to aid him, he would be a rich and happy Pacha." And when his ten thousand courtiers and flatterers had deserted him in his misfortunes, "Truly," said he, "I stand *alone*, and there is no one but Boghos Bey to second me."

HIS HISTORY.

Cawâla, a town in Roumelia, gave birth to Mehemet Ali, in 1769. Small isolated places, of little note, and island solitudes, are, it would seem, the natural cradles of the infant prodigies of human greatness. His father was a common "vender of smoke"—the lowest profession among the trades of the East—who hawked a privilege of a pipe for a para through the bazaars, and even waited to gossip away his time while a customer smoked up a bowl of the burrowed weed, proving conclusively, that "where there is smoke, there must be fire."

Such was the sire of Mehemet Ali, but not such the ambition of his son! In early life his mind was awakened, and called into action, by intercourse with seafaring men, who frequented his native port; and his spirit soared beyond the humble hut of the lowly Cawalite, while he longed to tread the walks in the higher spheres of life and action.

His first office was that of a subaltern, with the rank of Boolook-Báshi in the palace of the Governor of Cawâla. The commandant having died, he succeeded him in his post, and married the widow of the Agha-t-el Bab, or "officer of the door." By her he had two children, the present Ibrahim, and a daughter who became the wife of Moharrem Bey, and subsequently the mother of Toosoom and Ismail Pacha.

Thus occupied in his military duties, and legitimate speculations in merchandise, which were common with the soldiers of his district, he continued at Cawâla until the year 1799, when he was honored by a promotion to the rank of Bin-Bashi, and sent with his command of 300 men to oppose the French in Egypt. On that service, and especially in the battle of Aboukir, he displayed such feats of courage and address as to attract the attention of the British officers; while his intrepidity and daring called forth the applause of his own countrymen.

Before the French had evacuated Egypt, he had risen to the rank of Brigadier-General, and his courage and manners having won both the admiration and affections of the army, he was not slow to avail himself of these influences in his favor, to forward his ambitious views. The disaffection of the army in consequence of withholding the long arrears of their pay, afforded a pretext for open rebellion; and when Mehemet Ali was threatened by a letter from the reigning Khosrow, the persecution of their favorite caused the soldiers to unite with the defender of their claims, and to expel this officer, and the Khoorshid Pacha, from Egypt. A heavy bribe to the Porte secured the Pachalic to Mehemet Ali in 1806.

Subsequent successes and fresh victories rendered the Pacha formidable, and induced the Memlooks to court

the friendship of this *wily* prince. The circumstance of an invasion gave him an excuse to fortify his coast, to strengthen Alexandria, to subdue the revolts in the interior of the country, to increase his army, and finally to aim at the entire overthrow of the remaining power and influence of the Memlooks

In the meanwhile the jealousy between the Pacha and the Memlooks increased; but the successful termination of the war with the Wahabees, who had attacked the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, gave additional strength to the Pacha, and enabled him to crush the remnant of his adversaries. Under the pretext of a campaign, a portion of their troops were drawn off, and the remainder treacherously betrayed and slaughtered at the citadel. It was on that occasion that the famous Emir Bey leaped from the walls of the castle and escaped from the capital—the last of that race of Memlook chiefs, who were the finest body of cavalry in the East, if not in the world. The destruction of these adversaries was but the prelude to his succeeding fortunes, and left him free to prosecute his wars and ambitious projects.

Before 1820, Nubia, and the upper provinces and kingdoms of the Nile, Sennaar, Dongola, Berber, Shendy, and Darfoor were annexed under Ismail Pacha to the Turkish Empire. His object in these expeditions was deeper than the Turks themselves ima-

gined; they were to further and strengthen his aspirations and position; for in the conquest of these districts, he looked forward to the increase of his own wealth, power, and renown. He foresaw that these might at some day form the extreme confines of his own vast realms, and he took occasion, at these distant forts, to maintain and discipline a corps of Nubian Nizams, or "irregular troops," who might be of service to him in the accomplishment of his hidden and remote designs.

The revolt of the Morea gave the Pacha an opportunity to proffer his services to the Porte, which of course were accepted. The subsequent settlement of the Greek question by the intervention of European powers, and the battle of Navarino, led to the independence of Greece; but the restless ambition of Mehemet urged him to claim the gift of Syria for his services, and ultimately to convert his disappointment into more insidious projects against the Porte itself. "Morea and Syria," he remarked, "were two gates which led to the same place." It was the jealousy of Mahmoud of Constantinople for his rival in the Pacha, his persecuting attempts to curb his power and thwart his influence, and even to destroy the Viceroy, which caused the campaign of Syria, and the subsequent events in his reign, which now form part of history.

We do not wish to extenuate the crimes or magnify

the virtues of the remarkable ruler of Egypt. The judgment of the Pacha's conduct belongs to Time and the Nations, and he must thenceforth be weighed in the balance of Historic Truth. The habit of flattering all the acts of a great man, the silence of travellers, and the attempts made to prejudice the public mind through the acts of interested agents, have left much to be submitted to the future judgment of mankind. We believe that Kings are the instruments by which Providence works for the punishment or reward of nations. We are warned in the propheeies, that "I will deliver over the Egyptians into the hands of a cruel lord, and a fierce King shall rule over them;" and again, some allowance should be made for the state of civilization to which a country has been elevated.

Egypt has always been under despotic sway, and for ages a desolated land; and not till the present century, under the auspices of Mehemet Ali, has it emerged from the darkness of barbarism, into the light and warmth of comparative civilization. Judged by the course of his compeers, those who have devastated the fairest portions of civilized Europe, and crushed the liberties and immolated the lives of their subjects, Mehemet Ali stands superior to them all, and a humane ruler in comparison to the monstrous butcher of Austria, and the bloodhound King of Naples.

Ambition was the great crime of the Viceroy. He

deserves censure for that insatiate restless dispositon which demanded the overthrow of all obstacles which interfered with his interest or aggrandizement. He should be blamed for his monopoly of the lives, lands, and liberties of his people—for the present miserable condition in which Egypt and its inhabitants are left by the rapacity and blundering of his officers; for his own extortion, and above all, for the treacherous slaughter of the Memlook warriors.

But making just allowances for the disadvantages of his birth and early life, and deficiency of education, and a proper indulgence for errors which were in a degree the natural consequence of all united, we award due honor to Mehemet Ali for his energy, talent, and indomitable perseverance. We praise him for his endeavors to civilize his people, and compare him with those of his own native or adopted country; judge him not in a spirit of malice and detraction, but honor him for the good deeds he has done. Much, very much has been accomplished by him for the dominant ambition of securing the throne to his family. He has effected what no other Turk has done, and that in the face of opposition, conspiracy, poison, treachery, and the prejudices of a bigoted race. He has made the first great stride in the march of that nation's civilization, and is certainly the most remarkable man of his time.

Thus much we have been permitted to record of the history of the Pacha, and have endeavored to sketch briefly his fortunes and character, from the dawn of his lowly birth to the meridian day of his distinction and power; and we close with a short obituary, which we quote from the "Literary World,"—for the Leviathan of the Nile is gathered to his rest, and the "Two-edged Sword of Egypt" is broken into pieces.

"His Highness, Mehemet Ali Pacha, died at Alexandria on the 2d of August, and on the following day his body was taken up to Cairo, where he was buried on the 4th, in the new alabaster mosque built by himself in the citadel. The procession from the palace at Ras-el-teen to the canal, was attended by a great concourse of people, the European Consuls in uniform, with many of the European residents, and a great number of troops, with arms reversed. On emerging from the palace, the coffin was laid at the foot of the grand marble staircase, the attendants gathered round, and the chief Mufti, a venerable old man, advanced, raised his hands, and amid profound silence, repeated three times, with a pause for mental reflection between each, "*Allah hoo akbar* (God is great); after which he twice repeated, "*Salam aleykoun*" (Peace be with you); and then the procession started, the prin-

cipal officers and grandees emulating each other for the honor of carrying the coffin on their shoulders. On passing the harem, a separate building a little to the north of the palace, the shrieks and lamentations of the women were most piercing. Twenty-six buffaloes were killed and distributed among the poor, with twenty-six camel loads of bread and dates, and a considerable sum of money. At Cairo there was no ceremony attending the conveyance of the Pacha's body from the Nile to its final resting-place, and even Abbas Pacha, the present Viceroy, joined the funeral only at the mosque.

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"Until last year Mehemet Ali enjoyed a very strong constitution; his stature was short, and his features formed an agreeable and animated physiognomy, with a searching look, expressive of cunning, nobleness, and amiability. He always stood very upright, and it was remarkable, from its being unusual among Turks, that he was in the habit of walking up and down in his apartments. He was most simple in his dress, and cleanly in his person. He received strong impressions easily, was very frank and open, and could not easily conceal his mind. He loved his children with great tenderness, and lived in the interior of his family with great simplicity and freedom from restraint. He was

very fond of playing at billiards, chess, draughts, and cards. In his latter years he became very merciful and humane, and generally forgave the greatest faults. Mehemet Ali cherished fame, and thought a great deal, not only of the opinions entertained of him during his lifetime, but also of the reputation he would leave at his death. The European papers were regularly translated to him, and he was affected by any attacks against him. His activity was very great. He slept little in the night, and invariably rose before sunrise. He received daily the reports of his ministers, dictated answers, and frequently visited any improvements or changes going on in the public works. *He learned to read only at the age of* 45. He principally studied history, and was particularly interested with the lives of Napoleon and Alexander the Great. The only language he spoke was Turkish; he understood Arabic, but did not like to speak it. The late Viceroy did not observe the tenets of the Mohammedan religion with any rigor, and never cared about fasting in the month of Ramazan. He showed the greatest toleration for all religions, and for this, considering the strong innate bigotry which prevails among the Turks, he deserves the greatest praise. He was the first Mohammedan ruler who granted real protection to Christians, raised them to the highest ranks, and made some of them his most

intimate friends. His freedom from superstition was as remarkable as his toleration in religion, and in many instances he shook off the yoke of those absurd prejudices to which all those of his faith humbly bow their heads."

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A STREET IN CAIRO.

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MISCH-MISCH.

"Wherever we may travel, what a medley is the world!
Like the banner which the Angel to the cribbing knight unfurl'd;
The colors and the texture, and the figures so diverse,
And all to form a pattern, which is never none the worse
For the patches, and the trimmings, and the pieces strung together,
The manners and the customs, the climate and the weather;—
And man is an enigma, and all the world a riddle,
From these that dance the *ball* about, to those that play the fiddle."

THE jargon of the various tongues, the costumes of varied colors, the admixture of races, distinctions of rank, contrasts of high and low degrees, and curious combinations of wealth and poverty, which are continually presented and thrown together in the jumble of the bazaars, or in the crowded thoroughfares of Cairo, demanded and created the proper Oriental name of *Misch-Misch.*

There never was a more motley crowd brought together in so limited a space. Here are asses, camels, horses, dogs, and foot-passengers of every denomination and degree; to wit, water-carriers, barbers, beg-

gars, saints and women; naked children grubbing in the dirt, charm-venders, quack doctors, Arabs of the desert, Turks, soldiers, Franks, Greeks, merchants, adventurers; the Ulemas, venders of sherbet, sugars, and honey; serpent-charmers, with huge boas, or venomous serpents, coiled about their necks and arms, although apparently torpid; rat-catchers, negroes, Nubians, auctioneers, hawkers, fortune-tellers, venders of "smoke," fakirs, lepers, jugglers, mountebanks, Pachas, Beys, Dragomen, and Janissaries,—all passing and repassing in pursuit of their particular business; and many of them proclaiming their profession at the top of their voice.

These human confusions, and the rich bits of azure sky, and views of Oriental architecture, which you open at every turn of the streets, and through every avenue, to the mosques and bazaars, render a life at Cairo one of great artistic interest, and of pleasurable emotions to the traveller. Thus Cairo maintains a purely Oriental character, and displays a beauty of architecture and variety of animated masses, infinitely superior to Constantinople; and hence it is that the life in the East becomes so intensely attractive, from the fact that every one dwells, as it were, with an external world; life is all out of doors, and each one feels in his daily intercourse that all are part and parcel of one common human family.

ASSES OF L'HASSA.

Even the very donkeys in Egypt have an interest, which is peculiar to the country and themselves. The famous asses of L'Hassa, and the donkey boys of Cairo, have an existence and a character special and exclusive. These boys correspond to the "news boys" with us; and that beast is a vehicle of locomotion which is the best adapted to the narrow streets and dingy crooked lanes of the capital. He is much less bulky than the horse, or camel; is easily managed, and more submissive. Then his amble and shuffling gait poetises his movements, and his knocks received, drive him along with the rhythm—

"For ragged troops of boys and girls,
Do pelter him with stones,
With clubs and whips, and many nips,
They part his skin from 's bones."

The breed of L'Hassa is the most esteemed; they are large and powerful, docile and sagacious; and we might well in respect to him quote the parody—

"If I had a donkey,
And he wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him?
Oh no! no! no!"

Oh! cruel Arab boys, who keep a "flesh spot" on your donkey's back, to afflict him with the keenest scourges of your lashes! Not unlike the carmen near Dublin, who keep it open "rare," to ply more lustily the whip on their suffering beasts of burden. How aptly illustrative of this patient animal are the words of an ancient writer on "the noblesse of the asse:"—"The asse," he observes, "refuseth no burden; he goes whither he is sent, without contradiction. He lifts not his foot against any one; he bites not; he is not fugitive, nor malicious affected. He doth all things in good sort, and to *his* liking that hath cause to employ him. If strokes be given him, he cares not for them; and as our modern poet singeth—

"Thou would'st (perhaps) he should become thy foe,
And to that end dost beat him many times;
He cares not for himself, much less thy blow,
But meekly bows his head, and brays betimes."

We know not the name of this modern versifier; and in reply to the poetic question,

"Do you think I'd wallop him?"

we would conclude the stanza—

"I'd put him in a paint-pot,
And paint the donkey green,
Would envelope him in flannel,
And send him to the Queen."

We have dwelt at some length on the Egyptian donkey, for we rode very long upon one or other of that family while in Egypt; and now pass to that other equally curious, and much abused beast,

THE CAMEL.

We hesitate to confirm the language of late travellers, who call this remarkable animal a lumbering, cross, gauky, bandy-legged beast. Such terms are disrespectful to the truly patient and laborious utility of these "ships of the desert." We claim great dignity for our subject, and believe that his slow, measured pace and instinctive habits, should claim for him the high title of the Genius of the Desert; for certainly if genius be properly defined to be the accomplishment of great ends with comparatively humble means, our camel must rise in the scale of all animal creation.

This ruminating creature has the true Oriental roll in his gait, which is alone associated with the luxurious habits of lordly dignitaries, and shows in many regards a keenness of instinct which is vastly superior to the reason of many of his riders.

We look upon him as wonderfully sagacious and intelligent. If he is cross at times, when oppressed by a heavy load, and overtasked by his inconsiderate owners, his plaintive groan is the moan of suffering, and an appeal against the abuse of his submissive service, and a remonstrance against the outrage committed on his person. But observe his delight on approaching a stream in the desert! Opposed to his foaming rage, and the sudden opening of his mouth to bite, when trifled with or annoyed, is his docile manners, his amiable glances toward his master, the weep of joy, when caressed, and the pleasure he evinces among the familiar children of his tented home. How well he knows that master, and watches his every motion; and how gracefully he turns his swan-like neck, with easy folds, to slobber the garments of his rider! He is certainly "a wise dog that knows his owner."

To the Bedouins, they are what the reindeer is to the Laplanders and Esquimaux. The Arabs treat them accordingly; for they furnish them with food, clothing, tents, fuel, and utensils even: they are their vehicles, and their maintenance. Their relation to each is one of mutual support, dependence, and fondness.

Again: watch them as they lay themselves patiently down to be saddled and laden; and almost speak in tones, which are so plain as to be unmis-

takeable. They scold; they shriek, laugh, and are pleased or grieved, according as they are caressed or abused: and now mark their look of surprise and delight when they are relieved of their burdens!

In only one position did we ever find them uncomfortable; and that was when we met one laden in the crowded bazaars, and came near being crushed to the wall by the bulging load, which almost barricaded the street.

They are distinguished from the dromedary, who is fleeter, just as the dray horse is with us from the full-blooded racer. The dromedaries are the express trains of the wilderness, and as Ibrahim told his heretical subjects in Syria, "Let true believers only ride on dromedaries.

When crossing the desert, the camel is not urged by kicks and blows, but encouraged with the songs of his rider. They feed on rosemary bushes and prickly herbs, can do with little fluid, and he is the only beast that ruminates when he walks. They have a fourth joint in their legs, by which they are much facilitated in rising under their heavy loads. Much care is necessary in mounting; for the sudden jerk forward, and renewed jerk *backward*, is apt to throw you off your seat; it is of very little consequence, as the Arabs think, for they imagine that the camel has a charmed life, and a fall from his back *never hurts*. This ap-

plies, we found, only to true believers in the Prophet, not to Giaours or Infidels. "How *very* like a whale is the camel!"

THE DOGS.

Cairo, no less than Constantinople, entertains numerous families of mangy curs, which are as thoroughly abhorred in both cities, as well by the Arabs, as the Turks.

These despised animals are loathed by the Mussulmen as unclean beasts, and even contact with such impurity breeds contagion, which can only be healed by the application of certain talismans, or the use of some mysterious charms, which they deem effectual to drive away effreets, ghouls, and all other evil spirits. This singular abhorrence of the canine species, is compensated by their excessive fondness for cats, probably from the useful aid derived from the latter in freeing their dwellings from rats.

This detestation of curs, which is as ancient as the days of Solomon, clearly illustrates the force of that passage in the Bible, where the inquiry is made, "And is thy servant a *dog*, that he should to *this* thing?" These animals are the proper scavengers of the East, and hang about the walls of the large cities, burrowing among the tombs, and feeding upon the offals

which are cast out of the gates into the suburbs. You meet them at every step, at the outskirts; and as these lean, mangy, dingy beasts confront you in your path, they slink away from the glance of your eye, as if really impressed with the belief that they were doomed by mankind, and condemned to bear in their persons the devils of the possessed.

Despised as they are, and subject to the kicks of bigots and the stones of mischievous urchins, their instinctive attachment to the human species is ever dominant, and their wistful looks, as they escape from under the inflicted blow, is a touching appeal to their humanity and pity, which none but a heart of stone could resist.

These outcasts from common sympathy seemed to have assembled themselves in tribes, or societies, and each family appropriates a certain limited district for their regular beats. Woe be to any unfamiliar dog who bears not the marks of his peculiar quarter; for every strange dog is deemed an intruder, and is set upon by the rest until he is entirely devoured. No European dog meets with quarter from the mongrel pack; he is rather deemed an aristocrat by these red republicans, who will tear every limb to pieces, and dragging his mangled carcass outside the wall, will gloat in the blood of the "uncircumcised dog!" even as the dogs did eat Jezebel outside of the wall of the city,

and licked the blood of Ahab in the streets of Samaria; and as would some zealot Mussulman, if he could slily immolate a modern Infidel Christian.

These curs form communities in the East, and their habits would illustrate the voracity of human corporations as fully as Paley's parable of the pigeons. The scapegoats of society, maltreated as they are by man, and powerful enough to form clans of themselves, these animals became the living plagues of the East. In many ports on the Nile, especially at Howára and Tahta, they exhibit a vindictive ferocity of nature, and their savage growl from their abodes in the vicinity of the ruins, renders them objects of terror to the traveller. Abandoned by our species, they acquire almost the nature of jackals, and assume the aspect and habits of wolves.

So bigoted are the Arabs in their aversion to these whelps, that a poor woman, who once *fostered*, and after buried a favorite which had been her only companion in her widowhood, was arraigned before the authorities, obliged to disinter the dog, to purify the district by disinfectants, and barely escaped hanging by the mob by paying a heavy fine to the court.

"FESTIVALS AND SIGHTS AT CAIRO.

"The principal annual ceremony at Cairo, is the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca, on the 25th of Showâl. The Mahmel and the Kisweh are the chief objects in this procession. The former is a velvet canopy, borne on a camel richly caparisoned, and was originally intended for the travelling seat or Garmôot, of the wives of the Caliphs, who went to the pilgrimage. This and the Mókub, or pomp that attends the pilgrims, were first suggested by Sheggeret e' Door, the queen of Sultan Sâleh, who was anxious to add to the splendor of the hitherto simple procession of the Faithful; and the dangers of the journey were at the same time greatly decreased by an additional reinforcement of guards. The Kiswet e' Nebbee is the lining of the Kâaba, or temple of Mecca. It is of rich silk, adorned with Arabic sentences embroidered in gold, and is yearly supplied from Cairo; the old one being then returned, and divided into small portions for the benefit or satisfaction of the credulous.

"The pilgrims, after staying two days at the edge of the desert, near Dimerdâsh, proceed to the Birket el Hag, or 'Lake of the Pilgrims,' where they remain a day: from thence they go to El Hamra; and after a halt of a day there, they continue their journey as far

as Agerood, where they stop one day; and having seen the new moon of Zul-kádi, they leave the frontier of Egypt, cross the northern part of the peninsula of Mount Sinai to El Akaba, at the end of the Eastern Gulf, and then continue their march through Arabia, till they arrive at Mecca. After having performed the prescribed ceremonies there, having walked seven times at least round the Káaba, and kissed the black stone, taken water from the holy well of Zemzem, visited the hill of Zafa, and the Omra, the 70,000 pilgrims proceed to the holy hill of Arafât. This is the number said to be collected annually at the pilgrimage from the various nations of Islâm; and so necessary is it that it should be completed on the occasion, that angels are supposed to come down to supply this deficiency, whenever the pilgrimage is thinly attended. Such is the effect of the magical number 7, and of the credulity of the East.

"Their return to Cairo is also a day of great rejoicing, when the pilgrims enter in procession by the Bab e' Nusr, about the end of the month Saffer, generally the 25th or 27th. But this ceremony is neither so important, nor so scrupulously observed as the departure; each person being more anxious to return to his friends, than to perform a part in an unprofitable pageant.

"The Eed e' Soghéir, or lesser festival, falls on the beginning of Showâl, the month immediately following

the fast of Ramazán, and continues three days, which are kept like those of the Eed el Kebéer, with the exception of the sacrifice, which is not then performed. These two festivals are called by the Turks, Bairám. The Eed el Kebéer, 'the greater Eed,' or Eed e' Dahéeh ('of the sacrifice') also continues three days, and is kept on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of Zul-hag, being the three days when the pilgrimage of Mecca is performed.

"The day before the Eed the pilgrims ascend the holy hill of Arafát, which is thence called Nahr el Wákfeh, 'the day of the ascent,' or 'standing upon' (the hill): there they remain all night, and next day, which is the Eed, they sacrifice on the hill; then, having gone down, they with closed eyes pick up seven-times-seven small stones, which they throw upon the tomb of the devil at even, and next day go to Mecca, where they remain ten or fifteen days. The period from leaving Cairo to the Wákfeh is thirty-three days, and the whole time from the day of leaving the hill of Arafat to that of entering Cairo, is sixty-seven days.

"The three days of both the Eeds are celebrated at Cairo by amusements of various kinds; the guns of the citadel during that time being fired at every hour of prayer, five times each day. The festival of the Eed e' Dahéeh is intended to commemorate the sacrifice of

Abraham when he offered a ram in lieu of his son; though the Moslems believe that son to have been Ismail; in which they differ from the Jews and Christians.

"The opening of the canal at Old Cairo is also a ceremony of great importance, and looked upon with feelings of great rejoicing, as the harbinger of the blessings annually bestowed upon the country by the Nile. The time fixed for cutting the dam that closes its mouth, depends of course on the height of the river, but is generally about the 10th of August.

"The ceremony is performed in the morning by the Governor of Cairo, or by the Pacha's deputy. The whole night before this, the booths on the shore, and the boats on the river, are crowded with people; who enjoy themselves by witnessing or joining the numerous festive groups, while fireworks and various amusements enliven the scene.

"Towards morning, the greater part either retire to some house to rest, or wrap themselves up in a cloak, and sleep on board the boats, or upon the banks in the open air. About eight o'clock, A. M., the Governor, accompanied by troops and his attendants, arrives; and on giving a signal, several peasants cut the dam with hoes, and the water rushes into the bed of the canal. In the middle of the dam is a pillar of earth, called Arooset e' Neel, 'the bride of the Nile,'

which a tradition pretends to have been substituted by the humanity of Amer for the virgin previously sacrificed every year by the *Christians* to the *river god!* While the water is rushing into the canal, the Governor throws in a few para pieces, to be scrambled for by boys, who stand in its bed, expecting these proofs of Turkish munificence; which, though 200 go to an English shilling (and this is a far larger sum than is scrambled for on the occasion), are the only instance of money given gratis by the Government to the people, from one end of the year to the other. It is amusing to see the clever way in which some of the boys carry off these little prizes, the tricks they play each other, and their quickness in diving into the water; which threatens to carry them off, as it rushes from the openings of the dam. As soon as sufficient water has entered it, boats full of people ascend the canal, and the crowds gradually disperse, as the Governor and the troops withdraw from the busy scene. This was formerly a very pretty sight, and was kept up with great spirit; but the pomp of those days has yielded to a tameness, with which every one, who fifteen or twenty years ago witnessed this and other ceremonies of Cairo, cannot fail to be struck.

"The story of the virgin annually sacrificed to the river shows how much reliance is to be placed on tradition, or even on the authority of Arab writers; for

credulity revolts at the idea of a human sacrifice in a Christian country, so long under the government of the Romans. The invention of a similar fable discovers the ignorance, as well as the maliciousness of its authors, who probably lived long after the time of Amer, and who thought to establish the credit for their own nation by misrepresenting the conduct of their enemies.

"The Mooled e' Nebbe, or 'Birthday of the Prophet' Mohammed, is a *fête* of rejoicing, and offers many an amusing scene. It was first instituted by Sultan Murad, the son of Selim, known to us as Amurath III., in the year 996 of the Hegira, A. D., 1588. It is held in the Uzbekéeh, in the beginning of the month of Rebéeh-el-owel, on the return of the pilgrims to Cairo; and from the booths, swings, and other things erected on the occasion, has rather the appearance of a fair. It continues a whole week, beginning on the 3d, and ending on the 11th, or the night of the 12th of the month, the last being always the great day; the previous night having the name of Layleh Mobárakeh, or 'blessed night.' On this occasion the Shekh of the Sãadéeh, mounted on horseback, and accompanied by the derwishes of various orders, with their banners, goes in procession to the Uzbekéeh, where between 200 and 300 fanatics having thrown themselves prostrate on the ground, closely wedged together,

the Shekh rides over their bodies; the assembled crowd frequently contending with each other to obtain one of these degrading posts, and giving proofs of wild fanaticism which those who have not witnessed it could not easily imagine. A grand ceremony is also performed in the evening at the house of their president, the Shekh el Bekree, the reputed descendant of Aboo Bekr e' Sāadéeh.

"The Mooled el Hassanín, the birthday of the 'two Hassans' (Hassan and Hossayn), the sons of Ali, is celebrated for eight days about the 12th of Rebeeh-'l-ạkher, and is considered the greatest *fête* in Cairo, being of the patron saints of the city. The people go in crowds to visit their tomb, where grand *Zikrs* are performed in their honor; the mosk being brilliantly illuminated, as well as the quarters in the immediate neighborhood; while the people indulge in the usual amusements of Eastern fairs.

"The *fêtes* of Saydeh Zâyneb, the grand-daughter of the Prophet, and other male and female shekhs of Cairo, are kept much in the same way, by illuminating their respective mosks; but are much less worth seeing than the ordinary evening occupations of the Moslems during the whole month of Ramazan, which, to a person understanding the language, offer many attractions. The bazaars are then lighted up, and crowds of people sit at the shops, enjoying themselves, after the cruel

fast of the day, by conversation, and by listening to story-tellers; who, with much animation, read or relate the tales of the Thousand-and-one Nights, or other of the numerous stories for which the Arabs have been always famed."—*Murray's Hand-Book of Egypt.*

The period of our sojourn in Egypt drew nigh to its close. The month of March with its blustering winds, and the stifling sand-charged Khamsin, had already commenced its hurricane violence. On the 15th, we suffered greatly from its suffocating heats; the whole air breathed of its febrous pestilence; the throat gasped under its choking entrance, and the nostrils expanded with thirst for a wave of cool refreshing atmosphere; and we felt half broiled between the brazen glare of the noonday sun, and the fiery infliction of that quarantine of tornado. For forty days we should have had to endure its withering scourge, and we thought it best to hurry our departure from Cairo in order to leave Egypt for ever.

On the same day we took an affectionate leave of our companions on the Nile. The Baron had found a Polish Prince to accompany him to the Holy Land. Mr. L——, my longo-barb friend, determined to lengthen his stay, and had already taken lodgings in

the quiet hotel of the Giardino, which was kept by Domergue in the Derb Frangi.

This sudden resolution to depart caused great confusion at the Hotel. The steamer was to sail that day at twelve. Having ordered Achmet to my side, I overloaded him with all the loose articles which would have embarrassed my progress. Flinging him my gun, hunting-gaiters, inexpressibles, and purse, as a parting present, I left orders for the washerwoman to meet me at the wharf; and having settled the bill, (for it is deemed genteel to pay in the East—even your tailor,) we mounted our donkeys, and rode down to the wharf at Boulak.

Here amid the confusion attendant on departure—between the packing of trunks, the congratulations of friends, the ceremonies of taking leave, and the cortége of the Pacha, which was waiting upon the French ambassador—we took the Memlook, and in a few moments were off in the stream, and puffing down the Nile to the canal and Alexandria. The giant forms of the Pyramids attended us, until we had passed the huge barrage of the Delta; and a furious gale of a worse than Simoon fury blew in our teeth, and obscured all our landscapes after we had passed by Shoobra.

Retreating into the cabin, I found that we had the French ex-minister on board, M. B——, Mad. de la V——, and several illustrious characters, in whose

society we passed an agreeable afternoon, and discussed the recent revolution and republic of France.

The next morning we reached the port of Ramlah, on the canal; and having ridden thence on muleback, we entered the gates of Alexandria, and took lodgings at the "European Hotel."

The few days which remained before we were to embark in the "Rameses," were agreeably spent among our associates at the Hotel.

We enjoyed especially the conversation of a number of India officers, who were awaiting the steamer in order to sail back to "Old England." Many of them had been away from their homes from early boyhood, and others who had left as cadets, returned now to their fatherland, with the laurels of victory and promotion.

Their remarks referred chiefly to certain excavations in the vicinity of Bombay, and in comparing of the rock-excavated temples of El Laura with those of a similar character which are to be seen at Ipsamboul in Upper Nubia. So impregnated were they with their preferences for Indian ruins—amounting to a perfect *Bombay* mania—that these important personages became quite skeptical about the wonders of the Nile. With a predilection, perhaps natural enough, for those curiosities which had become familiarly important during a long residence near Bombay, they hesitated to

permit any interest to attach to the more majestic and amazing structures of Karnac and Luxor; so that we found it difficult to verify our facts to their obstinate ears, and only strengthened their prejudices to the exclusion of further conviction, when we added, by way of illustration, "That if the British soldiers had stood *fixed* in amazement before the temple ruins of Hindoostan, the French sailors, in their famous expediton to Thebes for an obelisk, had *wept* over the fallen colossal grandeur, and were *awed* by the presence of the more stupendous and miraculous ruins of Karnac.

On Sunday, and the last which we spent in Egypt, we attended worship at the chapel of St. Mark's, and in gratitude for our safe return, offered up our heartfelt thanks in that city to which St. Mark was appointed bishop, and within sight of the martyrdom of the apostle in 68, A. D. The first stone of the Episcopal church, which is now nearly completed on the side of the main square or okellah, was laid by Col. Hodges in 1839. How striking the truth of prophecy has been illustrated in the erection of this sacred temple on the threshold of this land. There is now "an altar in the midst of Egypt, and a *pillar* at the border thereof;" and on that spot where the warm blood of the martyred Mark ran in the furrowed sand, having survived the darkness of paganism and the delusions of the false Prophet, that pillar is now "for a sign and for

a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt; for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors."

Surely the city of Interpreters is destroyed, and Alexandria, once famous for her schools and learning, is no more. Where are now her wise men and her cunning artificers? Her libraries and her palaces are no longer, and the walls of her temples are fallen and destroyed. The age of her Cæsars, her Saladins, and the Saracen glory, have all passed from earth. A base and grovelling superstition has succeeded to the darkness of Pagan worship. The glory of the nations has passed away, but the simple faith of the Nazarene survives the wreck of empire, and the ruin and desolation which has devoured Egypt from Syene to the sea.

Thus have we endeavored to beguile a few hours of leisure, and turn our truant thoughts from the desolation and ruins of Egypt to the joys of her climate and the peculiarities of her people. We have portrayed in these pages her tyrant chieftain and her suffering poor. We have spoken of many things, strange and wonderful, singular and ludicrous; and from the *wandering* wake of our Egyptian bark, have endeavored faintly to image forth the beauties and charms of the Nile.

THE END.

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